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How the Day Dawned.

BY FREDERICK PAULDING.

Wind! A tearing, swearing, raging, roaring, biting, searching wind! An impudent, swaggering wind! A wind that advanced on belated pedestrians in an impertinent, bullying way, snatching off hats and tossing them hither and yon in its boisterous arms, seeming to howl with glee as those bereft sought with frantic plunges to recover their property balanced in air just out of reach. A wind that played at hide-and seek around corners and between one's legs, dashing madly from unexpected quarters, playfully racing straight ahead for a hundred yards, coming to a halt, veering with vicious whirl and sweeping back in the direction whence it came. A wind that lashed the distant sea into a furious passion, and shook the gaunt, leafless trees until they bent their patient heads as if in lamentation; that capered in a sort of insane jig up and down the village street, banging a door here, wrenching off a carelessly fastened shutter there—in short, a wind that worked the very deuce with everything and everybody unfortunate enough to be in its ruthless path! Mother Nature, having donned her Winter wrap, lay calmly sleeping beneath its soft, white folds. Luna seemed inclined to make a night of it by lending the light of her countenance to the unruly behavior of the airy element; for a silvery radience lit the earth. Now and then the rosy reflection of a cheerful fire, would dart from some unprotected window and touch the snowy drifts stealthily with its crimson fingers, as if fearful that even such a faint caress might harm its sensitive neighbor.

Within a cottage standing back from the street two men were seated before a roaring open fire. The weight of many years rested upon the frame of one of them, and the face bore traces of fierce struggles with the world. The eyes shone with a steadfast light, as if the soul within had conquered itself and learned to endure silently. His companion was much younger—a strong, active figure, restless, piercing eyes; but the character of the face, or lack of it, as the case might be, was concealed by a luxuriant beard. His hair was long and lay in thick, tumbled clusters about his temples. While the elder man gazed reflectively into the fire, the younger glanced furtively about, betraying a subdued but internal nervousness.

"Your errand is a singular one, sir," said the old man, presently. "John Braclyn died to us three years ago, and his name is never uttered here."

"I am aware that the task I have undertaken must appear strange to you," returned the other; "but believe me the motives by which I am actuated are as important to you as to my—my friend."

"Whatever they may be," said the first speaker without noticing the hesitation with which his companion had just spoken, "it is too late to rectify the past. Heaven saw fit to let that man cross my life. He has passed from it leaving the scars of his evil deeds upon it. So let him rest."

"Sir—Mr. Vange," pleaded the stranger, "I must be heard. Upon John Braclyn's sincerity of purpose, his steadfastness of heart, I would—nay, I *will*—stake my life. On his behalf I sought your old home. It was deserted, the family scattered. After weeks of search I find you here, apparently alone. I ask you, why is this? Where is your daughter?"

"No, no!" cried Vange, starting to his feet. "Don't speak of her. Not to-night. Ah, not to-night."

"Why not?" demanded the other.

"Because," rejoined the father, turning his agitated face toward his questioner, "because it's Christmas eve, and I want my soul to be at peace this night. I wish to remember only the blessings God has given me, and if you talk of her—I can't do it—I can't do it!" With a gesture full of pathetic power, he rested his arm upon the chimney-piece and laid his head against it.

"Vange," whispered the young man, rising and approaching him with a certain horror in his eyes—"Vange, she—she—is not dead?"

"Dead!" repeated the old man, raising his head with a startled look. "Dead? No—she is not dead. Mr. Wymiss," he continued, sternly, "you're a stranger to me. I hope you are honest; but, coming from that man, I must doubt it. Listen please," stopping with a wave of his hand the indignant protest of his visitor. "You asked me of my child——"

"John Braclyn's wife," interrupted Wymiss.

"Yes." Vange seemed to make the admission reluctantly. "In speaking of her you have awakened many bitter recollections within me. You have wrung my heart with such agony as only a parent can feel. I pardon it," he went on, with gentle dignity; "for I don't think you would have wounded me intentionally. Of Margery I will tell you nothing. To him she is lost forever. Tell him so from me. He left her voluntarily——"

"Three years ago to-night," said Wymiss, as if to himself; "I remember." Vange started.

"To-night!" he murmured; "yes, he is right. It was that other Christmas-time. Should she remember—oh, heaven! should she remember!" Apparently forgetful of his companion's presence, he walked rapidly to a door on his left, and halting before it, listened intently. Wymiss watching him, saw his agitation.

"Then she is here," he said, putting his thought into words. Vange turned on him.

"Go!" he cried, with sudden violence. "I'll say no more. To me and mine John Braclyn has been a curse. Go!"

"Who spoke that name here?"

"Both men turned as the question fell upon their ears. At the head of a short staircase, which occupied a corner of the room, stood a woman, upon whose face passion, pride and fierce rebellion against her lot had stamped themselves in heavy lines. The hair was grey, the keen eyes were of the same color; indeed, the entire figure, from the blue of the plain drab dress to the leaden, sunken features, might have been chiseled in grey stone for all the sign of life it gave, as its owner faced the men who were looking up at her."

"Hester!" ejaculated Vange, in a tone of relief. Without a word the woman came slowly down the stairs and stood between them.

"Who is this man?" she asked.

"His name," replied Vange, who had sunk into a chair, "is Wymiss. He wishes to know about Margy, and he comes from——"

"I heard the name," interrupted Mrs. Ferndale, coldly. "You need not repeat it." Then bending her gaze upon Wymiss: "Are you so ignorant of our history," she asked, "that you dare come beneath this roof with that name upon your lips? Have you no sense of shame? No pity for him?" pointing to her brother. "No fear of *me*?"

BERTHA WELBY.

"I know of no reason why I should fear you or pity him! said Wymiss, returning her look unflinchingly. "I am not ashamed of my mission. I am here as John Braclyn's friend to inquire for his wife."

"His friend!" repeated Hester bitterly; then added, grimly: "Well, well, what matter? Even the devil has friends—plenty of them; but they partake of his general characteristics. If you are Braclyn's friend, you'd better go."

"And why?" Wymiss demanded, boldly. "I have yet to learn of one dishonorable action in Braclyn's career. Why, then, do you hate him?"

With a snarl like that of an enraged animal, she lifted her head and looked at him.

"Dear Heaven!" she cried, "you let him ask that! What I am," she continued, "I owe to that man's act. A mother debarred from praying to meet her only child in Heaven, because she knows its soul is numbered among the lost! Is there an hour of the day or night when that terrible thought does not tear my heart? Can I not hear again my girl's voice bidding me an eternal farewell? When I forget what I owe John Braclyn"—she flung her arm above her head in the ecstasy of her passion—"then God forgive him!"

Wymiss, who had listened to the commencement of this speech in utter bewilderment, now leaned against the table pale and trembling.

"Hester—sister," said Vange, who had risen in alarm during her outbreak, "be careful what you say. Look at him."

"Look at *me!*" she returned, striking her heart with her clenched hand. "With my broken heart, my disgraced name, my bereft motherhood, and then let him ask me, if he dare, why I hate John Braclyn?" She ceased, overcome by the power of her emotion, and crossing to the window threw it open as if for air. Meanwhile Henry Wymiss, still standing by the table, regarded her intently. There was something so forbidding in her manner, and yet such heartfelt pathos in her words and tones, that the man was completely mystified.

"In Heaven's name!" he managed to articulate at last, "what are you talking about? What does it all mean? There is some fearful error."

"Hush, hush!" whispered Vange, looking at his sister in a frightened way. "Don't say anything more to-night. Leave her."

"If," said Mrs. Ferndale, speaking more calmly, "if the man is ignorant of the character of the person whose friend he professes to be, I must enlighten him. I *will!*" she insisted, stopping her brother's muttered remonstrance with a quick, impatient gesture. "He has set me thinking, and if I do not speak I shall drop dead." At this moment the wind, which had been whistling and raging about the open window, suddenly leaped into the room, and with a vigorous puff blew out the lamp upon the table, leaving the apartment illuminated only by the flickering firelight.

"Leave it alone," requested Hester, as her brother, after hastily closing the window, attempted to strike a light. "I can talk better in the dark. Sit there," she said, addressing Wymiss, and pointing to a seat by the table, "and don't look at me." As Wymiss complied with her directions, Vange resumed his former place beside the fire, and looked up at the woman with troubled eyes. For her—she covered her face with her hands for a moment as she leaned against the mantel-shelf, and when she spoke her voice was [illegible] but there was a vibration in its tone which told of the mighty effort it cost her to be calm.

"I have lived with my brother," she began, "nearly fifteen years. My husband was killed in the Rebellion, and when my sister-in-law died, a few years after, my brother asked me to aid him in bringing up his little Margery. When I consented, I brought into his house my own child, Hester. She was younger than her cousin by several years, but they grew up like sisters. Both were handsome, but my girl was bright and dashing, while Margy was quiet and loved her books. Five years ago John Braclyn met our girls, and after a while married my niece. She was happy and devoted to her husband, and I'll do him the justice to say he was always kind to her. They had been married about two years when my Hester began to droop—grew pale and listless—without interest in anything. I became suspicious finally, and taxed her with a clandestine attachment. She denied it, and our affairs being in a dangerous condition at that time, I thought no more of her in the anxiety of impending ruin. It was proposed that John should practice his profession in the West; but he gave up the idea at his wife's entreaty, as she could not accompany him. On Christmas eve, three years ago, he bade us a cheery good-bye and started to pass the day in town. That night he did not return, and for the first time"—the low voice faltered here and the speaker lifted one hand and held it between the firelight and her face—"my daughter was missed. Next morning Margery found a note from her husband telling her, briefly, that he had gone to seek his fortune, that he would return on the following Christmas day. She had faith and was willing to wait the year. But I received a letter from my Hester, two days after her departure, telling me of betrayal and impending discovery. Fearing my wrath, she had fled with her seducer, whom she did not name; but a few hurried inquiries at the railroad station revealed the fact that the man with whom she had traveled to the city was John Braclyn."

With a movement as if writhing under the lash of a whip Wymiss stirred in his chair and the firelight, falling upon his face, showed that it was ghastly pale. But Hester Ferndale's eyes were fixed upon the floor and Vange was lost in the maze of memories her words called up.

"We kept this knowledge from Margery," Mrs. Ferndale went on, "by lying about the cause of Hester's absence. Financial ruin came upon us shortly after this. We gave up everything and came here. Margy was happy for a time, but soon began to worry about John's silence. Of course he never wrote. During the dreadful storms of two winters ago a steamer was wrecked upon the beach below us. Among the few saved was a woman whose baby had perished, but who had herself been rescued from the waves only to die from the exposure. Like the rest of the villagers, we offered our aid, and this woman was sent to us for care. After they had placed her on the bed we had prepared, I approached her, and there, pale, wasted and dying, lay my own child."

The voice died away in a low wail, and was answered by the roaring of the sea upon the shore as the wind ceased moaning for an instant. Silence reigned in the little room, and the ticking of the old clock jarred upon the ear.

"My Hester!" said the unhappy mother, rousing herself. "But the mother's heart was well nigh dead within me, and when I knew she could not live I exulted that her shame would be hidden by the grave. But oh, my God!" She raised her face, white with agony, and clasped her hands in supplication. "I was best punished me! For I realize now it was an everlasting parting, and the [illegible] spoke beside that death-bed are [illegible] my heart-strings. I upbraided [illegible] and she prayed for my forgiveness; but I was pitiless. I wrung from her the whole shameful story. Her journey to South America, her lover's assertion of her charm, and how she was traveling with her little child to search for him, when the sea flung her at my feet. With a wild hope still tugging at my heart, I demanded her betrayer's name. The glazing eyes looked into mine and the failing lips said distinctly—'John Braclyn!'"

Wymiss sprang to his feet.

"No—no," he gasped. "Mrs. Ferndale!"

"Walk," cried Hester, advancing on him, carried away with excitement. "As my child uttered that name, a cry rang out behind me. A figure pushed me violently aside, and with one look at my dead child's face, fell prostrate across the body. It was Margery; she had heard every word!"

With a deep groan, Wymiss started forward and would have fallen had not Vange caught him in his arms.

"You've told too much," said the old man, placing his nearly unconscious burden in a chair and turning toward his sister, who was observing Wymiss with peculiar attention. "He's quite unmanned. Get some water." Hester she complied with his request and held the glass to the young man's lips.

"Thank you," he murmured, striving to recover his composure. "I'm sorry to cause trouble, but your story was so unexpected. Oh, Mrs. Ferndale!" he cried, looking up into her face wildly, "don't believe it! You must not believe it!"

"Believe what!" she asked, coldly; but she came a step nearer, and into her eyes there crept such a gleam as might have shot from those of a tigress when sighting her prey. "What must I not believe?"

"This awful record of sin and shame. It's all a mistake—a horrible mistake."

"Mistake," echoed the woman, scornfully. "Have I not seen my child laid in her coffin? Mistake!" her voice rising almost to a scream. "Would to God it were!"

"I don't mean that," returned Wymiss, clinging to his text. "But the rest. Braclyn's guilt. I tell you he is innocent!"

In his eagerness he was about to touch her, but with a quick movement she raised her arm and thrust him back.

"What!" she cried. "Are you insane? Would you have me believe my daughter passed into the presence of the Great Judge with perjury on her soul? Was not her sin monstrous enough without that? And you—you stand there and tell me she lied. Wretched man, she swore it before God!"

"Then before the God who heard it, I swear her oath was false!" returned Wymiss, solemnly. "Braclyn has been weak," he went on brokenly—"has been guilty of selfishness, of neglect; but he can still look his wife honestly in the face." As he concluded, Hester suddenly approached and caught him by the shoulder.

"Who are you!" she whispered. "Your name is not Wymiss. You are——"

"Braclyn!" she cried, turning full upon her. With a cry she recoiled, and remained staring at him.

During the better part of this dialogue, Vange had been gazing from one to the other of the excited speakers with an expression which changed from perplexed wonder to grief and rage as Braclyn declared himself. He now advanced to Hester's side, and his voice trembled with indignation as he addressed his son-in-law.

"You villain!" he said. "After all your evil-doing you have dared return to—

"Stop!" interrupted Braclyn. "Do you think if I were guilty I should be [illegible] was something so commanding [illegible] such startling force in his [illegible] the question, that the [illegible] shrunk from him instinctively [illegible] conviction that there [illegible] the dead girl's [illegible] them.

"If you can [illegible] tered Vange, [illegible] substantial [illegible] vinced."

"My pr[illegible]

...hastily taking from an inside pocket a bundle of legal-looking papers. "I have brought them a Christmas gift to Margie."

With a sob Hester averted her head as her brother took the papers, and, having re-lighted the lamp, sat down to examine them.

"Oh!" she moaned, as if to herself, "was I not sufficiently punished for my cruelty to her but that this dreadful knowledge of her deliberate crime should be proven to me? Don't speak to me!" she said, as Braclyn approached her. "The Lord's will must be accomplished, but don't try to sweeten the bitter draught you are holding to my lips."

"Why, these papers represent a large property," said Vange, speaking from the table, "and prove conclusively that you have been in Kansas all this time."

"Kansas!" sighed the poor mother, "and she admitted that she had been in South America. It's coming—the fearful truth is coming!"

"Let me hear the circumstances by which you acquired all this," said Vange, glancing toward Braclyn. "These establish your innocence as regards my niece, but they do not justify or explain your criminal neglect of duty or your cruel silence."

"I thought it for the best," pleaded Braclyn. "I meant it so. Besides, you never answered the letters I did write."

"We received none," responded Vange, shortly. "Where did you send them?"

"To an address in the city given me by Hester."

"Hester!" Both his hearers started. "Why did you write to her?" continued Vange.

"Because," answered Braclyn, "she had been the one to urge my going away secretly, in order to escape Margery's entreaties. She pictured your anger at finding me gone without a word, but she reasoned it was better so, as it would save us all pain. She promised to explain everything to you after my departure, and advised sending my letters to her until she had pacified you all. She finally convinced me and I consented. She gave me the address of a friend of hers where I was to write, and even offered to go with me to the city and see me started on my journey. Before leaving I wrote those few lines to Margie without Hester's knowledge. After my arrival in Kansas, I wrote to Margie and to you in care of Hester, receiving a reply from her saying that Margie was deeply hurt at my lack of confidence and that you both refused to read my letters. She hoped to soften you in time and begged me to me to write again. I did so repeatedly during the ensuing two months, at the end of which time I received another letter from Hester, telling me she had failed to reconcile you to my conduct, and feared you would never forgive me. I made one more appeal to Margie, and when that brought no response I lost heart and wrote no more."

"Then," said Mrs. Ferndale, in a subdued voice, "for years we have been the victims of an infamous conspiracy—a wicked plot to cast the sin of another upon your shoulders. Oh, God!" she raised her eyes heavenward, and they were full of passionate despair, "is this Thy justice? that the innocent should suffer even unto death, while the guilty prosper in their sin!"

"John Braclyn!" said the old man, brokenly, "we have wronged you. You have been to blame—wofully so—in not trusting those dearest to you; but it is not for me to murmur."

"Don't speak of having wronged me," returned Braclyn, hastily. "I know now I have been selfish to you all; but each year as I prospered in my business, I said to myself: 'I'll wait a little longer—it is for Margie. I will not return empty-handed; she shall acknowledge I was right.' So time has drifted on until now, through careful management, I am owner of nearly sixty thousand dollars worth of stock and real estate, as those papers you hold testify. I mean to give them to my wife."

Hester groaned. "I had forgotten her," she said to herself. "How shall I tell him?"

"Now are you satisfied?" asked the young man, addressing Vange. Before the other could reply a sound echoed through the room which acted like a spell upon them all. It was only a soft, sweet voice singing an old Christmas anthem; but oh, the memories it awakened in the hearts of those who heard it! To the broken-hearted father, sitting with his head bowed upon his hand, it spoke of an unclouded childhood—a happy youth—a blighted womanhood. To the gaunt, fierce woman, gazing toward the door with a tender love light in her face, which positively beautified its hard features, it breathed a tale of anguish patiently borne, of womanly faith, of purity and love. It recalled to her mind the thought of the ruin her own wicked child had wrought; but to the younger man it only heralded the coming of the woman whom, weak as he was, he loved best of all the world, and he took a step forward as the door opened, and then waited with a flush of eagerness on his face.

Have you ever been in a darkened room and suddenly had the obscurity relieved by a stream of moonlight? If so, do you remember the curious atmospheric change the silver rays effected around you, the sense of restfulness and slumberous languor that stole over your being as the pale effulgence enveloped you? Even such a feeling entered with the little figure standing on the threshold.

A fair, almost childish face, crowned with a wealth of chestnut hair, which fell in rippling masses about her shoulders; the eyes would have been beautiful but for the dreamy *inward* look they held. She was clad in a loose night-robe, and a fleecy shawl was thrown about her, as if she had just risen from her bed. Seemingly unaware of the strange presence in the room, she came swiftly toward the fire.

"Father," she whispered, laying her little hand upon the bowed head, "why are you sad when I am so happy? It's wrong to weep at Christmas-tide."

"Margie darling," remonstrated Hester, and the change in her voice was marvellous, it was so full of womanly tenderness and pity, "why have you left your bed? Remember what the kind doctor said—'the cold will hurt my little ...'

"...t be angry with Margie." She raised ... the elder woman's with a shadowy ...ouldn't stay there. It's Christ... ...u know, and John is coming to... ...omised, and I was afraid you ... at daybreak. Father, do ...e to-morrow?"

...plied Vange, his voice ... *know* he will come." ...thing over her face. ...before." As she ... Braclyn, standing ... face; but she ...or realization ... him with the

"I don't know you," she said, quietly. After a moment, "Are you a friend of father's?"

"Yes," gently answered the poor fellow. An expression of eager attention crept into her face.

"Your voice sounds like John's," she exclaimed. "I like you for it. Did you know my John? He's gone away to where the sun sets; but he's coming home when the daylight comes again. You must stay and see my John." As she turned again to the fire, the husband, with a gesture of despair, sank into a chair.

"Oh, Heaven!" he moaned. "Have all my sacrifices and weary waiting brought me only this? How have I deserved it?"

"Sh—!" whispered Mrs. Ferndale, as Vange bent over the slight form now kneeling before the fire, crooning the Christmas hymn. "We have been warned. The least shock may prove fatal; she is very weak."

"How long—" began John; but his voice failed him, and he laid his head upon the table, weeping like a little child. Hester rested her thin hand for an instant upon his curly hair, and there was voiceless sympathy in the action, but she answered bravely:

"Since the night of my girl's death, John," she went on, pleadingly. "Try to think less harshly of the dead, for my poor sake. I don't deserve that you should, for I had no mercy on her or you; but try—oh!" she spoke softly, but there was a world of suppressed hatred in her tones, "if my child's betrayer lives, may a mother's curse pursue and fall upon him! I would gladly descend into the depths of hell if I could see him tortured there!" The ferocity of these words were in strange contrast with the sacred ones which fell from the lips of the little singer upon the hearth.

"Father!" She ceased singing, and, nestling at his feet, glanced up at him. "Isn't it nearly morning? Why doesn't the day dawn? I'm tired—so tired of waiting."

"Patience, dear," murmured the old man.

"You always say that," she sighed. "And I have been patient; but it's such a long night. It seems as if the day would never dawn. I—I'm afraid John has forgotten me," she wailed.

"No, no!" cried her husband, starting up, beside himself with grief. "Never believe that! I love you more than life. Margie, don't you know—?" With a gesture of frantic terror, Mrs. Ferndale had darted forward and covered his mouth with her hand; but it was too late. With a bound the slight figure had leaped up as if struck with an arrow, and stood gazing at him with a strained, startled expression. Then all of a sudden the dreamy look vanished from the blue eyes, as the mist clears before the sun, and the loyal, deathless soul of the wife looked forth upon her husband as she flung herself into his outstretched arms.

"Father!" she cried, "he has come at last." For a moment they remained in a close embrace. Then a little shiver passed through Margery's frame, the arms relaxed, and the head lay passive upon his breast.

"She has fainted," he said, in a frightened voice. "Aunt Hester—see!"

Before he had finished speaking the grim woman had snatched the girlish figure from him. One look, and a wild cry rose and mingled with the howling of the wind.

"Why do you cry out?" demanded Braclyn, in piercing tones. "What is it?"

What? The shadow of eternal peace had flitted across the gentle soul, and the day had dawned for her.

Some Off-Hand Stories.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1885.

DEAR MIRROR:—Isn't it awful hard to write when you know something very nice is expected of you, and you feel doubtful of fulfilling anticipation? I suppose you fluent writers just sit down and scribble off something great without feeling it, just because you're used to it. I'm going to try and do the same thing. I'll write something about my trips abroad and what they've taught me. You know I've been over several times, of course; although I played there for the first time last year. Do you know that the English actresses have learned from America how to dress? Of course, they wouldn't hear of such a thing if you were to tell them; but it's a fact all the same. They will not admit taking anything from us, and yet you will find Mme. Demorest's patterns in every town, village and hamlet in England and Scotland. Some years ago English ladies were about the worst dressed I ever saw, and now they dress beautifully. They never seemed to have any idea of the harmonizing of colors whatever, and they wouldn't take any ideas from the French, who, as you know, are most artistic.

Do you remember the long run that The School for Scandal had in one of the London theatres a number of years ago? I think we saw it on one of our annual visits—that of 1874. It was that run about which it is stated that a gentleman who had made up his mind to go to India came up to the box-office and asked for seats.

"They're all taken," was the reply.

"Yes, but I must have seats, you know. I'm starting to-morrow for India!"

"That's all right, sir. You can see it when you come back."

And, sure enough, the play was running when the gentleman returned. They have wonderful runs in England sometimes. Well, I was about telling you how one of the characters was dressed in that piece, to show you that my criticisms were not uncalled for. She was a servant-woman, and she was a sight! She had on a white muslin tucked skirt, a very elegant silk apron and a satin-colored waist. Of all the costumes that ever a servant woman put on, either on or off the stage, I thought that the most inappropriate. I was quite shocked, for I had come to believe that the English actresses were the very acme of erudition in character-dressing for the stage. Yes, American women are the best dressed in the world. They may be a little too showy in the street, but at the same time they are the most elegantly dressed both on and off the stage.

Did I ever tell you how Miss Robson, Stuart Robson's daughter, lost her satchel while on the train going to Paris with us, and how it was returned without a word of explanation? There were in our compartment in the railway carriage two Frenchmen, besides mamma and myself, when we spied Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Robson. Mr. Robson started over the moment he saw us, and we were head over ears in conversation before we knew it. You know how funny Mr. Robson is. After the regular greetings he burst out with: "We've been in England only two or three days, but of course I couldn't get away without first paying a visit to the Queen."

"So you've been to Windsor Castle?" we asked.

"Why, of course. Her Majesty received me most graciously, and I was entertained in right royal fashion."

At this the eyes of one of the two Frenchmen bulged out as if they would burst. Robson noticed it, but he didn't care. He went right on making fun. Finally the other gentleman turned to ma and said something in French. Ma looked at him and answered, "Oui, oui."

I knew she did that just to get out of it; so I turned and spoke to him, and what was our surprise to learn that the other gentleman was a Prince of the house of Orleans—I forget what his name was; but he was the Prince who was ready to ascend the throne of France whenever the people called for him. The sharp thrusts that Robson made at royalty in general must have hurt his pride awfully. While on this trip Miss Robson lost her satchel. It contained quite a number of relics and keepsakes, and she was almost heartbroken. We reported the loss and made every effort to find it, but in vain. About two days afterward we sat talking with the Robsons in their hotel when an express boy came in with the satchel. Everything was intact, and it did not appear even to have been opened. How in the world did they get it? Where was it lost? Who found it? and a hundred similar questions arose, but they all remained unanswered. The express boy knew nothing of it, so no one was rewarded, although Miss Robson was so overjoyed that she would have given away a large sum to the lucky finder if she had known him.

That reminds me, too, of the entirely different way they have of carrying on the detective business in Paris to that in which it is conducted here. There, for instance, you enter a man's house and kill him—not that I would intimate for a moment, though, that you would do such a thing. The next day the papers might have a few lines regarding the fact that a murder had been committed, but they wouldn't contain a word about the murderer or what the police were doing about the case. In this country, as you know, the police tell of all their movements in the papers. In Paris—no! Then at the end of a week or two you may hear something. They never tell you what they have gone through to catch you, but you will know it when you are caught. They never teach thieves their business. Yet for all that they have most frightful murders in Paris. There were three committed during the five months we were there, and they were shocking affairs, too.

I know it isn't nice to close my letter on such a subject, but I'll have to ask indulgence this time. Yours for a merry Christmas,

LOTTA.

Professional Doings.

—Pictured above is the pretty face of Marie Heath, who is travelling with the Fun on the Bristol company as principal comedienne. Miss Heath is having a comedy, entitled Ike, written for her, in which she will star next season. The lady has rapidly risen in her profession, and jumps into popularity wherever she appears.

—It is stated that the first representation of Strauss' Gypsy Baron will take place at the Casino on Jan. 18.

—Alberta Gallatin has been engaged to play leading roles with Mme. Janish for the remainder of the season.

—W. D. Quimby has retired from the management of Music Hall, Lowell, Mass., and is succeeded by A. V. Partridge, the proprietor.

—Alex. Comstock, author of the burlesque, Princess of Madagascar, has been engaged to write two afterpieces for McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels.

—The title of the comedy in which Richard Mansfield is to star is Wigs, and during its performance the comedian will wear no less than twelve of those stage accessories.

—Rose Levere and company, in Leah the Forsaken, open at Rome, N. Y., on Christmas Day. A. S. Pennoyer, the manager, has filled time very nicely for an extended tour.

—Annie Robe, of Wallack's company, was suddenly taken ill on Tuesday night with an ulcerated sore throat, and her place was supplied on that occasion and last evening by Helen Russell.

—John Templeton has opened an "Opera Office" at 1145 Broadway. Its object is to furnish operas, companies, orchestrations—in fact everything connected with musical productions—to managers.

—Arthur Rehan's Comedy company in that sparkling comedy, A Night Off, is reaping good profits on the road. It is in all respects an admirable company, thoroughly competent in the interpretation of their roles.

—W. S. Cleveland, manager of McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels, claims that their actual receipts for the five weeks ended Dec. 19 reached $40,038.35. Certainly their recent tour of New England was something unparalleled in the annals of minstrelsy.

—Templeton's Original Mikado company is having great success on the road. It is a strong organization, composed of C. L. Harris, George Broderick, Jay Taylor, W. H. Seymour, William Guiberson, Lucille Meredith, Hattie Starr, Emma Mabella Baker and Selina Rough. Many of these people appeared in the original production of the opera in America.

—The efforts lately made by John Stetson, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to transfer Mme. Modjeska to the Star Theatre for the three weeks during which Clara Morris is to appear there, have fallen through. Miss Morris was perfectly willing to rest for the time being, but Mme. Modjeska refused to play there unless on a guarantee. So The Mikado is to be transfered to the Standard Theatre on Jan. 4.

—Among those who have responded to the appeal for a Christmas celebration for the little children of the stage sent out by Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, are Henry E. Dixey, Lawrence Barrett, John A. McCaull, Elbridge T. Gerry, Marshall Mallory, Dan Frohman, and a number of people outside of the profession; so that the prospects now are that the children will have a merry Christmas, indeed. The proprietor of Clarendon Hall has offered the use of that place for the evening, and the probabilities are that his kind tender will be accepted. The celebration will take place on Sunday evening next, and all members of the profession interested in the matter are cordially invited to be present.

—Horace Lewis, the leading man of Zimmerman's Monte Cristo company, paid a flying visit to the city this week. "The new Monte Cristo company is playing to excellent business in New England," said Mr. Lewis. "Our success in two or three cities where Mr. O'Neill had appeared was most pronounced. We have been asked for return dates almost everywhere. At Woonsocket the principals of the play were complimented with a call at the final curtain. I think Charles Verner's Nourtier will compare favorably with any actor I have seen in the part. Charles Lamb's Caderousse is a clever performance, while Clara Henderson (Mrs. Verner) has proved to be an excellent Mercedes."

Blowing Power.

We have had champion scullers, champion sausage-eaters, and other champions of every degree, except in the line of nasal supremacy. This role is now most successfully filled by a gentleman of Paterson, N. J., who is reported as having an extraordinary gift and is in great demand at "all" the public halls, where, when the fun is at the highest, he will stand at the door of the hall and blow out the gas with a puff.

his, of course, turns the scene into a scrambling panorama and adds immensely to the attractions of the occasion. It is said that when this champion blower is in particularly good trim he can blow out the kitchen fire while he stands on the top of the back stairs.

Why can not this omnipotent Boreas be utilized at public gatherings and be employed at so much a head to blow out the stupid after-dinner orator, the prosy prayer-maker, and, in fact, to work a thorough extinction of all elocutionary bores, including the dead lights of the stage which flicker in the socket and spatter for lack of lubricating oil?

As the nose is an absolute factor in any attempt to attain any considerable velocity or force of wind, it is most opportune that just at this time there appears on the scene a nasal professor, whose function is announced "to make the nose conform to almost any desired shape or style. The aquiline will, of course, have to be abandoned, and the auroral, or open nostril, cultivated to do the work required.

This is of special interest to the profession, and we could give no better counsel to the ambitious artist than to cultivate carefully his nose. The nose is the main feature in a good personation, and its nice adjustment as to extension or diminution frequently determines the shade of the character attempted. To acquire depth of wind, the great Jersey blower, we are informed, disrobes, retires, tucks himself under the bedclothes, and then blows out the kerosene lamplight about fourteen feet away.

The late Edward E. Eddy attained the same end when he had three or four long declamatory parts to play the same night at the Old Bowery, by making the circuit of Madison Square ten or twelve times at a smart trot before daylight, which enabled him to roar with the depth and sonority of a bull of Bashan, and to bring down the gallery like a house of ...ords.

Bertha Welby.

The portrait on the title-page of THE MIRROR this week is that of Bertha Welby, who has been for some time in retirement, but who will shortly return to the stage in a new play of her own adaptation, entitled Mlle. Helene. Miss Welby starred throughout the United States for several seasons, and is well known as a fine emotional actress, and as a very ambitious and industrious member of the profession. In addition to her ability as an actress, the lady is gifted with a ready pen, and her work in this direction is always in demand. When Miss Welby again goes on tour she will have good management, and will not be hampered, as in some former seasons, by the incompetency of those to whom her business was entrusted.

Helen Dauvray.

The picture in the centre of the cover of this week's MIRROR represents a scene from One of Our Girls, the society play which has firmly established the Lyceum Theatre as one of the institutions of the Metropolis. The artist has seized the moment when the star of the play, Helen Dauvray, as the American Girl, is seated at a desk in a drawing-room in Paris, writing a cablegram. It is an interesting point in the play, and Miss Dauvray is much complimented on her arch delivery of the line: "Three words—forty cents a word—they're worth it!"

One of Our Girls is having a remarkable run, and the pretty little Lyceum Theatre has become the resort of society. The young lady who has brought the house into this prominence has been on the stage since childhood. She is a remarkably clever actress, and is equally at home in English and French comedy. She was the first actress of American birth to obtain a foothold on the French stage. A few seasons ago she played an extended engagement in Paris in a trifle especially written for her by a well-known Parisian author.

Not a little of the success of the Lyceum Theatre is due to the able management of John Rickaby, who guides the fortunes of Miss Dauvray as well as those of the house.

Saints and Sinners.

ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 5.

The play now in the full tide of success at the Madison Square Theatre has been the most notable production of the present dramatic season. Saints and Sinners has been running at this pleasant playhouse since the 7th of November, and, with few exceptions, the performances have been witnessed by audiences that completely filled the house. From the fact that there has been no falling off in the demand for seats, even during the fortnight before the Christmas holidays, when theatrical business, as a rule, is depressed, it is likely that Mr. Jones' drama will be played well up toward the close of the season.

The commercial prosperity of Saints and Sinners is gratifying to all well-wishers of the stage, inasmuch as it demonstrates the falsity of the oft proclaimed assertion that the public has stomach for naught save vapid force and lurid sensationalism. This piece and its representation by Mr. Palmer's company appeal to the intelligence as well as the emotions of the spectator. The author makes no bid for vulgar applause by resorting to the trashy devices which obtain among most writers of domestic plays. He never once sacrifices his well-defined purpose of presenting a natural, powerful plot, participated in by a circle of ingeniously conceived, finely-drawn characters, in order to introduce a theatrical effect. He never once goes beyond the strict boundaries of his subject. The result is a wonderfully symmetrical work, which takes hold on the understanding and strikes to the heart. The dialogue is admirable. It tells the story pithily, vigorously, artistically. Interest is sustained without an instant's cessation. The observer never finds himself yawning over a dull passage or experiencing the wish that some climax or situation would arrive to relieve the monotony, for in Saints and Sinners no monotony exists.

The plot is absorbing, because it is based solely on human nature. The story of the country-girl who longs for gaiety and is duped by a gentlemanly scoundrel is old as the hills. But it has never before been related with such force, naturalness and originality as in the play at the Madison Square. "Human interest" is a compliment often misapplied in connection with dramatic works, but it strongly pervades Saints and Sinners, and seizes the people who go to see it.

The ethical phase of the play, aside from its dramatic merits, has occasioned widespread commendation. A number of clergymen have visited the theatre and expressed unqualified approval of the striking manner in which it illustrates the hideousness of cant as it is practiced by the money-changers who invade the temple and use religion as a cloak for gain; and the grand lesson of true Christian charity which it graphically instils. Probably more hearts are purified by its moral teachings in a week than all the pulpit eloquence in the town can effect on Sunday.

Of the manner in which Saints and Sinners is mounted and acted we but echo the unanimous verdict of our play-goers and our discriminating critics when we say, as we have said before, that the scenic appointments and the cast are both as nearly perfect as possible. Mr. Palmer is unrivalled among managers for skill in selecting artists and measuring their capabilities; and he was the first *entrepreneur* in this city to introduce a style of stage setting commensurate with the requirements of a first-class stock theatre. While the system has been adopted by other managers, Mr. Palmer has steadily improved this branch of art and developed its possibilities step by step in his productions.

The members of the Saints and Sinners cast, from the greatest to the smallest, are capitally placed. First place belongs to J. H. Stoddart, whose portrayal of the gentle, benignant and sterling-hearted clergyman, Jacob Fletcher, is superb. His display of anguish in the face of the overwhelming disaster that overtakes his hearthstone is extraordinarily affecting, and his pathos in the interview with the erring daughter are but two of the more striking features of one of the finest impersonations this splendid actor has given to the public. Mr. Massen, in the character of the impetuous, noble minded, manly lover, Ralph Kingsmill, has proved himself to be a valuable addition to the ranks of the young leading men. Messrs. Le Moyne, Flockton and Davidge present wonderfully natural, albeit disagreeable, characterizations; and Herbert Kelcey, as the rascally Captain Fanshawe, is successful from an artistic point of view. Marie Burroughs is charming in Letty Fletcher's lighter scenes, and quite equal to the emotional requirements of the stronger scenes in which she takes part. A prettier or more talented actress for this role could not have been selected. Mrs. Phillips' acerbity, tempered with kindliness, as Lydia, the old housekeeper, gives delightful relief to several portions of the play, while the romping band of children, headed by flaxen-haired Tommy Russell, contrast vividly in the Sunday School picnic scene with the dark plots of Fanshawe.

It is the pretty incident of Jacob Fletcher's appearance with the children sporting about him that our artist has selected for the first of his series of illustrations. One tot, jealous of the privilege another enjoys of bestriding the dear old minister's back, appeals to him to please "be his donkey." Below is that precious, sanctimonious knave Hoggard remarking to a fellow-deacon of the same kidney, "How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." His very attitude and the downward turn of the corners of his wicked old mouth bespeak his character plainly. "Come—it is the last time—you shall not refuse me!" These words accompany the centre piece, which depicts Captain Fanshawe tempting the weak, confiding Letty to enter his boat and return home in that way after the day's outing. The girl wavers and consents. She has listened to the voice of the tempter, and this false step plunges her deeply into trouble. To the right the point of the play is pictured where Letty, installed at an hotel in Edinburgh, has just learned from the lips of a dissipated and horsey visitor that the man whom she believes to be her lawful husband is married to another, and the Captain, enraged by the discovery of the intruder, lays violent hands on him. Above is a picture of the minister and his repentant daughter, surrounded by his canting enemies, inspired by a father's love and pleading extenuation for his child's mis-step. "She was at his mercy in a great city, my friends," he is saying. At the left hand lower corner is Hoggard, discovered in his iniquity and hounded by an indignant mob, receiving a lesson in forgiveness from the man he has persecuted, and who gives him refuge in his mean hovel. The picture of Lydia unbending from her severity to receive a kiss, "Just a little one—there," from her devoted admirer, completes this interesting page of pictures.

"BE MY DONKEY, MR. FLETCHER!"

"SHE WAS AT HIS MERCY, IN A GREAT CITY. MY [illegible]"

"HOW SWEET IT IS FOR BRETHREN— TO DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY!"

"COME IT IS THE LAST TIME, YOU SHALL NOT REFUSE ME!"

"HOW DARE YOU SHOW YOUR FACE IN MY HOUSE?"

"THEY'RE HUNTING ME DOWN!"

"WELL, JUST A LITTLE ONE THERE!"

SCENES FROM THE GREAT PLAY, "SAINTS AND SINNERS," NOW RUNNING AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEAT

Two Telegrams.

The bell had rung, and the curtain was rolling
Slowly up to the cloud-like flies,
When a telegraph-boy, lithe-limbed, blue-coated,
Came to the stage-door with wondering eyes.
"A telegram here for Philip Sydney,"
He said as the old doorkeeper frowned;
"I guess that's him," as out from the green-room
The actor emerged at the tinkling sound.

He played that night in a part pathetic,
And in an instant would hear his cue;
But he seized the message, and just glanced o'er it,
At once to turn to a pallid hue.
"Come quickly; our darling boy is dying.
The doctor has given him up at last."
A moment the actor stood bewildered,
Then heard his cue in a mood aghast.

His manner, alternately fired and frozen,
Soon moved the house to intensest thrills,
And call and recall his efforts greeted,
While tears coursed the women's cheeks in rills.
"Such acting! Philip is just exquisite!"
"He really has much improved indeed!"
The house was pushing with kindly comment,
And shouts of applause, the actor's meed.

The final curtain of green was falling
When the telegraph-boy again appeared:
"The crisis is passed, and the boy will recover,"
Were the words that the heart of the actor cheered.
In half an hour, the people who met him
Upon the street, with a happy smile,
Said: "What an actor! How well he depicted
The sorrow and grief of the terrible wile!"

—EARLE MARBLE.

Glimpses of McCullough.

BY JOSEPH HAWORTH.

When John McCullough's name is mentioned in my hearing, I feel a pang the description of which is unutterable. My heart cherishes the memory of the dearest, most generous man I ever knew. I feel that I have not the power of expressing the deep admiration and love I bore him. His name is connected with many sweet recollections. I will endeavor to enumerate a few incidents which occurred during my too brief acquaintance with him, and I trust they will prove interesting to those who may peruse my contribution to this CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

I first met John McCullough in the Fall of '61, in his dressing-room at the Boston Theatre, after a performance of Virginius. I was introduced by Captain Conner, his manager and friend, who had the day previous approached me regarding an engagement to support the tragedian. I was naturally anxious to make a favorable impression, and had prepared a speech which I thought quite classical and elegant, to deliver to him, in order that I might the more readily impress him with my aptitude for tragic drama. Imagine my disgust when I found myself mumbling something about "it's a fine day." I thought I discovered a smile on the "governor's" face—we loved so call him "governor." I was much embarrassed, for I realized that my remark was not very brilliant. I launched forth again, and this time with better success. After passing a compliment upon his really great performance and receiving "thanks, my boy" from him, while the genial smile, that all remember so well, lit up his noble countenance, telling of the pleasure he experienced at my kind intention, our conversation became close. I liked him—*he was a man*—and he afterward proved himself a father, brother and friend. The following day I signed a contract to support him—the first and only contract I ever signed with him. I needed no bond from John McCullough or his manager. I could trust both implicitly. I have never regretted the engagement. It was the happiest I ever knew. Our next meeting was in St. Paul, Minn., in the Fall of '62. He had just returned from a trip through the Yellowstone; he looked rugged and sunburned, his strong, kind face reminding one of a veritable Hercules. On this occasion he took my hand and shook it warmly, so warmly, in fact, that I was in doubt for some time as to whether I was the fortunate possessor of one or two hands. He had evidently forgotten that I had been playing at "the parlor home of comedy" in Boston and was unused to the "Roman grip." I tried to look pleased and happy when he asked me how I felt. I replied, faintly, that I felt "pretty well," and was on the point of letting him if he wouldn't kindly return me my hand, when he exclaimed: "Are you nervous about the opening to-night, my boy?" "Well, I should rather," I replied, with an attempt at humor. The dear "governor" was very kind, and taking my hand again (the other hand this time), he said: "Don't be worried, my boy; you will be all right!" And I resolved that mistake that I would be, if possible. The play was Virginius. I played Icilius for the first time, and was fairly successful. The "governor" was pleased, and, after the fourth act, put his arms around my neck and gave me some valuable advice, at the same time saying many pleasant things. One of the utility men—a new member also—was not so fortunate. He was playing an important messenger. He was new to the tragic drama, and consequently very nervous. He was standing in the entrance waiting for his cue. It came; he dashed madly on to the stage, stopped short, looked hopelessly at the "governor" for an instant, and then managed to say "I am here!" a line entirely foreign to the text. The "governor" glared at his trembling form, and then said: "Let a play you are not in—*Go on!*" The youth was unable to proceed; he rushed off the stage and out of the theatre. He was called for a rehearsal next morning. The "governor" had not recovered from the annoyance of the night before. Mr. W—— tried to offer an apology, but the "governor" rebuked him severely, and bade the rehearsal go on. It did, but Mr. W—— did not. He was much disconcerted, and managed to "stick" even worse than at the performance. The "governor" was furious and left the theatre in high dudgeon—not, however, until he had given the young man a little "food for reflection," which made him so ill that he was unable to play for a week. I felt a deep sympathy for the really bright but unfortunate young man, for I myself had once been in a similar position. I resolved to intercede for him, and I was assisted by the leading lady, who also felt compassion for Mr. W——. We approached the "governor" on the first convenient occasion and informed him that the young man who had annoyed him was very ill and discouraged at his failure. I said: "Governor [I always called him "governor" when I wanted to say something he might not altogether approve of; sandbag more friendly, you know], that man is full of ambition——" "Well, he'd better be full of his lines the next time he appears," he replied, and turned away. I was disappointed. I said: "Governor, he always means well, and failed on that occasion to please, and failed on that the "governor" made no reply. I had not spoken, but something in the "governor" aroused the rebellion in my heart. I was determined I would [illegible] I said: "I am a new member of your company, largely upon my salary for cake and pie; but had you abused me as you did Mr. W——, I would have left you on the instant. That boy is very clever, and only needs a little encouragement to succeed. Now, governor [I grew friendly once more, for I was not anxious to pay my respects to the bass drum in the orchestra]" I think you ought to apologize to that young man. [I almost fell to the floor at my own audacity, and kept my right eye on the stage door so as to be ready to escape in case of emergency.] You are a great man, governor, and can afford to humble your proud spirit. That young man is not independent; you are. Now, don't you think you ought to do this?" He turned toward me; I made a break for the door, but he called me back. Tears were in his eyes, and he said, in his simple, unaffected way: "Why, I didn't mean to hurt the boy's feelings. Send him to me." I did so, and this great man apologized then and there to the young man, who has since won much success and is now occupying an important position in a New York stock company. His success dated from the day "our governor" took him by the hand.

After this incident we were fast friends, and I never received an unkind word from him during the three seasons I played in his company. Shortly after his retirement from the boards, we were one night seated in the office of the Sturtevant House, chatting over old times, when a pale little lad entered. He was selling musical tops. The groups of loungers either pushed him rudely aside or spoke very harshly to him. When the "governor's" eyes fell upon him he said: "Come here, my little man. What are you doing out so late at night." "I am trying to sell these tops," the boy modestly replied. He looked quite worn and wasted, like a consumptive, which gave color to his statement that his mother was dying of the disease. I sincerely believe he was a thoroughly deserving and honest little fellow, for at mention of his mother's name the big tears filled his large blue eyes. As he continued to speak, the "governor" became interested and asked, "What age are you?" "Eleven," the boy replied "And you support your mother on what you make off these tops?" "Yes, sir; but mother used to sew until she became too sick, and now I have got to do what I can to help her and the children along. Poor mother!" and he burst into tears. "But I'll be big some day." Then he was silent. That silence spoke volumes. His thin little hands were clenched and his pale lips were firmly set. Several of the gentlemen sitting near bought tops. I took one, and there were four left. The dear old "governor" bought them all, and handed the boy a big bill, saying: "Keep the change, my boy; you need it more than I do. Be good to your mother always; you can only have one." I could see he was deeply affected. He patted the boy on the head and said, "God bless you my noble little man; God bless you." He was doubtless thinking of his own mother, to whom he was greatly devoted, and whose memory he deeply cherished. He often said to me: "My mother's face was the sweetest I ever saw." Well, the little fellow stood regarding the "governor" for some time, and then said, "Thank you, sir; good night," and hastened away.

Will that boy ever know that it was John McCullough who befriended him, I wonder?

It was during my second season with the "governor" that I first observed a change in his mental condition. We opened this season in Denver, Col., and while playing here an amusing incident occurred at the Saturday matinee. Ingomar was the bill. The younger members of the company, enacting the Allemani, thought to give the "governor" a pleasant surprise, and purchased a lot of different skins in which to appear barbaric. The "governor" heard of their intention, and when they came bounding on the stage he said:

"Well, boys, you don't look like Allemani; but, by ——, you smell like them."

This so disconcerted the boys that they were unable to proceed, and the "governor" was quite delighted with his little joke. Near the middle of the season we were playing in Philadelphia. Virginius was the bill. It was on a Thursday night. The "governor" played superbly up to the close of the fourth act. In the fifth act his tongue became partly paralyzed. He could not articulate. I thought he had forgotten his lines, but he soon recovered and finished the play. Many times after this I noticed the same thing. It was the intimation that his powers were failing. Captain Conner advised him to close the season; but he loved the theatre too well. He would often say, "If you take me out of my harness you will kill me." Well, the season closed. The "governor," advised by his physician, took a trip to Germany; but he returned no better than when he went away.

The third and last season opened. The "governor" was not well, and although the noble company did all in their power to hide his weakness and forgetfulness from the public, the ever-watchful critic soon detected the decided change in his mental and physical condition, and too soon confirmed us in our own suspicion—viz., that the dear "governor's" days upon the boards were numbered. We reached Chicago the second week and played Virginius. The "governor" upon several occasions really excelled himself, and on the following Monday we played The Gladiator.

That night will live in my memory as long as life lasts. I was enacting Phasarius, his brother, in the play. We meet first in the arena scene, when the brothers recognize each other. I flung my arms about his neck, but, feeling no response on his part, I looked up to see what was wrong. The "governor's" eyes were filled with tears; he was trembling from head to foot; he held me at arm's length, and then embraced me, at the same time saying, "For God's sake, give me the line!" I did so, and with the assistance of the company we finished the scene. The curtain fell, and where we were in the habit of receiving from four to six calls, we received two. The "governor" turned to me as we came off the stage and said, "They are treating us gloriously to-night." I think he meant it, too. He did not seem to realize the truth. I reached the scene where Phasarius describes the crucifixion of the Gladiators. He was unable to take up his cues, and that the scene might not fall flat, I recited both his lines and my own. For some time he looked blankly on, and at last said, quite loud enough for the audience to hear: "My boy, you are speaking my lines." The audience laughed, and some hissed, thinking, no doubt, that the "governor" had been "to the club," and when his companion in arms said, "General, you had best go to your tent; you are unfit for battle," there was a perfect storm of applause. He managed to stammer through his lines up to the closing scene. Mr. Lane, who was playing the leader of the opposing force, had to stab the General, Spartacus. He did so, but the "governor" did not fall until told to do so by Mr. Lane, and the audience, thinking it a good joke, laughed, applauded and hissed. The curtain descended, and Mr. McCullough stepped in front and said, addressing the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are the best-mannered audience I ever saw, but if you had suffered as I have to-night, you would not have done this. Good night."

The audience silently left the theatre, little dreaming that they would never see John McCullough act again. Mr. Brooks, the manager, called the company to the theatre next morning at ten o'clock, and informed them that the season was at an end. The papers from Maine to California were teeming with the news that John McCullough had at last broken down.

At eleven o'clock the "governor" entered the stage door quite pale. He had read all the press notices. He took a seat at the "prompt table" and called me to him, and said: "Joseph, my boy, we did not cover ourselves with glory last night. I was not well," he continued, "but we'll do better to night." He called a rehearsal of The Gladiator, and every member of the company responded, notwithstanding the fact that they had been dismissed. It was a memorable morning. The rehearsal began, and I shall never forget how nobly each and every member of the company acted on this occasion. All tried to be cheerful, although it was evident that their gaiety was forced. At intervals, the different members could be seen in dark corners brushing away the tears that silently stole down their cheeks. The "governor" was almost letter perfect at this rehearsal. The scene came where Spartacus gives his wife and child into the keeping of his brother, Phasarius, saying: "Brother, I give thee now what is dearer to me than life itself—my wife and boy. Guard them well," etc. Mrs. Foster, impersonating the wife, replies: "Oh, husband! do not send me away. If I leave you now it will be forever!" The words sounded ominous. The lady broke down completely. A dead pause ensued, during which nothing could be heard but the smothered sobs of the company.

I am sure that scene was never played as upon this occasion. All participants in it were in tears, the "governor" included. But *he* thought we were acting. *We were not; it was dread reality.* The last scene he played beautifully, reciting the lines: "There are green valleys in our mountain home; we shall see Thrace anon," with a depth of feeling difficult to surpass. These were the concluding lines of the play. He then called for Richelieu, and delivered the curse grandly, and with all his old-time power. At the conclusion the company applauded vigorously; but the end was near. Baradas, turning to De Beringhen, says: "His mind and life are breaking fast"—referring to the Cardinal. The "governor" turned to administer the rebuke, but the words came not. His big, manly frame was quivering; the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he could not go on. It was with difficulty the play was finished. We escorted him to his carriage. He was driven to his hotel, after we had bade him a tearful good bye.

Many times after this I received letters and telegrams asking me to meet him in different cities where we had previously booked to play. Of course, he was laboring under the delusion that he would fulfil his engagements. I will pass over the last few months of his life.

The curtain has fallen. The dear "governor" is gone. Let us speak of him as we found him—"nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." Let us speak well of the dead, or let silence lock the door of speech with the key of charity.

Some Pen-Pictures.

BY FRED. LENNOX.

To-day, to-day is salary-day;
I got it in the usual way!

Now that I am travelling through the juicy towns of Texas, and knowing I will not see the dear old Rialto until September (at least I hope not, although last year I saw it in Winter)—

Ah, 'twas the same old wretched story;
Simple enough you'll say.
He was a soft-tongued devil
And got me to buy the play—

I feel safe in making a few remarks relative to the chorus. The first character I would draw your attention to is the "romantic chorus-girl." She is always discovered back of a book. Say you are jumping from New York to Cincinnati. The maiden is seated in front of you, quietly perusing a novel. Presently you hear a sigh, which seems to come direct from the heart. Quickly turning to you, she remarks: "Did you ever read 'Lord Ter-lah-lah's Curse?' It's perfectly grand; I think, really, he's too sweet to live. Now, *he's* what I call a *man*; I can easily understand a woman going perfectly crazy over him. I think where he returns home suddenly, after an absence of seven long years, scarcely able to wait until the cars reach his house, rushes past the butler, does a sneak into the parlor, only to find himself—*Detroit*—recognizes his wife in the arms of another. Never saying a word, but throws her 20,000 'livers', French money, saying at the same time, 'She's yours!' Oh, what an angelic nature! It wouldn't be my luck to meet such a man," etc.

It being a long jump, you are naturally quite soiled before reaching Cincinnati. Everybody (unless occupying a sleeper) washes up with the ice-water. The romantic maiden (who by this time looks as if she had slept in a coalyard) opens her satchel, takes out a cake of cocoa butter, rubs it gently over her face, and loudly remarks, "Oh, how refreshing!"

Then there's the maiden who sings soprano, and whose voice when in motion sounds like tearing rags. Say you are stage manager, also performer; you are in the middle of a difficult scene which reveals the entire plot of the opera, and which requires a perfect silence. Silence is this maiden's cue. "Say, Lill, Charley's in front; did you see him? He came in while we were singing the Hoop-la chorus. There's somebody with him." This remark, mind you, is heard in front as well as the back of the house. The audience giggle; your scene is ruined; you're perfectly helpless; the only chance is to rush the scene. This done, you sail up quickly and nail her. "The next time I hear you talking loud, I'll fine you five dollars." "Why," she exclaims, surprised, "I never opened my head. Tillie Williams has got my wings on, and won't give them up. You always pick on me, some how or other. I'd just as leave be dead if I can't talk. Ever since I played the Countess in Olivette, you've hated me." "Now, please talk low." "I'll talk as loud as I please!" "Yes? Well, I fine you five dollars." "You'd better make it eight; then I can have two to live on the rest of the week." "Seven dollars more for talking back." (This makes twelve. When the ghost walks she owes the manager two dollars.)

Probably the greatest character is the girl whom Nature has left minus all charms. You will always know her. She wears a blonde wig, which looks as if Myers hated her when he sold it to her. She buys a pair of symmetricals, which are generally too large for even a fat woman, and which makes her head look like a wart. Well, after securing the pads, she drops into a drug-store, drums awhile on the glass with her fingers, hums a bit of a song (so as to let the druggist see she's an actress); then softly asks for a box of rouge and a crow's-foot. When informed by the druggist that she must mean hare's foot, she exclaims, "How ignorant the outsiders are; they ought to go in the business and learn something." By accident she secures an engagement as a filler-in (generally a long filler). Of course, playing the same opera a long time is apt to make one careless. Well, on the first night of her engagement she arrives at the theatre about eight o'clock. The curtain rises at 8:10. She manages to get her tights on in time to skip on before a large audience, forgetting, in her excitement, both make-up and pads. She wonders why no one notices her. Her wonderment ceases when she receives her salary—one dollar short for failing to appear on her opening night. She generally aspires to soubrettes—singing soubrettes. You lose sight of her for a while; then the papers come out with a terrible scandal. Miss Lulu Kitten, the once prominent actress, elopes with a young clerk. The end of a most promising career.

The maiden who is personally acquainted with all the prominent actors of the present time—Miss Nervine, the Water Queen. She calls Henry Irving, "Hennery;" Dion Boucicault, "Old Die," etc. I will, however, present the green wreath to the gentlemen chorus. Of all good fakers from Fakersville, they certainly head the list. The young man who thinks himself clever, but simply has had no opportunity to display his ability, is the first plumb I would present. Say they are playing Patience. He's a simple dragoon; one of those "Yes! yes!" fellows. He starts in like this: "Well, if I couldn't knock the part of the Duke silly, if I had the chance! Why, the song, 'Weep! Weep! Oh, weep!' if sung right, would be the gem of the opera. It's never been sung; that's the trouble. You know Jennings? A nice fellow, but you must overlook all personal feeling when you speak of business. He's too stiff; don't take centre, either. Now, I've played principal tenor roles with Bob Grau's Comic Opera company, and you know darn well he'll have no fakers around him. No, sir! He gets *actors*, every time."

Well, the long-looked for opportunity arrives. The person playing the Duke has contracted a severe cold, which will prevent his appearance that night. The manager is completely upset. He wonders who in the company can play the part. While in this position our friend, Mr. Gaull, enters and offers his assistance. When asked "Can you do it?" he says: "Can I do it? Well, let me alone for that; I know it *backwards!*" (This the manager finds out later.) However, the manager accepts his generous offer. Our friend borrows a stick of No. 2 grease-paint; also a pair of shoes, and is fixed. The moment for singing his famous song, "Weep! weep! Oh, weep!" has arrived. He sails in with all the confidence in the world, and manages to get partly through; but, like all tenors, must finish on high A. Does he strike it? Well, yes, Sullivan's "Lost Chord" has at last been found. He strikes a note which even the cornet would blush at. The audience laugh. In his heart he feels he has made a hit. The act over, he passes through the group of choristers, turning neither right nor left, his whole manner changed. He throws down his helmet, sees stage-manager, and informs that gentleman most emphatically that he "will *not* dress any longer with the chorus;" must move his trick grip immediately into one of the principal rooms. And yet this young man wonders why he remains idle.

There was once a tenor singer—short in stature, and wearing bright red hair—who seemed to have taken quite a fancy toward me. He very often would enter my room, converse about five minutes on the great Italian method in which he had so long studied, and then start off singing a bit of an Italian song which seemed to have caught his fancy. I think it was called "Oh! Tanis-a-Ve-ta." After singing about eight bars of this beautiful ballad he would burst out crying; tears would stream down the poor fellow's face; his whole frame would shake with emotion. I thought (at first) the thought of having to carry the voice around worried him. When questioned as to the trouble, he would say: "Why must I waste my valuable life in comic opera? Give me grand opera! Oh, my boy, that's music!" Then he'd go on weeping. Naturally enough, I would strive to cheer him up. Sometimes I would cry with him, or would say, "Cheer up, Campanini—some day." This always had the desired effect. I lost sight of him for about five years. I was surprised, while playing in a small town, to have a call from the distinguished artist. I did not at first recognize him. However, he hummed a bit of "Oh, Tansa!" Then, and not till then, did I know who it was. It was Campanini! the man who really would have made the world-famous tenor. The only trouble with him was, his voice *leaked*. Yes, it was he; but oh, how changed. Wine had at last got the best of him. He was carrying a small pair of interrogation whiskers, which seemed to ask the question: "How much longer must I hang on?" He grabbed my hand as only a man broke can grab. He informed me he was teaching music—vocal music. (I don't think that up to that time he had had any use for a "boodle-bag.") I noticed that he wore not those long curly locks which all successful authors and musicians wear, and that he preferred to sit during the conversation. He longed once more to tread the boards; to gain the plaudits which he had so often received; to be once more ripped up the back by the press. All these little things had a charm for him. He had made a few friends in the town, but very foolishly sang a ballad at a benefit and "queered" himself. He would be in New York sure this Summer. I gave the poor fellow two dollars (stage money), kissed him good-by, rushed to my little attic-room, threw myself on my bed, and wept like a child. The thought of his ever reaching the village again made my heart bleed.

A Chapter from an Artist's Life.

BY F. FEDERICI.

I will tell you how I became a soldier. There is more moral than honor in the tale. It is simply the old, old story of an artist's improvidence—money squandered, opportunities thrown away. Though perhaps in my case the sequel to it was slightly different to those of the ordinary run.

It was in the Spring of 1877. Though singing at the most important events in London, I had been getting deeper and deeper into the quagmire of debt. A year previous I had been chosen by the Council of the Philharmonic Society to create the leading part in Bach's Mass in B minor. I did it successfully; met with praise on all sides; had scores of friends. My professional career perhaps never looked better. I was living in one of the cosiest sets of rooms in all London. Had in them works of art collected by myself in all quarters of Europe—pictures, bronzes, bric-a-brac—in fact, they were the apartments of an extravagant man. At last the crisis could no longer be avoided. The crash came with a bang. On Monday evening, I sang at the Monday "pops" at St. James Hall—the same, by the way, to which I now allude in my Mikado song. My creditors were incessantly importuning me. On Wednesday morning I had them all at my rooms; gave them a magnificent lunch, the best of cigars, and then put my case clearly before them. I told them it was impossible for me to pay them all at once. I asked them to let me pay them in instalments. I gave them my word that every penny I owed would be paid. I was earning large sums of money. They refused me. I asked them again. I had paid them large sums in the past. I begged them, implored them. No; they would have all and at once.

Then I defied them. They could take all I had—my pictures, books, *objets d'art*. Beyond that they would never get a penny. I left them there, rushed out, jumped into a hansom and rode to the barracks at Trafalgar Square. I asked for the Sergeant-major; told him I wished to enlist, if possible, in the Fifteenth Hussars, the crack cavalry regiment of the British army. He began to put to me the usual formal questions. Then it dawned on me for the first time that I was stone blind in my left eye. I grasped the situation. I still had seven or eight sovereigns in my pocket. I told him sufficient of my story; he understood me, and—well, in less than five minutes I had the Queen's shilling in my pocket. An hour later I had taken the oath at Bow Street.

That night I was in the quarters of the Fifteenth Hussars at Canterbury. No man could ever ask for better treatment than I received from the bold and rough cavalrymen. But that same night I received my first experience of the hard usages of a soldier's life. The beds are made of straw stuffed in a bag. They are hard and round—that is, they are round before they are packed down. They are always hard. I had no sooner got into mine, or, rather, on to it, than off I rolled, my head coming in stunning contact with the floor. I remembered that bump for many a long day. My next experience was in the course of a week. It was a bitterly cold morning. The men were grooming their horses. It was so cold the water was frozen in the stable buckets. By mistake I took the chamois leather of the man who was rubbing down his horse next me. He pitched into me, and, cold and half frozen as I was, for the honor of the regiment I had to fight him. He was big, strong and muscular, and he gave me one of the severest drubbings I ever received in my life.

When I left my rooms in London I only took away with me what I had on my back. I afterward learned that my creditors completely gutted the apartments. The fought among themselves, each seizing what he could. Cristy, the London hatter, sent one of his clerks down to Canterbury to the Colonel of the regiment to try and collect a twenty-pound bill I owed him. The Colonel met him with a grave and sympathetic face, told him he was sorry, but the most he could do for him was to deduct from me one day's pay and give it to him. The man effusively thanked him. The Colonel gave him an order on the paymaster for tenpence. I don't think the paymaster was ever troubled with that order.

I remained in the service till toward the end of '79, when I held the rank of troop sergeant-major. Just before I bought my discharge, the regiment gave a concert under my direction for the benefit of the widows of the brave fellows who had fallen in the Zulu war. Mrs. White, Barton McGuckin, and my old friend, George Olmi, who is now singing in The Mikado in Boston, came down from London to assist. We had in the regiment a champion boxer—a big, burly fellow, who could down any man we had. Olmi heard of him, and after the concert he got the Colonel's permission to have a bout with him. In three rounds that cavalryman was the most battered-up object you ever saw, and George came up to the scratch, smiling and scarcely touched. The men cheered him to the echo.

It was very shortly after this that Pinafore was played in Canterbury. I dropped in one night to see it, and then in a moment returned to me an unconquerable love for my old profession. It was no use; I could not shake it off. Perhaps a pretty face in the company—one of the loveliest I ever saw—had something to do with it. Anyway, the desire to be once again before the footlights was too strong for me. I purchased my discharge almost at once, though offered a commission; took to the lyric stage, instead of the grand; joined D'Oyly Carte's forces; have been with them ever since, and the pretty face I saw in the Pinafore company at Canterbury is now that of my wife.

So much for a chapter out of an artist's life—a chapter which had its beginning in that reckless extravagance to which we on the stage are but too prone. Did we husband the money which we so hardly earn, we would have fewer stories of hardship to tell.

My Snowflake's Origin.

A snowflake fell earthward from out the blue sky,
And lit on the wing of an angel near by.
On the wide, outspread pinions unnoticed it lay,
'Till the bright angel entered the great gates of day.
Then folding her white wings, she first saw the flake,
And, seeing it, prayed the All-Father to make
It into a mortal, as pure and as fair
As the little white flake she had carried up there.
The All-Father smiled, and straight granted the whole,
And gave to the snowflake a great noble soul.
And the sunbeams fell on her, so golden and fair,
And earth's children afterward called them her hair.
A wee, rosy cloud that was near to the throne
Gave up, for her smooth mouth, its color alone;
And two little stars, that burned clear in the skies,
Begged hard of the angel to be snowflake's eyes.
And when they had formed her, a being most fair,
The gentle winds bore her through dim Autumn air,
And left her, to brighten the world with her grace,
Until God called her home to His blest dwelling place.

—ADELAIDE MOORE.

Vanderbilt Reminiscences.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

In an article published several months ago the writer claimed, as having had an early knowledge of William H. Vanderbilt, that there was another side to his character. That view has been amply confirmed by the disclosures following his sudden death. Despite their thoroughness and diligence of detail, the reporters and chroniclers of the Fortunes of the Vanderbilt Family have failed to traverse a district where it made its first plant and acquired social distinction.

It was in East Broadway, where Commodore Vanderbilt then lived, that he reached his first great decimal and counted for an integral ($100 000) on which he afterward figured so bravely as to increase it to the six (000 000) ciphers. It was there that the future duplisator of that sum had his non-age. It was in those days, now fifty years ago, that the Vanderbilts came under view of the writer, who lived at his father's house *vis a vis* with the house of the old Commodore, then known as Captain Vanderbilt.

William H. was the eldest son—at that time the only son— and thus held responsible as the heir of the richest ready-money man in the ward, he was ardently angled for by the matrons and maidens of the neighborhood. As I remember him he was, in current lingo, a go-as-you please youth some sixteen or seventeen years of age, apathetic as to the sports and pastimes of boys, and perhaps conscious even at that day of the virtue of the dollar when held in bulk.

His mother, the first wife of the Commodore, was a tall woman of wiry presence, sociable and friendly and a most excellent neighbor. But two of the daughters, the elders, had advanced into notice, and were most agreeable companions in the Spanish and other dances, the waltz, polka and other round dances not having been accepted and come into use as represented by juvenile canters. The familar social minstrelsy of that time memorized the approaching marriage of these two fair scions of the Vanderbilts, the topical refrain running somewhat thus, it being taken with the understanding that the names are those of the parties most nearly interested.

"Jim Cross and Phebe Jane,
"Dan'l Allen and Ethelinda.
"Phebe Jane and Jim Cross,
"Ethelinda and Dan'l Allen."

James Cross, who married the eldest daughter, was a merchant, and I believe never participated in the railroad and other Vanderbilt enterprises. The husband of the second daughter (now Mrs. La Bau) issued his wedding cards in the name of Daniel B. Wheeler, taking the surname of his stepfather. From some dissension or other this was changed to Allen, the name of his mother, and in that name new cards were issued.

Ethelinda Vanderbilt was one of the belles of the Seventh Ward; a brunette, with sumptuous black hair and large and lustrous eyes. Allen for a time acted in harmony with the Commodore, and had charge of the Nicaragua steamship business conducted at Bowling Green. A severance between the two took place with his father-in-law and afterward with his wife, who married again and is the Mrs. La Bau who contested as against William H. the Commodore's will, and is now, it is reported, returning from Paris to raise again the banner of protest against her brother's testamentary bequests.

Although Commodore Vanderbilt as a noted man fell frequently under my boyish observation, in more advanced years I encountered him once or twice under somewhat significant circumstances. One of these was at the Astor Place Opera House on the night of the great Macready and Forrest riots (1849), when one of the private boxes was occupied by the Commodore, George W. Matsell, then Chief of Police, a young friend of the writer and the writer. What special reason or motive prompted the presence of the Commodore on this occasion I cannot imagine, but I may add that it was the only time I recollect to have seen him in a place of amusement. And here it may be proper to state that in those days the East side had not a single place of amusement—theatre, music-hall, concert-room, not even a museum of curiosities. At its extremities and outside of its legitimate precincts was the old Chatham Theatre, on the Square at one end; at the other, at Grand street, on the East River, was the Mount Pitt Circus. That the late William H. Vanderbilt held his private box the other evening in the Grand Metropolitan Opera House, at the close of his life, was not due to any inducement or encouragement of the fine arts furnished to him at his habitat in early youth. To possess a piano in that era was quite a distinction, and the juvenile orchestra was embodied in a concerted performance on two or three jewsharps.

To return to the Commodore. Calling on Mr. Bartlett, of Kentucky, then chief of the Know-Nothings, I met in his parlor, at the Metropolitan Hotel, Commodore Vanderbilt, who had grown to be a figure of public importance. I remember that his appearance then was that of a man over-dusty, and, I will not mistake the fact, of a man rather seeking than imparting influence; differing much from the jaunty, electric and dominant millionaire. His interview with the representative of Native-Americanism was entirely in accordance with the indigenous Staten Island boatman's thorough vernacular patriotism—which in after years cropped out with the gift of a steamer worth a million, to the National Government.

The idea has been extensively diffused that the Vanderbilts had lived comparatively in obscurity and heathendom up to the time when they emerged upon Fifth avenue. A brief recital of their earlier surroundings will perhaps place the matter in a different light, that the reader may learn what social atmosphere they dwelt in. At that day East Broadway was the glory of the East side, and radiated the electricity of life and society from its ridge, which was the backbone of the Seventh Ward. It was well built from end to end; the chief houses were of three stories, then a distinction in itself; the occupants were the owners, and they were well furnished, in many cases with elegance and the best adornments and finish of the times. In one instance such superiority had been attained in the ornamentation that visitors thronged from all parts to take a look at its novel and costly furniture and equipments.

As to the immediate neighbors of the Vanderbilts, beginning at the corner of the block in which the Commodore lived, we find Zebedee Ring, Naval Officer of the Port. His only daughter, Anne, married Octavius Winslow, a young Baptist preacher and author, with whom she passed over to England and lived there until a recent period. The eldest, James Ring, was the dandy of the street, a patron of the theatre and one of the counsel in the great will case of John Mason, the millionaire founder of the Mason family. Next door to Mr. Ring resided William S. Coe, Collector of the Port, members of whose family are still flourishing as a power in the financial world. Adjoining him was the house of Commodore Vanderbilt; at his right that of James Rogers, a famous packet captain, whose daughter Kate made the sensation of that day by eloping with Kyle, the great flutist, who accompanied Jenny Lind in her solos on her first appearance in this country. The Rogers were a very sociable people, and Mrs. Rogers signalized state occasions by wearing a turban which well became her. No finer specimen of an American gentleman than their only son, Frank, now living, retired, and bearing easily and gracefully the years that have passed. Beyond Captain Rogers, and up the street flourished James B. Taylor, a noted Wall street broker and speculator, over whose will, several years ago, a furious contest raged, extending through a long period of controversy.

If we cross the street and take the opposite block, we encounter Thompson Price, the builder of the aqueduct on Fifth avenue, whose daughter married Thomas McElrath, who with Horace Greeley founded the *Tribune*, and now lives at an advanced age, a perfect exemplar of the honorable, faithful and upright American citizen. The nearest neighbor of Mr. Price was Nicholas Dean, Clerk of the County; then came the Jacksons, who had in their number Mortimer, who became a leader in Western politics, and the elder brother, Obadiah, mentioned in one of the sketches of Robert C. Sands, as "the celebrated writing-master, Jackson." Intermediate came the house of the writer's father, adjoining the residence of Judge McEwen.

If we now traverse the street and proceed to the other end, we encounter the Maclays, of whom the father was the Rev. Archibald Maclay, a pioneer of the Baptist Church in New York. His sons, Robert Maclay, President of the Knickerbocker Ice Company; William B. Maclay, formerly a distinguished politician and member of Congress.

A few doors down we reach the house of the veteran Dr. Anderson, then the oldest physician in the city; the Congers, and James R. Whiting, famous as "Little Bitters" in his administration of his office as District Attorney. We may now cross over and pass up the street on the right side. Our first step furnishes a curious coincidence, for it makes us acquainted, in the proprietor of the first house, with Oliver Mathews, merchant, whose son Albert, then a youngster, living there, is the stepfather of the wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the principal heir of William H. Vanderbilt, then sojourning, also a youth, at the other end of the same street.

Of the same order of association, after passing the Minors, we find, two doors off, Dr. Jared Linsley, who attended the Commodore on his death-bed. Thereabout, also, lived Dr. William Rockwell, for a time Health Officer. Art may claim the next domicile, for it was over its threshold that the daughter of Joseph Lord, its occupant, was taken for his bride by Mr. Edmonds, the most celebrated *genre* painter of his time. Not to protract the catalogue of notabilities, we cannot refrain from mentioning here, as on the same line, Mr. Jeffray, a rich Cuban, the owner of untold gold mines; also George W. Brown, the town-famous proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel, on Pearl street near Wall, for so many years, whose daughter, Maria Louisa, was the heroine of the complications which led to a duel between Ned Heywood, of South Carolina, and August Belmont, the great banker then in his brilliant adolesence.

Passing the drug-store on the corner, from whence graduated one of the most famous surgeons of the world, the late James R. Wood, we may give a word to the belles of the ward, who embraced the lady already mentioned, Commodore Vanderbilt's second daughter; Sarah Ann Robinson, daughter of Henry Robinson, and Eliza Hoxie, eldest daughter of Joseph Hoxie, the jovial genius of the East side in public life. Many other spangles of the firmament of the great East-side avenue crowd upon my memory. Among them I cannot even overlook the fact that the region infused not a few of marked scholars into old aristocratic Columbia College. I recall the Conger brothers, of whom the eldest, Abraham, was for a time a tutor in the college, and his brother a student. Abraham married Miss Hedges an heiress to large holdings in the Seventh Ward. After his marriage Abraham engineered a farm in the interior of the State, on which it is said he stabled, raised and owned no less than 700 horses at one time, the largest stock in horseflesh known in the ownership of one man.

Other Columbians from the precinct were William McMurray, son of Rev. Dr. McMurray, and his housemate, Matthew V. B. Fowler, for a long time President of one of our principal insurance companies. William McMurray was a Senator of the State, also a Police Commissioner. George Dean, the County Clerk's son, was also a Columbian, and William Minor (son of the venerable Dr. James Minor), who married Miss Williams, whose father's country-seat was on Union Square, which I visited with young Minor, as a boy, to gather cherries. Our guide to the cherry tree was a pretty girl, whose daughter is the wife of Judge Abram Lawrence, of the Supreme Court.

There was a flavor of the Vanderbilts also imparted to the old college, for William H. was a student at the Grammar School attached to that venerable institution.

The social enjoyments of the East Broadwayers were principally at annual parties given by the chief residents. To these the invited guests would be perhaps a hundred, a band of music employed, and a supper prepared by an expert colored cook brought in a day or two in advance of the event. The simplicity of the times may be inferred from the fact that boned turkey and *a la mode* beef were counted as luxuries, and Malaga grapes from a jar, and *blanc mange*, or floating islands, as it was called, in a bowl of cut-glass, were prime novelties. The very best wines in their purity were the beverage. The dances were elegantly rendered, consisting of square quadrilles and cotillions, the waltz not having yet shown itself in New York parlors. At such parties, in his own house, the Commodore took an early opportunity to retreat to an upper parlor, with his chosen cronies, and there spend the time in continuous games of long whist, a pastime still cultivated with ardor in the Vanderbilt family. A minor indulgence of the vicinage was interchange of visits and friendly teas. These filled the Winter evenings In Summer the principal figures of the street vanished at a set time, about the first of August to Saratoga Springs, where the Vanderbilts figured half a century ago, as they do now, patronizing the same old United States and Congress Hotels.

As to equipages, these did not abound, not more than half a dozen carriages belonging to the magnates the other going a-foot or calling in on special occasions a hackney coach from the stand on the Square, or a cab from the livery stable. Captain Vanderbilt kept a saddle-horse, which I have seen him mount at the front of his house, to ride to the East River shipyards, where he had small steamboats on the ways. He at that time kept no carriage, nor do I remember to have ever seen him in a coach or barouche. The greatest display of that kind was as he sat beside his new wife in a light one-horse top buggy, treating her to a survey of the Fourth avenue station of the Harlem road, shortly after his second marriage.

From the facts I have presented I think the candid reader will accept the familiar axiom—there were kings before Agamemnon and this other—the Vanderbilts were not brought up in the woods. And it may be confidently assumed that the Vanderbilts never attained a better status in character and surroundings than the pitch of the great days of East Broadway—socially, financially and in manhood development they enjoyed the best opportunities. It may be just also to observe that this proud street was a great school for such a spirit as Vanderbilt, its prominent men being of the first-class in native strength and personal energy, each in his vocation aspiring and successful, and such as could not fail to give a spur to the ambtion of the inchoate millionaire. Those we have previously named as heads of families were all men of eminent power in their respective pursuits. In fact the young giant thoroughfare of the East side was the prototype in business vim of Wall street; in social progress to Fifth Avenue; the cradle of giants and the sons of giants.

My Little Girl of Four.

I had a little sweetheart
When I was six or more;
She was a fairy creature,
And she was only four.
I loved her then quite fondly,
I shall for evermore;
She was my boyhood sweetheart,
This little girl of four.

Alas! when we grew older
We were compelled to part;
But her image never faded,
'Twas graven on my heart.
I've heartache had and trials;
There may be more in store,
But the saddest day was when I left
That little girl of four.

We met again in after years;
Her smile was just the same.
I felt a thrill pass through me
When I heard her speak my name.
Her eyes were shyly lowered,
A flush her face spread o'er;
I knew she was, she'd always be,
My little girl of four.

I courted her, I won her,
She's mine; we ne'er shall part;
In sunshine or in shadow
She's the one that fills my heart.
If trouble e'er comes near her,
I'll love her all the more,
And pray that Heaven
Will spare to me
My little girl of four.

—FAY TEMPLETON.

Australia in the 'Sixties.

BY FRED. LYSTER

In 1860, Australia was a very lively sort of place. Although the crisis of the gold-fever had passed, and the country was beginning to settle down after its fermentation and riot into something like civilization, yet there were many of those salient points and excrescences, that the wear and tear of society rubs down by degrees, still sufficiently prominent to strike a new chum with surprise. It was in this year that I arrived from San Francisco in the good ship *Achilles*, Captain B——; for in those ancient days there was no Pacific Mail to float its gorgeous argosies by the resistless power of steam over the pleasant waters of the placid ocean that stretches its three thousand miles between America and Australia. Whoso would pass from the one land to the other must "confide his fortunes to the fickle winds," which, however, are not quite so changeable in those regions, where the trades blow in their appointed courses, mostly.

In partnership with my brother William we had brought a full opera company to those remote shores, and when, after a delightful voyage of six weeks, we sighted Port Philip Heads, and, sailing up that most magnificent bay, that, for want of a better name, is called Hobson (the first discoverers having evidently only Hobson's choice in the matter), our hearts began to fail us; for we had embarked all our hopes and all the pesos we had amassed in golden California in this venture, and we felt that we had "set our lives upon the cast, and must stand the hazard of the die." Well, we landed, and of the success of the Royal Italian and English Opera company in the Antipodes, let colonial records tell, for, truly, our names quickly became as household words, and so continue to this day, no one saying them nay. At first our fortunes were various. The Colonials did not quite take to the idea of a real, live opera company that did not come from England; but times were good, money was flush, the people were fond of amusement, we did our best, and we were rewarded by nearly twenty years of prosperity, the latter part of which I did not see, for reasons that will appear in due course.

The Theatre Royal, Melbourne, is a big place—very big, and very ugly, reminding one of the saloon of an enormous steamboat, it is so long in proportion to its width. In front is a great vestibule flanked by two long bars at which beer, British and Colonial, Hennessy's battleaxe brandy, a direful sort of Moselle called, popularly, "Number 2," and whiskey were dispensed by rows of pretty girls all dressed in black silk with white collars and cuffs, and all wearing gold watches and chain —just as one may see them at the "Cri" in Piccadilly at the present day. Indeed, that renowned resort of all lovers of good cheer in London, and especially of Charley Wyndham and his company, when at home, is a glorified reproduction of the café in Melbourne, and by the same firm, that of Spiers and Pond, to whose inventive genius the whole modern system of bar-keeping in England and Australia is due. At these bars would the lucky miners and other up-country folk spend their town holiday in what was called "shouting"—that is, in promiscuously treating everybody so long as their money held out, after which these free-and-easy livers would shoulder their swag and go back to their gold-digging, shepherding, squatting and bush ranging, till, having made another pile they would come down to "the Bay" and swap it again for "nobblers." Naturally these bushmen would fall in love with the pretty bar-maids, and would often marry them and take them up country, whence for the most part, they would return "sadder and wiser girls." In fact, there was nothing easier for a girl than to get married, save the facility with which the nuptial knot could be untied without troubling the courts about the matter. The usual formula of divorce was short and terse, consisting of three words only. "Good bye, John," and the answer of four, "Better luck next time." Nevertheless, there were many good wives, and many happy marriages made in that same unlikely mart of Bacchus and Hymen, and some of the great ones in the land derive their parentage, on the mother's side, from Spiers and Pond's girls.

The dramatic autocrat at that period was the Hon. George Coppin, manager, actor, speculator and member of Parliament, and, strange to say, a man successful in all his varied avocations—who had more fits of the gout and more young and pretty wives than any man in the Colonies in a given space of time. The star actors of the period were Gustavus Vaughn Brooke, who afterward died so gallantly in the dreadful shipwreck of the *London* and Harry Edwards, at present of Wallack's Theatre in this town—then a handsome, brilliant young fellow, now a handsome middle-aged man, who was celebrated as an excellent actor and the greatest entomologist in the southern hemisphere. I never remember to have seen so many different bugs under one roof as at his pretty iron cottage in the suburbs of Melbourne. He used to breed butterflies as other men do horses, and could always depend on having "flyers" in his stock.

In the beautiful City of Sydney the manager of the Victoria Theatre was an ancient Israelite of the name of Toiano, an original of the originals. At one time, when my brother and I were lessees of the Prince of Wales Theatre, we put up The Ticket-of-Leave Man for the first time in Australia, with Joseph Jefferson, the great as Bob Brierly. Meeting me in Pitt street one day, Toiano said: "I'elp me Bob, Lyshter I think Ish dam bad tashte gettin' up that Thicket-o'-Leave Man when there's sho many thicket-o'-leave men knocking about. I'm a thicket-o'-leave man myself, and I'm pwoud of it." This same Semitic manager was one day asked how he could manage to keep his theatre open, considering that very bad houses were the rule at his establishment. He answered thus:

"Vell, my boy, you shee, Ish thish way. The fust bloomin' money that comesh in, that goes for the bloomin' rent; the nesht bloomin' money that comesh in, that goes for the bloomin' gash and printin'. Then comesh the old woman and the kids, and after that the bloomin' actors takesh all the resht." We recommend this course of procedure to the notice of all "snap" managers on this side of the world.

Another manager of the same persuasion, but a real good fellow, was old Solomon, of Adelaide South Australia. He was liberal as the day, and consequently, lost money every now and then, as most liberal men do whether Christian, Pagan or Jew. He was wont to remark over a bottle:

"There wos two Solomons in this here world. One of 'em was a wise man, and he built a temple; the other one was a d—d fool, and he built a theayter." The remark was pithy if not polished, and many another speculator might assent, in the words of the flower-girl, who, being too full of something more powerful than the odor of violets, and finding her speech troubled in its flow, was fain to say, "Me, too, Katie," after her more voluble sister, who was rehearsing all the names of the flowers in her basket.

Another queer fish was the manager of the Theatre Royal in Hobart Town, Tasmania, by name Davis, but by number 756, ex-"Jupiter," that being the style in which the Government men, called, in the vulgar, convicts, were known officially. Besides managing the theatre, this fellow—and a jolly good fellow he was notwithstanding his misfortune—also edited a newspaper called the Hobart Town *Mercury*, presumably because Mercury was the god of thieves, and therefore a fit patron for a journal in Van Diemen's Land. Another victim to British intolerance of genius unrestrained, whose designation on the police register—the *Almanack de Gotha* of Tasmania—was 943, ex-"Minerva," edited the rival paper, called, in affectionate remembrance of the proprietor's former guardians, *The Sentinel*, and a lively struggle was kept up between the two, who, having nothing else to write about were fain to write about each other. Thus the *Mercury* man would say, in leaded type and the largest caps in his fonts. "We beg to inform No. 756, ex-'Jupiter,' that his opinions on the public policy of Government are those of a man whose experience has been formed mainly on the chain-gang at Port Arthur, and whose ideas of unanimity have been deduced from long practice of the lock-step." He of the *Sentinel* would reply: "The low insolence of No. 943, ex-'Minerva,' does not surprise us. His manners were learned in the gutters of Shoreditch, and perfected at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Newgate street, E. C." Once, indeed, these worthies came to actual fisticuffs, and we must confess that both "put up their dukes and performed" in true artistic manner. But alas! No. 756, ex-"Jupiter," being "encumbered with his arms" and straitened by his gorgeous uniform as a captain of volunteers, was ignominiously rolled in the dirt, and his brilliant silver lace most wofully besmirched in the conflict.

Another notable of Hobart Town was "The Flying Pieman." This gentleman used to vend his savory confections about the streets, and where he and his pies abounded dogs and cats were scarce. However, one day as I was standing on the steps of the theatre sunning myself in the delicious morning light, the merchant proffered me his wares. I asked him "What were you sent out for, my friend?" Nothing abashed, he answered: "Vot vos hi sent hout for? Vy, for thievin'! Vot hels vould hi be sent hout for? Hi put my 'a

in a hold cove's pocket, [illegible] hit. 'Ave a muttoner or a [illegible] two for a penny—or, 'ot, 'ot."

Every one who has been in Hobart Town must remember Johnny Magrath, the host of the well-known White Horse Tavern. Johnny was a dapper little man, who, having been arrested in a bright and promising career as a pickpocket in London at the early age of eighteen, and sent out at the expense of the British Government, had led an irreproachable life in Hobart Town, and had been, more than once, a member of the Legislature, which, as it understood, is like unto Caesar's wife, divided into two chambers. The members of the upper chamber, or our Senate, are denominated members of the Legislative Council, and those of the lower, answering to our House of Representatives, are styled members of the Legislative Assembly. The Upper House was, for the first, M. L. C., popularly [illegible] "mustn't leave the country," and the other second, M. L. A., or, "mustn't leave Australia." Johnny had only soared as far as "mustn't leave Australia," but was a man highly thought of, and his house was the resort of all artists who found themselves in Hobart Town. One night we were all assembled round his cheerful fire, after the opera, and one of our bass singers, Jim Kiss by name, Kissy by birth and Johnny Bull by nature, asked Johnny to give us a taste of his quality, even as a matter of refined pugilistics. Johnny modestly complied, stating, at the same time, that he requested the honorable company to remember that, having given up professional practice for many years, he could only be looked on only as what he called a "has been." We then dressed Jim Kiss up in a few breastplates, half a dozen silk handkerchiefs, a couple of swords and some other trifles of portable property, and went on with our evening symposium. When at last the hour had passed by, I believe Johnny and I sang out:

"Now, Johnny when are you going to begin?

Says Johnny: "Prays the gentlemen if he good enough to see whether his property is there or otherwise?" We assented, Kissy and not a single article was found missing. [illegible] Mrs. Magrath, who was in the habit of [illegible] fetch us the pot, will you?" She returned in that receptacle all the articles of [illegible] Johnny bowed his thanks for [illegible] applause, still insisting that he was not [illegible] humorous vein. Johnny was [illegible] on this point.

The climax of my coming Australia was thereby losing some years of [illegible] was chancellor of the exchequer [illegible] Highness, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, out as captain of H. M. S. Galatea, [illegible] paniad by a suite of very gay, if not [illegible] aides, young fellows, many of them [illegible] morganatic cousins. Fitz-George, Fitz-Henry, or some such [illegible] whose names Prince was very careless [illegible] ago whenever we asked it, [illegible] and drink our wine with friendly [illegible] fact, was the occasion of my [illegible] leg to pay—that the measure of [illegible] After a very brilliant season in Melbourne, [illegible] laminated by the cure of Sydney, we [illegible] all a season at Ballaarat, where [illegible] principal government [illegible] conducive, and, probably, [illegible] a poor victim of circumstances [illegible] McDonnell, then of Sydney and [illegible] slightly, wounded me [illegible] awful scare dashed over the [illegible] me, mailed [illegible] on the first act of La Traviata [illegible] leaving the [illegible] leader, Johann Hall, said to me [illegible] tone, 'Lyster, this [illegible] ing it [illegible] to your [illegible] cannot.' [illegible] demanded what I meant. [illegible] which I did, to the tune of [illegible] worth of liquor. And so to bed. On the next day, at the appointed hour, I appeared to take my trial for *lèse majesté*. A Court of Oyer and Terminer was appointed by commission, with a Mr. Digby, then resident for Ballaarat, in the chair. My accusers were numerous and venomous. I was denounced as a rebel and a traitor, and things would have gone hard with me but for one thing—the court was afraid that I was armed—which I was not, with any deadlier weapons than a penknife and a toothpick. Mr. Digby, seeing that things were looking serious, said to me: "Lyster, these fellows will jump on you in a minute more. Slip down the back stairs and take the train for Melbourne." Luckily my stage instincts were aroused. I said: "I'll be hanged if I do. I'll face it out"—at the same time thrusting my right hand into my bosom melodramatically, after the manner of Caspar in Der Freischutz. A long fellow in the front row, with a pair of Piccadilly weepers planted out his ugliness, cried, "Look out, lads! A Yankee villain's armed." A lull in the proceedings ensued. My friends seized the opportunity, and I was graciously permitted to depart, with a farewell [illegible] cost me ten [illegible] I took shi[illegible] and, und[illegible] got "th[illegible] tune.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE . . EDITOR

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Evans, Lulu	Paquita (Mgr.)
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***The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America,*

A Xmas Greeting.

Once more THE MIRROR, arrayed in [illegible] heartily greets its friends [illegible] them the com-

MIRROR [illegible] bers we [illegible] re an [illegible] at

The pages are crammed full of good things. Among our contributors are some of the most prominent men and women of the stage, as well as writers of note and eminent literary ability. They have provided a hospitable feast of stories, poems and miscellaneous articles appropriate to the occasion. The bill-of-fare is bounteous and varied enough to suit all tastes, while the savory viands have been garnished and served up in the most approved and attractive manner.

There is no need to dilate upon the beauty and artistic merit shown by the illustrations selected for this number, as these features speak for themselves. The best artist and engravers have combined to adorn our pages. The graceful and appropriate frontispiece reflects credit upon the designer, Mr. M. Cohn. The series of sketches from two of the season's dramatic successes graphically reproduce their salient characters, scenes and situations, and they are executed in Mr. Harry Ogden's best style. The numerous portraits and smaller pictures all have been prepared with the view of adding interest to the paper.

The supplement which accompanies this number—an exquisite piece of work—is a portrait of Fanny Davenport, the beautiful and distinguished actress. In order that this picture may be framed most effectively it has been produced on a very rich and expensive cardboard, such as is used for the best engravings.

The typography and press-work are noticeably handsome, while the paper used for the cover and body is of the finest quality procurable. Indeed, in these branches, as in all other matters, THE MIRROR is immeasurably superior to its contemporaries, not only at Christmas but all the year round.

We have detained our impatient readers long enough from the rich store of enjoyment awaiting them elsewhere. It is not our desire to anticipate all the pleasure to be derived by perusal of these columns. Partaking as we do of the genial spirit permeating all classes at this happy season, there is the ring of sincerity in our repetition of the old but ever welcome salutation, a Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all!

The Modern Pantomime.

The pantomime, as a purely characteristic Christmas festivity, had never a very strong hold on the public of our land; but in England it is a permanent institution. Founded upon the old Italian *comedies dell'arte*, and adapted to the British stage by Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, and the first and greatest of English harlequins, and by the inimitable clown, Grimaldi, pantomime took fast hold of the innate liking for practical jokes so distinctive of the Anglo-Saxon mind. The bat of harlequin, the red-hot poker of clown, the unmerciful whackings of pantaloon, all appealed to the sympathies of a public which made holiday of Gallows Monday and took their dearest pleasure in the prize-ring. The Latin race likes blood, and hence its tournaments, its bull-fights and its gladiatorial combats. The Teutonic race likes bruises, and hence its "mills," its wrestling, its cudgel-playing. Therefore, the one deals, in its amusements, of later days, with stabs; the other with buffets. Horseplay is the favorite pastime of the Briton and the British-descended American, and horseplay is the very soul of pantomime, as we understand it.

Of late, however, a change has come come over this eminently Anglo-Saxon institution. The British pantomime is fast becoming a mere spectacular extravaganza—what the French call a *Feerie*, and the really pantomimic element, the harlequinade, is every Christmas reduced, till, curtailed of its fair proportions—small by degrees and beautifully less—it has dwindled to a couple of scenes, played while the audience is departing. The horseplay, however, which is losing its hold on pantomime, has found a repose in farcical comedies, which, for the most part, are merely the old wheezes dressed up afresh, the low comedian playing clown in a suit of dittas instead of the traditional "bags." In all these modern productions which inundate the stage, the old pantomimic lines are faithfully adhered to, and the fun is, as Thackeray said of the humor of the lower classes, "purely muscular." You will look in vain for the play of fancy or the sparkle of wit, but you will find in plenty the rough-and-tumble drag-out and the practical joke.

In the olden days of pantomime we could count upon a good part of the year without this infliction—which we could well tolerate in Christmas times, because, as the old rhyme has it—

> Christmas comes but once a year;
> So when it comes let's make good cheer.

But now we have to suffer all the year round, and without the glitter and glamor of the *Feerie*. However, the people must be amused, and it is not for carping critics like ourselves to grumble because it will be amused in its own way. We must bow to its decree, and take our modern pantomime in its modern development.

Christmas Chimings.

Grace Church chimes are mellow on the midnight air, and other chimings than these tell us that Christmas—and the concert season—has come. Now are the ears of unoffending listeners tortured by the crude utterings of ambitious misses who think that to wish to be a great prima-donna is to be that envied article, and who, after a few lessons from some Maestro or Signora with a double-barrelled name, fear not to rush on the stage of theatre or concert-room and give their ventriloquial chirpings or their cacophonous screamings to the martyred ears of their friends and relations who have subscribed for the great artiste's debut,

Now do immature fiddlers and inchoate pianists foist their embryonic efforts on the public and demand admiration and coin for scrapings out of tune and thumpings out of time. Steinway and Chickering Halls resound with cacophony. Shoals of anaemic girls and attenuated boys waste their fibre in attempts at the impossible; in striving to create something out of nothing; in "building up the voice"—forming the head and such like labors of Sisyphus, building without bricks, and forming what has no shape, and worse than all, we are supposed to endure the torture of these processes before they are complete, before the voice has been built or the head formed. We are forced to sit by while the owners of voice and head try their 'prentice tricks on our patience. In the name of all that is merciful, let these aspirants after renown pursue their studies in private; let them seek "some remote and solitary cell" and there make night hideous to their hearts' content, but let them not ask us to suffer their abortive efforts to be harmonious. And, above all, let them work and learn their trade before they challenge public comparison. What would be said of a boot-maker who offered to sell us boots ere he had learned to make them watertight, or a tailor whose trousers would corkscrew round the leg? And yet we are to pay to hear singers who cannot sing, fiddlers who cannot fiddle, and pianists who cannot play. This is a great country, but we are not born artists. *Poeta nascitur non fit*, it is said; but the poet who is *non fit* is generally a bad fit as well—in fact, not fit to be read—and the musician of nature is mostly an owl. Study more and show less should be the rule. Green paint is not wholesome. Wait till you are mellow before you throw yourselves upon the market, and you shall do wisely.

Correspondents' Credentials.

MIRROR *credentials for* 1886 *will be issued during the first week in January. Correspondents will please return those of* 1885 *on or before Jan.* 1.

Personal.

MERRY.—Above is a portrait of Harley Merry, the celebrated scenic artist. Mr. Merry has met with great success in conducting the business of his large studio at Flatbush, L. I., and some fine specimens of his work are exhibited in Hoodman Blind at Wallack's Theatre.

SANGER.—When Hoodman Blind goes on the road it will be under the sole management of Frank W. Sanger,

NEVADA.—On her concert tour, Emma Nevada occupies Mrs. Langtry's old palace-car; but the car has lost its interest for the *jeunesse doree*,

MAGINLEY.—Last week Ben Maginley celebrated his five-hundredth performance of Tom Blossom in the quiet but fervent drama of May of that ilk.

BARRETT.—Wilson Barrett's bookings are already well under way for next seasan in this country.

PARR.—Helen Parr, a tall, handsome young lady, who was playing principal parts with Lawrence Barrett some little time ago, has returned from Montreal.

FIELD.—There were a good many professionals in the Union Square Theatre on last Sunday evening to listen to Kate Field's lecture on "Mormonism,"

HENDERSON.—Clara Henderson has succeeded Josephine Merry as Mercedes in Zimmerman's Monte Cristo company, and has made quite a hit in the part.

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson was received by the Ingersoll family during the engagement in New Haven. The fair lady also received a serenade from the Yale Glee Club.

ARONSON.—Edward Aronson has not gone to Old Point Comfort as reported. He is still confined to the house, but expects to get out and resume his duties at the Casino shortly.

SMITH.—Mayor Smith, of Cincinnati, has written a letter to the Law and Order League of that city declining to co-operate with that organization in its war on Sunday theatricals.

ROGERS.—Katherine Rogers has recovered her health, after a temporary illness of a fortnight, and will fulfil her Western engagements, beginning at Louisville on Monday next.

BALFE.—Louise Balfe is lying ill in Cincinnati with symptoms of typhoid fever. May Brookyn was offered to Manager Havlin as a substitute for Miss Balfe, but be decided to close his theatre.

BLAIR.—Frank B. Blair will succeed John Howson as Ko-Ko in The Mikado, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston. Fred. Lyster has written him some verses for the song, "Ive Got a Little List."

KLAW.—Marc Klaw was in town this week. He reports continued fine business on Effie Ellsler's tour in Woman Against Woman. Return dates have been made in New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

CARLETON.—W. T. Carleton displays his Mikado costume in show-windows on tour. He is very proud of it. By the way, it is said that he cleared a very handsome sum on his San Francisco engagement.

SUPPLEMENT.—A prominent citizen of Portland, Me., has elegantly framed a large number of THE MIRROR Romeo and Juliet Supplements for holiday gifts. Ladies of his acquaintance will be the recipients.

CONDENSED.—Owing to the stress of miscellaneous matter in this holiday MIRROR, our news, critical and out-of-town departments are necessarily condensed. But the ground is covered thoroughly, much having been compressed into little,

MILES.—R. E. J. Miles is negotiating with Frank W. Sanger for Babes; or, Whines from the Wood, the burlesque which Willie Edouin played for 210 nights at Toole's Theatre, London. It will probably follow Adonis at the Bijou Opera House.

SWEET.—George Sweet, the baritone, has severed his connection with the American Opera company and returned to Chicago. It is said he found that the vocal was to be subordinate to the instrumental feature in the representations, and this he did not like.

KNOWLES.—Manager Edwin Knowles wishes us to give Brooklyn her due by stating that of the $2,600 received by the Actors' Fund from the recent benefits, the greater part, $1,554 35, came as the proceeds of the performance across the bridge at the Grand Opera House.

JARBEAU.—Mrs. J. D. Bernstein (Vernona Jarbeau) was treated to an agreeable surprise on Monday morning, when, on alighting from the train at the Grand Central depot, she found waiting for her a handsome Brewster brougham, drawn by a pair of fine bays—a Christmas present from her husband.

SANDERS.—Mary N. Sanders, whose engagement to Percy Winter, son of William Winter, of the *Tribune*, was recently announced, has been engaged to fill leading soubrette roles at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Sanders was graduated last year from the Lyceum School, now the New York School of Acting.

COLE.—Belle Cole, a mezzo-soprano singer who has made herself a great favorite in this city, has sung very successfully at several concerts lately, notably at the Casino, and her rich, sonorous voice, clear enunciation and evident understanding of the words and music, place her high in the scale of English vocalists, especially in ballads of the present day.

FOSTER.—Mrs. Augusta Foster, who was for six seasons in McCullough's company, visited the widow of the tragedian during her recent engagement in Philadelphia with Salvini. Mrs. McCullough gave Mrs. Foster as a souvenir the agate sleeve-buttons which her husband always wore. Mrs. Foster prizes the memento gratefully, and she will have the buttons mounted as a brooch.

YEAMANS.—In April Jennie Yeamans will produce a new comedy called Hilarity, especially written for her, at one of our theatres with her own company. Miss Yeamans in this piece will again figure as Innocent Kidd, a character she has popularized, introducing her specialties and wearing some dresses of new and original design. Miss Yeamans intends to be her own manager.

BRANDON.—Olga Brandon has been specially engaged for Mme. Modjeska's new comedy, Donna Diana, which will be brought out during the second week of the star's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, early in January. It has been definitely decided that Mme. Modjeska will go the Fifth Avenue, and that The Mikado will be transferred to the Standard and remain there until the end of both the engagement of that actress and that of Edwin Booth.

The Actors' Fund.

Two applications for relief have been received from San Francisco. The investigation as to the identity of Walter Parkes, dying of consumption in San Francisco, proves him to be worthy of relief. Sixteen persons are now receiving relief. Last week there was expended in this direction, $118.

Patients in hospital throughout the country: N. Y. City, 2; Chicago, 2; San Francisco, 1; Cincinnati, 1; Brooklyn, 1—seven in all.

The next regular meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held on Jan. 7.

New members and annual dues paid in: Frank D. Allen, William E. Sterling, Mary E. Wellesley, Rose Manning, H. W. Williams (Pittsburg), George W. Harrison, Harry C. Clarke, F. L. Howard, Helene Adell, Herman C. Frese, Walter Macnichol, Pauline Dudley, George F. De Vere, Jr., Walter C. Donaldson, Mrs. Rose Leland, William J. Holding, Louis Hinckleman, Carl Schencke, George W. Franklin, Fred. Opperman, George Baker, George H. Stevenson, James S. Thompson, Florence K. McCabe, Philip Goatcher, Gus Hartz (five years), Adele Carleton, Mose W. Fiske, George Parkes and Ida Ward.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. MINER HAS NO MIKADO.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1885.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—I am constantly in receipt of letters concerning my Mikado company under the management of John Templeton. Kindly allow me the privilege of stating in your columns that I have no Mikado company and have had no connection with any production of The Mikado since Sept. 10.

The use by Mr. Templeton or any one else of the title, "Harry Miner's Original Mikado," is entirely unauthorised and calculated to mislead the public and the profession. Yours very truly,

HARRY MINER.

MANAGER TEMPLETON'S ROLL OF HONOR.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1885.

Editor New York Mirror:

In these degenerate days, when managers forget each other's rights and artists fail to keep their contracts, it is a record the pleasing fact that the ladies and gentlemen of the Templeton Original Mikado withstood the many temptations of jealous opposition and their offers of increased salaries, and, in spite of all temptations which may belong to other nations, stood by their colors, kept their word, and remained and retained their proud position with the "original" Mikado man.

Let those who read our royal cast behold them on a roll of honor. JOHN TEMPLETON.

DALY'S UNACKNOWLEDGED COLLABORATEUR.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1885.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—I have no means of ascertaining who is the author of a charming little paragraph about me which appeared in a certain New York dramatic paper of Dec. 19. If it emanates from that distinguished dramatist who is its associate editor, his venom is excusable on the ground that men of his stamp are invariably hostile toward people to whom they are under obligation. When he conceived the brilliant idea of figuring as the "adapter" of Sardou's Andrea he applied to my former employer, Augustin Daly, for permission to engage me to convert the play into English for him. He wrote me at that time verbatim: "When the work is finished, if you will bring it over to me I shall be glad of an opportunity to make arrangements for the work."

When the work was finished in better Knickerbocker humbly conceive than the above epistle, Mr. Daly handed me a cheque for $25. I informed the journalistic "adapter" that this was an absurd remuneration. He agreed to pay me a satisfactory sum. After many attempts, I obtained a cheque for $10, signed by Augustin Daly drawn upon the Second National Bank. Mr. [illegible] of the Adams Express Company, cashed this cheque. I was surprised, not knowing the journalistic "[illegible]" at the time, to learn the next day that the cheque was worthless. Mr. Andrews subsequently informed me that the journalist sent him the money, whether in a lump or in instalments I do not know. I have a letter from Augustin Daly, in which he writes to me as follows: "I made no money out of your work for Andrea, and I paid you for that work out of my own pocket."

It seems extremely generous in Mr. Daly to pay a journalist's debts, and he has a right to do so. But Mr. Daly gave the associate editor the information contained in the same paragraph, that I "transferred my services to Mr. Palmer after getting an advance of salary," then Mr. Daly and the dramatic paper are jointly liable to me for gross libel.

As far as my translations are concerned, I only claim that they amounted to my collaborating with Mr. Daly in some of the German comedies, although a most intolerable conceit, he refused to acknowledge it. I could expect nothing else from a man who had a bill printed, announcing Augustin Daly's play, [illegible] Denise happens to be by Alexandre Dumas and was translated by me. As regards the German comedies, I am ready to quote jokes, gags, songs and other [illegible] contained in the German originals, which have been spoken by Mr. Daly's company and originated by me.

Respectfully yours, LOUIS LUDLOW.

MR. WHITE'S SIDE OF IT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1885.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—I have no desire to try the controversy between Howard P. Taylor and myself in your columns, but certain misstatements in Mr. Taylor's letter in your issue of the 19th instant I wish to refer to. The facts are that Mr. Taylor sold to me, under a contract dated May 21, 1884, the play of Caprice; or, The Rustic, for the sum of $2,000—to be paid in so-called royalties as the play might be produced. Mr. Taylor, claiming that, in addition to the consideration price of $2,000, the further sum of $2,000 was required to be paid in royalties, brought an action in the Supreme Court for an injunction restraining the sale or production of the play, and obtained a temporary injunction, and then brought a suit in the City Court claiming about $1,000 royalties. The hearing upon the temporary injunction coming on in the Supreme Court before Mr. Justice Lawrence, he denied the motion to continue the injunction, and in the opinion of the Court the following words occur:

"Upon examining the contract out of which this litigation has arisen, I am strongly impressed with the conviction that it was the intention of the parties that the so-called royalties were to be applied upon the contract price of the play. * * * It may, I think, be fairly urged, in view of the fact that there is no provision as to the time when the respective sums to be mentioned in that portion of the contract which relates to royalties are to be paid, that it was the intention of the parties that when the royalties first reached the sum of $500, such sum should be applied in reduction of the contract price, and that when the second sum of $500 had been paid by means of such royalties, that also should be applied also on the contract price, and so on until the whole $2,000 had been paid. The clause in the contract which permits the payment of the contract price in instalments, instead of being inconsistent with the position that the price was to be paid out of the royalties, seems to me to be entirely in harmony with such position."

Mr. Taylor, in his letter in your journal referred to, uses these words: "White did not pay a cent of the purchase money, and still owes $750 in royalties." It will thus appear that Mr. Taylor does not take the same view of the matter as does the Court.

I have vouchers in my hands showing the payment of the contract price of $1,565—and some months ago my attorneys, Messrs. Hoes and Morgan, tendered personally to Mr. Taylor in cash $435—being the balance of the $2,000 called for by the contract; which he refused to receive, and which last amount is all that is due, which view is sustained by the Court as quoted above. Having seen a statement of Mr. Taylor's in print that he holds a copyright of the play Caprice, I beg to state that my attorneys' examination of the records in Washington failed to disclose any copyright at the time of the same copyrighted; a certificate of which is in my possession.

Other insinuations in Mr. Taylor's letter are unfounded and uncalled for. Respectfully yours,

LEGRAND WHITE.

The Usher.

Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet. In Ushering
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

When the grinning clown in the pantomime merrily salutes his audience with his "Here we are again!" there is generally a crick in his back, superinduced by hard work and a lot of rehearsals. The mental condition of an editor when he sits down to pen the last lines for a large holiday publication is not unlike that of the unctuous Joey. The preparation of a paper like this involves a good deal of care and labor, but there is compensation in the reflection that it is all expended for the enjoyment of a large and appreciative constituency. I wish to thank my talented contributors for their whole-souled co-operation, and to compliment them on the excellent literary tone which they have given to the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. Two or three of the writers from whom articles were announced have been compelled to disappoint my readers. Charles Pope, the genial manager and actor, characteristically telegraphs: "These times of greed afford no time to woo the muses. *Verbum Sap*" Sydney Cowell writes: "I re-read the story I intended sending you, and it was really too stupid. Unless my muse does better work, I shall let the old lady alone in future." Helen Dauvray's stage work has so monopolized her time that she has not been able to get her sketch ready in season; nevertheless she is represented by portrait.

* * *

I wish again to call attention to the fact that in THE MIRROR of next week there will appear a Dramatic Diary for 1885, prepared by Mr. William Winter, the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Tribune*. This complete record of the theatrical events of the year now closing will be preserved by professionals, journalists and others interested in the annals of the stage, and it will be found invaluable for ready reference.

* * *

Newspaper readers and professionals remember the case of poor Harry Bascomb, the actor whose legs were frozen while he was trying to walk from this city to Boston, and who, after the amputation of these members, ineffectually endeavored to secure shelter in the Forrest Home and then went to the almshouse on Rainsford Island in Boston Harbor. I have just received a letter from him, from which I take the following extract: "I have recently been in Boston and filled an engagement of two weeks at the World's Museum as an experiment to test my ability to act again. I played three times a day. As my health is excellent and I am not old enough to make an almshouse life necessary, I write you to ascertain if any small position can be obtained in the profession to give me a living." Mr. Bascomb, I am told by people who have recently visited him, can get about by the aid of his artificial limbs almost as nimbly as anybody who owns a natural pair. His long experience will enable him to play any part of moderate requirements satisfactorily; or he can perform the duties of stage-manager, prompter or stage doorkeeper. I make his wish public in the hope that some manager who is not averse to beginning the New Year by doing a good deed, will heed the appeal, give the unfortunate player employment and rescue him from the unhappy conditions of existence in a poorhouse.

* * *

At the Japanese tea given in aid of the Diakonessenhaus in Mrs. Guernsey's drawing-rooms on Fifth avenue last Thursday and Friday, I was struck by the applicability of the Japanese costumes for evening wear. The ladies were garbed *a la* Mikado, and they united in commending the superior freedom of movement afforded by the dress. The handsomest garment was that displayed by the charming and accomplished wife of Mr. A. M. Palmer. With the assistance of a fair friend I am enabled to describe it. The robe was of white satin, gorgeously brocaded with gold, having a front piece of black and gold brocade. The long, hanging sleeves were faced with deep cardinal. The hair was worn high in Japanese fashion and ornamented with long diamond-mounted pins and a miniature diamond fan. There were embroidered Japanese shoes to match the expensive dress, which, by the way, was designed and made by the *costumier* who manufactured the wardrobe for

A Chat with Rosina Vokes.

"No, it is not true that this is my farewell engagement," said Rosina Vokes, better known in private life as Mrs. Cecil Clay, in answer to a question from a MIRROR reporter, who called on her recently at her rooms in the St. James Hotel. "I shall not return to England for some time. So far, both Mr. Clay and myself, as well as the entire company, have enjoyed ourselves immensely. The only drawback to our enjoyment was the fact that we wanted to come to New York first, and our disappointment in not being able to open here was very great.

"We have not quite decided what we shall do at the close of the New York engagement. We have partly perfected arrangements, though the time is not yet settled, by which we will go back to Philadelphia, and most probably to Boston and Baltimore. We want to go to Canada, and it is quite possible we will do so before very long. Time has been offered us about March 4 in Chicago, but it is so far to go that we may not do so. I think I shall make my stay last at least nine months, unless, indeed, it should become very hot early in the Summer."

"Have you any new plays you intend producing soon?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes. After this engagement I shall produce Charles L. Stephenson's two new comedies, which he has written especially for me, and which I believe will be very successful. The probabilities are that I will wait for Mr. Stephenson's return from England to put them on."

Jack-in-the-Box.

"It is my opinion," said Frank L. Gardner to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "and I may of course be thought somewhat prejudiced, that Carrie Swain will make the hit of her life in Jack-in-the-Box. Everything is going rapidly forward for its production on Jan. 25, at the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The models of the scenery are up at the Madison Square Theatre, where there are ten carpenters and two scenic artists busy at work getting things into shape. The work of putting the play on will be considerable. There will be eighteen speaking parts, and fully a hundred people will be used.

"Miss Swain will finish her present season of Cad the Tomboy on Jan. 9," continued Mr. Gardner, "and then spend a couple of weeks in rehearsal. From Philadelphia, as you perhaps know, we come to the Union Square Theatre on Feb. 8, where the play will be run the remainder of the season if it proves successful enough. It had been my intention to go on the road with the piece after the Philadelphia engagement, leaving all thoughts of a metropolitan engagement out of the question until next season. But Mr. Hill heard of the play and wanted us to take it there, and I wasn't the least bit sorry to do so, for I am confident of its drawing powers. The first order for seats for the first night of the engagement at the Union Square was received this morning. I think that rather beats the record for early applications."

At the Theatres.

The engagement of Rosina Vokes and her comedy company began very auspiciously at the Standard Theatre on Monday night. There was a large audience present, and the bright and varied entertainment provided seemed to give abundant satisfaction. And, indeed, the admirers of comedy and farce who could not find diversion in the performance given by these clever and versatile actors, would be hard to please. The three light and amusing pieces which constituted the programme brought forward Miss Vokes and her able lieutenants in the most favorable light. A skillful, polished one-act play by Sydney Grundy, called In Honor Bound, opened the bill. The plot is slender—a mere fragment of the life of a wife who has cherished after marriage sentiments of love for an early sweetheart who meanwhile has sought another. By the noble act of her husband, who has discovered her secret, she is led to renounce her folly and look for happiness in his direction. Some of the situations are artificial, but underlying the story is a vein of truth and sincerity which overcomes this blemish. The dialogue is in Mr. Grundy's clever style, and the members of the cast acted the piece skilfully, the chief honors resting with Leslie Chester, a beautiful and graceful actress, as Lady Carlyan, and Courtenay Thorp as Sir George, the magnanimous husband. In My Milliner's Bill, a farce new to our public, Miss Vokes made her appearance as a retired actress, Mrs. Merridew, who, unknown to her husband, runs up a large account with her *modiste*, and is kept in perturbation by the fear of a threatened lawsuit. Mr. Merridew discovers the state of affairs, secretly settles the bill, and then by masquerading as a sheriff's officer pretends to take possession of the Merridew residence and causes the lady a good deal of wholesome fright before he finally concludes she has sufficiently studied the lesson that a wife should have no secrets from her husband, when he lets her into the details of his little stratagem. Miss Vokes acted with delightful vivacity and was genuinely comic in her exhibition of fear and nervousness. She sang the old, old song, "His Heart was True to Poll," with so much droll seriousness that it was demanded over and over again. Brandon Thomas was excellent as Mr. Merridew. The entertainment finished with A Christmas Pantomime Rehearsal, wherein all the people in the company appeared. A hit was scored by Weedon Grossmith as a dudish amateur, who causes more trouble to the author of the panto than any of the aristocratic novices engaged in it. From the *eclat* attending the whole performance it is evident that Miss Vokes and her band of merry players will enjoy a prosperous sojourn at the Standard.

* * *

Kellar's seances at the Comedy Theatre are a popular holiday attraction, and the number of his wondering visitors nightly is large. For marvellous illusions are a source of unalloyed delight.

* * *

For Henry Dixey and Adonis Christmas is only a side issue. They have constantly recurring celebrations of their own at the Bijou Opera House, which convert that cosy little play-house into a place of festivity and mirth. The burlesque is drawing good houses, and is making steadily for the 500th goal, which will shortly be reached.

* * *

Large and fashionable are the gatherings at the Lyceum Theatre, where One of Our Girls holds on its way with all the accompaniments of genuine prosperity and public favor. Miss Dauvray, in the leading role, has won for herself a high place in the esteem of intelligent playgoers, while her company has backed up her efforts nobly. This is the first Christmas that has passed over the Lyceum. It should be a decidedly merry one.

* * *

The public is taking advantage of the last opportunities of seeing Margaret Mather in Manager Hill's superb revival of Romeo and Juliet at the Union Square Theatre, and the houses have been gratifyingly large and invariably enthusiastic. Preparations are making for the production of Leah on a grand scale when the extraordinary and unprecedented run of Romeo and Juliet is ended.

* * *

There was remarkable jollity for those on the stage and those in front at Harrigan's Park Theatre on Monday evening, when the gallant Seventh, N. G. S. N. Y., paid a visit in a body to The Grip and made everybody concerned feel jovial by their audible approval of everything said, sung and done behind the footlights. The Grip is a great success and Mr. Harrigan is confident that it will hold the boards of his theatre for many weeks to come.

* * *

Fay Templeton is the life of Evangeline at the Fourteenth Street Theatre—the most attractive feature of an attractive production. The 100th performance will be celebrated with souvenirs next Monday.

* * *

The Third Avenue Theatre has probably never had a larger opening than that of Monday night. Hundreds turned their backs upon the doors when they found that all the desirable seats had been taken, and will await a more favorable opportunity to see the attraction. Every seat in the gallery and all the standing-room was occupied, and almost the same condition existed down stairs. Lester and Allen's Minstrels, with John L. Sullivan and William Muldoon as extra magnets, were the attraction. The first part was rather tame. The vocalism was weak, and the end-men, with the exception of Lester and Allen, did not create a whirlwind of merriment. In the olio, the O'Brien Brothers did some very clever tumbling. Schaeffer and Blakely are unctuous exponents of negro dialect, but some of their speeches were rather broad and their actions coarse. Lester and Allen, as usual, were extravagantly funny in their Two New Coons in Town, and kept the audience in roars. P. C. Shottis is a good violin and banjo player. Senator Frank Bell delivered a stump speech of the shrunken chestnut variety. Two or three negro boys aided in the programme, assisting Lester and Allen in their extravagancies and creating much merriment.

The audience was on the tiptoe of expectancy when that part of the programme announcing in big type the names of Sullivan and Muldoon was reached. The usual rumors were prevalent in regard to Sullivan; but the champion was on hand, and apparently in excellent condition. Between Sullivan and Muldoon it would be difficult to choose; both are magnificent specimens of physical manhood, and so graceful did they pose, and so still were they in attitude, that as each living picture was presented the audience held its breath in admiration. To the lover of art, Muldoon is the more finished in pose; but to the audience—that sort of audience, especially that portion which surged and palpitated in the sky-parlor—doted on the knocker-out, and gave him plenty of applause. But the champion wrestler was the admiration of the minority, while the champion slugger suffered just a little in the estimation of those of the unwashed—no small number—who had fervently expected to see him don the gloves and engage in a set-to with the ex-member of the Finest. However, the champions, especially Sullivan, were an agreeable surprise to the big audience at the Third Avenue, and their admirers will undoubtedly throng the house all the week.

During the evening enough floral pieces, in the shape of horseshoes and baskets, were passed over the footlights to fill a truck. The minstrels remain two weeks.

* * *

Saints and Sinners is having really phenomenal success at the Madison Square Theatre. Its splendid cast and exquisite mounting are the talk of the town. Mr. Jones' admirable play will remain the attraction of this finely conducted playhouse probably until the close of the regular season.

* * *

Every seat and every foot of standing room in the Grand Opera House was occupied on Monday evening when McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels gave their opening performance. There has been a dearth of negro minstrelsy in this city since the present season began, and the public is now hungry to enjoy this species of amusement. The troupe is large and of excellent quality. The first-part is arranged, after the plan Haverly originated, with a number of end-men. The songs, comic and sentimental, were rendered to the complete satisfaction of the big audidience, and the jokes and wheezes were sufficiently humorous to keep the people in a state bordering on unrestrained hilarity. Among the more notable specialties following the first-part were the coachman's clog; Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, in representations of classic statuary; Bob Slavin in a side-splitting monologue, and Frank McNish in his celebrated Silence and Fun act. The performance concluded with a laughable afterpiece, entitled Cleveland's Reception at Widow Malone's. The spectators were highly delighted with the entertainment. The party will beyond question play to large business throughout the week. Next Monday Gus Williams is to appear in his new comedy, Oh, What a Night!

* * *

Tony Pastor will celebrate Christmas in his old style by a mammoth performance at the Academy of Music. His show this week is exceptionally good. Alma Stanley appears in a Japanese song and dance; the Sr. Feliz Sis-

in their refined and amusing living pictures; Lillie Western performs on a score of musical instruments, more or less; Laroux and Wilson do some clever work on the horizontal bar, and a number of other performers fill out a long and enjoyable programme which concludes with a farce called Troublesome Tenants. Mr. Pastor's show must be seen to have its merits fully appreciated. As he will make hundreds merry on Christmas, it is entirely proper that he should be merry himself—particularly when he is engaged in glancing over the box office returns, which are sure to be of the size to promote joviality.

* * *

The Mikado was given at the People's on Monday evening to a large house by Duff's Opera company. Messrs. Ryley, Hilliard and Whiffen repeated their old successes, while a new one was scored by G. A. Hall as the ruler of the land of the rising sun. Francis Gaillard scored a hit as Pooh-Bah. Veronica Jarbeau and Zelda Seguin, as Yum-Yum and Katisha, respectively, were received with a good deal of favor. The opera was handsomely mounted. Next week, Effie Elisler in Woman Against Woman.

Professional Doings.

—Thomas Q. Seabrooke leaves the Her Atonement company on Jan. 16.

—Gertrude Kellogg is at liberty for leading business.

—John W. Norton, of St. Louis, is convalescing from another serious illness.

—Thus far this season eighty travelling organizations have appeared in New Haven.

—Augusta Roche and Mary Beebe have withdrawn from Stetson's Mikado company.

—Prices for Mary Anderson's engagement in Brooklyn have been raised twenty-five per cent.

—Fred. McCloy has undertaken a three years' contract as business manager for Ida Mulle.

—Ed. Lang has lately written a new comedy entitled Friend Bill, which he hopes shortly to produce.

—Jerome H. Eddy wrote the sketch of Our Managers which appeared on Saturday last in the *Telegram*.

—Manager S. P. Norman, of Hill's Irish Visitors, is making many friends on tour in New England.

—Manager Delavan, of Meriden, Ct., has become lessee of Lawrence Hall at New London in that State.

—Fred. Lotto is out of The Swim—that is to say, he has left the Bowser Comedy company. He is now at liberty.

—Augustus, son of the elder Pennoyer, has gone upon the road in advance of McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels.

—Mae Clark, recently of Rhea's company, has joined Lawrence Barrett's company. John T. Sullivan will join Barrett in March.

—Annie Deland has opened a café called the Sans-Souci, at 147 Fourth avenue, to which an excellent cuisine is attached.

—George Fawcett Rowe has gone on the road in a revival of Pop. He is under the management of George Kennington.

—M. M. Brannon has deserted the editorial chair of the Eufaula (Ala.) *Mail* to become business manager of Katie Putnam.

—Alice Vincent, in the second act of Nanon, with the Carleton Opera company, wears a costume that is said to have cost over $500.

—Emma Abbott dives into Mexico shortly. Miss Abbott will please the inhabitants of Monterey for one week, opening Dec. 28.

—Annie Wood, whose line is characters and comedy old women, is at liberty. Miss Wood was for two seasons with Harrison and Gourlay.

—Adele Clarke has closed her engagement with the White Slave company. She found the part assigned her uncongenial, and Manager Kennedy released her.

—W. H. Whedon is playing leading heavies with Louise Pomeroy. Mr. Whedon is trying to obtain a place in the support of one of the leading tragedians for next season.

—Nelson Roberts has resigned the business management of the Brave Woman company to take a similar position with the combination playing Young Mrs. Winthrop.

—Heinrich Conreid has brought a suit for damages against John A. McCaull *in re* the nose-pulling affair at the Casino. The latter is anxious to have the suit brought to trial.

—It is the intention of Dan Frohman to remain in the city for the next two months for the purpose of getting together a strong company to support Mme. Modjeska next season.

—Scenery for the Academy of Music, Denver, Col., is being painted by Sosman and Landis, of Chicago. This firm has painted scenery for over 600 theatres in the United States.

—George Learock has assumed John T. Sullivan's roles in Rhea's repertoire. Edward Warren joined the company in St. Louis this week. Rhea is making several changes in her company.

—L. F. Gorman has left the Gardiner Dramatic company, of which he was stage manager. In a fit of economy Manager Cohen asked Mr. Gorman to do "props" in addition to his other duties.

—Edward N. Hoyt will be in Louis James' support next season. At present he is playing, with excellent effect, Albert de Morcerf in the Monte Cristo company managed by Zimmerman.

—Lillian Hadley, W. J. Scanlan's leading lady, was relieved of a gold watch in Cincinnati last Saturday. The thief was found in the person of a supernumerary, and the timepiece was restored.

—W. O. Wheeler was in town on Sunday. He has fled South in the interests of Dan Sully's Corner Grocery—not No 2, but the original Jacobs—which makes a foray south of Mason and Dixon's line.

—Frank L. Yerance, after a long absence in the West, has turned up in the East as manager for Fred. Bock, who is playing a successful season in the minor theatres, presenting The Power of Money and Monte Cristo.

—It has been definitely decided to double the prices for seats at the Bijou on the night of Jan. 7, the occasion of the five-hundredth performance of Adonis. The tickets for that evening are to be specially printed, and will contain two coupons, one with a picture of Adonis Dixey on the back as a souvenir and the other entitling the holder to call and receive

—J. W. Gruhl's [illegible] a Circus, will open the Theatre, Philadelphia, [illegible] Zimmerman, of that [illegible] a date as soon as it [illegible]

—It is probable that [illegible] until March at the Fourteenth [illegible] Bartley Campbell will [illegible] The Heart of the Rockies, [illegible] plays. It is after the style of [illegible]

—Nellie Lingard has been [illegible] the leading female part in [illegible] which is shortly to be put on [illegible] which Richard Mansfield [illegible] star under the management of [illegible]

—Edward E. Kidder [illegible] Niagara on Saturday in [illegible] piece was successful, but [illegible] heavy to admit of profit. [illegible] vote himself on his return to [illegible] writing Rose Eytinge.

—Although [illegible] Grand Opera House in many cases, [illegible] fully 2,000 people in the theatre at the [illegible] performance of Hamlet, [illegible] Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels on Monday night, [illegible] gallery alone there were fully 700.

—Knowles and Morris would [illegible] Adah Richmond Burlesque [illegible] pose at their Grand Opera House [illegible] this week, although the date had been contracted for. The management [illegible] more of a variety show than a burlesque [illegible]

—Miles and Barton have [illegible] agreement of the Boston Miles [illegible] years' lease. Barton, Wilson [illegible] Minstrels will be their [illegible] ing next Monday night. [illegible] made to keep the [illegible]

—The Academy of Music [illegible] Ind., is about to change [illegible] it passes into the control of [illegible] wood, Toledo (O.) [illegible] Wayne people regret the [illegible] Woodworth, the present [illegible] become popular with theatre [illegible]

—Boyd Putnam, [illegible] Michigan family, is reported to [illegible] best work in support of Rhea. [illegible] in Camille meets with great [illegible] praise. Mr. Putnam is only [illegible] of age, and has been on the [illegible] months. His progress has been [illegible] rapid.

—The New York School of [illegible] shortly open its third season. [illegible] include Messrs. Palmer, [illegible] Thompson and Kendrick, [illegible] Brace, Whitney and others. [illegible] twelve lectures on Dramatic [illegible] delivered by M. P. Bates, [illegible] on Feb. 1.

—Frank E. Jamison, of Rhea's [illegible] company, has had his head [illegible] through President Cleveland's [illegible] call at the White House. [illegible] should have sent the invitation [illegible] but Mr. Jamison evidently [illegible] very pleasant impressions [illegible] was invited to call again.

—Jennie Kimball, [illegible] Adah Richmond Burlesque [illegible] makers, has discharged Frank [illegible] has engaged for Lotta [illegible] Fanchon Mr. Combs [illegible] be replaced. Miss Kimball [illegible] Miss Kimball [illegible] alternate [illegible] opposite with the [illegible]

—The programme of [illegible] have undergone a change [illegible] during [illegible] is sent to every [illegible] land and Scotland, and [illegible] is fortunate enough to [illegible] at first, he will find it [illegible] advance. No matter [illegible] to for engagements, [illegible] she must reply: "Will [illegible] tioned in the form, and [illegible] league is said to be [illegible] reaching its object.

—Mme. Janisch will [illegible] trial on Jan. 4, under the [illegible] David Pryor, in a comedy in four [illegible] Satan's Daughter. This play, it is [illegible] was written especially for the [illegible] a run of over a year in Vienna, [illegible] peared in it. After the Monday [illegible] the company will tour through [illegible] closing the season at the Boston [illegible] March 29. John C. Rowe has been [illegible] as leading man in place of Henry [illegible] while of old the company, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Edmunds, Harry Pincus, G. H. [illegible] Miss Kartauer have been re-engaged. [illegible] new people are Fred. Hight, Frank [illegible] Maud Monroe and Albertine Gillette.

—"My future plans are entirely dependent [illegible] tirely on what Lester Wallack intends doing [illegible] with my play Sybilla," said David Belasco, Jr., [illegible] reporter the other day. "As you know, the play has been accepted, and its production hinges on the success of his revival of Heart [illegible] man Blind and Mr. Stephenson's play which follows it. Through David Jones, my partner, I am negotiating with the St. James Theatre in London. The managers have read it and are well pleased with it, but to bring out or not will be determined by the fate of [illegible] Wallack's. In the meantime I am [illegible] society play dealing with the life of [illegible] York in upper classes, and which I expect to have finished by next Summer."

—"Our business throughout the [illegible] been something phenomenal," said [illegible] Egerton, manager of Lester and Allen's [illegible] Minstrels, to a MIRROR reporter [illegible] day. "In the West, especially, we did [illegible] business. John L. Sullivan's [illegible] course been one of the great [illegible] performance. Despite all reports [illegible] have been circulated, we have [illegible] slightest trouble with him. [illegible] of never once during the [illegible] either a performance or a [illegible] to say in conclusion, we [illegible] wishes for all minstrel [illegible] other a feeling seems [illegible] jealousy and [illegible]

Warner's Christmas.

BY CLEVE EVANS.

[illegible] after twelve o'clock, [illegible] Mr. John Warner, having [illegible] for perhaps a period of four-and- [illegible] at a table in his own apartment, a [illegible] of chamber, kitchen and dining- [illegible] situated at the top of a not very impos- [illegible] lodging house, and before him [illegible] letter, sealed and addressed, which he [illegible] just written. In his fingers was [illegible] remnant of a cheap cigar, [illegible] at his elbow lay a small pistol. He [illegible] at the cigar reflectively, and glanced [illegible] at the weapon.

"I'll go at once," he murmured; and then, [illegible] vexed questions were settled, leaned [illegible] taking a long puff at his cheroot, and [illegible] eyes ceiling-ward, dreamily watch- [illegible] coils of smoke as they ascended. It [illegible] a blue day without, objects looked steely [illegible], the sleet of yesterday, now congealed [illegible] the coldness of iron, wore a blue-black [illegible], and the very cloud-burdened hea- [illegible] above had assumed an aspect of gloom. [illegible] clocks in the neighborhood had struck the [illegible] quarters just as Mr. Warner had sealed [illegible] letter, and after a few last, lingering whiffs, [illegible] calculating that another quarter had [illegible] elapsed, the gentleman straightened up, [illegible] away his stub, and took up the little [illegible], turning the muzzle toward him till the [illegible] nearly touched his nose.

[illegible] happened to distract him at [illegible] juncture, John Warner might never have [illegible] the clocks strike again. But at this crit- [illegible] moment there came a rap upon his door, [illegible] and uncertain, but still an unmistakable [illegible]. He lowered the pistol and glanced to- [illegible] he heard. After a slight pause the [illegible] was renewed, and a voice uttered his [illegible]:

"Mr. Warner—Mr. John!"

"Some one who knows me." He rose.

"Don't pretend to be out, please, because I know that you're at home," continued the voice, a female's.

Mr. Warner walked to the door and threw it open.

"Yes, I am at home; I was just going."

A young girl stepped in briskly, the hall without being cold. She was plainly but [illegible], and carried a basket and [illegible]. She glanced at him somewhat [illegible], he thought, and said:

"Mr. John! Yes, it's surely you."

"Your discrimination does you credit," he answered with a shade of a smile. "It is I."

"But my! How you've grown in the last [illegible] years!"

"Well, I did for awhile, but I've quit since [illegible] years of discretion."

"But I knew you at the first glance."

"She knows me," he muttered. "May I ask what——"

"Perhaps," she went on, unheedingly, "you'll say you're not the nephew of your aunt, Mrs. Matthews, of Lowwood."

"I plead guilty," he said, somewhat wearily. "Sorry my aunt died a week ago, and considerate of her what she had always led me to expect—remembered me in her will in favor of some [illegible]. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to own it. You know her?"

"Knew your aunt Katherine! Why, she called me her little nurse, and would take food [illegible] from no hand but mine."

"Very touching. And have you called to [illegible] me on her account?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and a slight [illegible] rose to her temples.

"No, I came upon my own," she returned, [illegible].

Mr. Warner, looking in a puzzled way at [illegible], noticed for the first time that she was pretty. The gloomy room seemed to [illegible] upon him. So did he.

"Your own?"

"Why, you don't seem to know me!"

"No, I—I failed to recognize you at first [illegible], because—well, because I never saw you [illegible]."

"That's good," said the girl, laughing. Then, turning coquettishly to face him: "Look me full in the face—it's little Bessie!"

"Eh? Well, who the deuce is little Bessie, [illegible]?"

Still laughing merrily, the girl deposited her [illegible] in a corner, took the seat he had just [illegible], and answered:

"Sit down, John, and I'll brighten up your [illegible]."

Mr. Warner, mindful that all his furni- [illegible] save the one chair had (figuratively) been [illegible] up, said airily:

"Thank you, I'd sooner stand." Then added, as he saw she looked vexed: "The fact is, I'm moving, and nearly all the furniture is already gone."

"There's the coal-scuttle; make that do."

Mr. Warner glanced at the girl rather in- [illegible], but something in the bright eyes [illegible], and without a word he carried the [illegible] to her side and sat down.

"There, that's cozy, ain't it?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, very unsteady—I mean cozy."

"Now, Mr. John, don't you remember a [illegible] little girl, not higher than your knee, [illegible] a nice little boy of fourteen found [illegible] starving under a hedge? and how the nice little [illegible] carried her home to his good aunt and [illegible]: 'Auntie, you must not call me a little [illegible] any more; I'm a man, and this is my [illegible]?'"

He sprang to his feet with animation.

"My dear little Elizabeth! You've grown [illegible] be a woman."

"Yes, that's the way with little girls. They [illegible] that in time."

"And such a pretty woman!"

"Girls always expect that," she replied.

"Perhaps I am too familiar in calling you [illegible]?"

"Why, are you not my father?" she asked, [illegible].

"Oh, certainly; I forgot. I may perhaps in [illegible] assumed character venture to—confound [illegible]!" The ejaculation consequent on [illegible] attempt to sit beside her.

"Certainly," said the girl, composedly turn- [illegible] her cheek. "It might have come sooner [illegible] a father who hasn't seen his child for [illegible] years. [*Business.*] Are these your [illegible]?" she asked, rising and looking about. "[illegible] is my room, for want of a [illegible] don't want any better?"

"[illegible]—long," with a very Hamlet-like [illegible].

[illegible] untidy. However,

"I beg your pardon," she said, loftily. "I'm not used to living in a mess."

He stared.

"I must clear this lumber out of this closet."

"Why?"

"It shall be my bedroom. It's in a terrible confusion.

"So am I," he gasped, appalled.

"It must be thoroughly cleaned out."

"I don't require *that*," he thought. Then, aloud: "Do you intend to stay here?"

"Where else but with my father?" she asked, in surprise. "Especially since poor aunt is gone."

"Then my aunt has forgotten you in her will, as well as me. I can forgive her, for I was ungrateful, extravagant and foolish. But she affected to consider you her favorite, and to cast a poor child like you upon the world, without friends or home——"

Mr. Warner's indignation stopped his utterance. The girl looked at him softly, and put her arms about his neck as she answered:

"Are you nothing? Can't a daughter find a home with a father? I shall be no expense; I can live on so little!"

He wondered vaguely if she could exist on his present resources—nothing. She went on:

"Meanwhile, let's get this place in order. It looks as if it hadn't been swept for a month."

"Appearances are not deceitful," he answered, feebly.

"Haven't you a broom?"—diving for the closet.

"I dare say—I don't know."

"Here's a dustpan and brush. They will answer. Here, now, Mr. John, set to work while I arrange things." This, thrusting pan and brush into his hands.

"What am I to do with these?"

"Why, stoop down and brush all the litter into the pan."

"What! I, a poet! Did Homer or Milton know anything of dust-pans?"

"Probably not," she answered, pertly. "The world is more civilized now than in their day."

She hustled about with deft fingers, and he managed to sweep up the most prominent disfigurements; and so in a few moments the room seemed to brighten up, and so did his spirits.

"And now," she exclaimed, as they paused, "I begin to feel frightfully hungry."

He became Hamlet again. She rattled on:

"I only took a mouthful of coffee when I left Lowwood this morning; so I may almost say I haven't breakfasted."

"So may I," he rejoined, dismally.

"That's capital! Suppose we breakfast together."

"Exactly. Suppose we do." Then he thought: "Supposition is cheap, and it's about all I can afford. Luckily there's a chair left. But how am I to get it away?"

But Bessie proved his good angel. She began emptying her basket, its contents proving a neat white cloth, which she utilized on the table, and some edibles she described as she drew them forth.

"I knew you'd like something from the country for Christmas. There's a loaf of my own baking, butter of my own churning, and some nice, home-cured bacon. But what's this?" In laying the table she had picked up the pistol.

"Be careful! It's loaded," he shouted.

"I see. Your traveling companion. You spoke of going somewhere—remember. Couldn't you go without it?"

"Not where I intended."

"Put it away and sit down," she said. "But I forgot; you've no chair."

"No chair!" he exclaimed, cheerfully. "What do you call this?"

He thrust the basket into the scuttle, and her bundle into the basket, improvising a seat of sufficient height.

"I don't know that you will improve my best dress by sitting on it; but we must not stand upon trifles—on Christmas. You eat as if you were hungry."

"I am."

"I am sorry I have no tea to offer."

He stared at the demure little face; then said:

"It is I who am at home."

"You forget that I am installed as housekeeper."

By this time his hunger was somewhat appeased, and he looked at her. She went on eating. Thoughts came to him, vague and somewhat shapeless.

"How did you come to visit me to-day?"

"To-day! Christmas! And you my father!"

"Bother your father! And why did you bring this food?"

She turned her head away.

"Stand up!" he said, commandingly.

She obeyed meekly. He took both her hands, and looked hard into her downcast face.

"You have kept informed of my state. You have known that I was out of work, out of spirits, out of money—starving!"

"Starving!"

"Why should I mince words, since I see that you know the truth? You have come here at the critical moment to keep me from——"

"From what?" and her eyes almost unconsciously wandered to the little pistol, which he had laid upon the mantel.

"From going away. Suppose I give up my determination to leave and stay?"

"What—here?"

"Yes, here on earth."

"John Warner," she said, looking him through with clear, true eyes, "I have not seen you since you have become a man. Will you truthfully tell me whether you have found no ties—whether you——"

"Whether I am heart-whole, you mean?"

She looked a yes.

"I will be candid, Bessie. I *have* found an attachment for one whom I believe to be the incarnation of all that is good and true in female—for a dear little puss, whose pretty face is only excelled by her matchless worth."

She paused and drew back slightly, as if struggling to control herself. Then she took from her pocket a sealed letter, and answered calmly:

"I am going now. Take this letter, and in one hour after I leave, but not before, read it. It will tell you all you desire to know, and you will not take that journey after reading it."

She handed him the note and proceeded to put on her cloak and hat. He moved to the door, deliberately locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"What do you mean?" she cried, startled.

"I mean to read this letter at once and in your presence."

"You [illegible] a gentleman,

"I, a father, feel it a duty to see what my daughter writes to a young man."

As he spoke, he tore open the envelope with ruthless hand. She sank into the chair, covering her face with her hands. He read aloud:

"I am, believe me, through no act of mine, the devisee of your aunt's fortune. But, sensible of the injustice she did you, her last request was that I should seek you, and, if you still retained your old affection for me, our interests should be united by marriage. I now know this cannot be. But Lowwood shall be yours, and yours alone, as is right. Forgive the vanity that bade me hope we might share it."

"Now, Mr. Warner," said the little lady, rising, and with an air of dignity, "having subjected me to this humiliation, kindly open the door and let me go."

"One moment," he answered, with a strange light in his eyes. "You have not yet asked me the name of her your father adores."

"I have no curiosity upon the subject," she replied tartly, moving toward the door.

But he took her in his strong arms, pushed back the hair from her brow, and forced her eyes to meet his.

"Is it necessary to speak, or will this do?"

It was the second "this" that day, and a decided improvement, so far as fervor went, upon the subject. A ray of sunlight burst through the clouds at the moment, and fell upon the frosted windows, filling them with silvery gleams, and the room seemed lifted into a sudden cheerfulness. "This" was encored until the young lady was in danger of smothering, when he paused.

"What do you think of my present, John?" she asked archly.

"I prefer to think of our future, dear," was the reply.

A Local Sketch.

BY EDWARD HARRIGAN.

"Say?"

I turned about and faced the interrogator, who had spoken that terse monosyllable so peculiar to New Yorkers. He was a character about the theatres, whom the company and management admired, not for his ability as an artist—for, be it remembered, he was a super. Honesty, sobriety and good-nature endeared him to us all. He had a quaint originality which made him a welcome guest at any time.

"Say," he repeated, "I ain't after a borry, boss, but if ye can give me a half hour o' your time, ye'll do me a terrible favor."

'Twas in August when Denny accosted me. Broadway was alive with human interest. Shop-girls, errand-boys, tradesmen, teamsters, innumerable artisans of all kinds, were running pell mell, jostling, shouting and singing, happy as the bird freed from his cage. 'Twas noontime. The shrill screech of the steam-whistles from the factories of the great metropolis fell upon the ears of the heroic, overworked, delicate shop-girls as sweet as the rain falls upon the parched earth.

"Anything wrong, Denny?" said I, taking him by the arm, and leading him into the vestibule of the theatre, where we could talk with more freedom.

"No, boss; dere's nutting wrong wid me. Dere never was; was dere?"

I answered, "Denny, you're all right, my boy; but I can perceive from your countenance there's something wrong at present."

"Dere's nutting wrong, boss, only dis. You see, me mudder and meself come to this country when I was eight years old. I'm nineteen now, dis September. I never was to school, because I had to help the old woman about, you see. I washed rollers in a printing office; I drive an express wagon; nights I'd supe in de theatre; and you can bet, ev'ry spare shilling I got a hold of I give it to de old woman—I mean me mudder, don't you see—to put away in de bank, till we got enough to bring me little sister Nellie out from Ireland. Oh, I remember her well. She was a darling. She had dimples in her cheeks like a lady, and ye know, boss, I'd give up me life to see her. Don't you see, me old man—me fadder I mean—he died before me and me mudder come out, and me grandmudder's been a looking out for Nellie."

Astonishment must have been depicted upon my face, standing in the presence of this brave lad, poor Denny Gleason, the life of the dressing-rooms. From a child he had struck out against the reverses of poverty and adversity with a ripple of laughter embellishing his honest face, determined to be in every sense a man. His proudest ambition was to see "his cunning little Nellie," as he called his sister. To bring her from the old country, and see her locked in her mother's arms, was the ambition of his life.

"How can I serve you?" said I. He replied: "I tell ye, boss: Ye see, me mudder sent de passage money to Nellie. She's fifteen now, and de old woman got a letter dat Nellie was comin' out in de *Britannic*. Well, I got a tip from a feller in de *Herald* office dat reports all de ships, dat de *Britannic* would be in today, and, of course, Nellie is comin' over in de bow. Dey'll land her at de Castle Garden. I don't know de duck on de gate, an' if ye'll skip down dere wid me dere won't be any kick."

I answered that I was acquainted with the man who held the position of gatekeeper at Castle Garden, and that I should be most happy to accompany him.

Denny's eyes glistened with joy.

"Boss," he said, "will ye wait till I go round in Mulberry street and get de old woman?"

"We'll go around together," said I.

As we walked toward his home, Denny's tongue kept running at a glib rate.

"Boss, I lived in de Six Ward de first time I come here. Dey all know me down dere. I like it better dan de Fourteenth Ward; but me mudder said dey was all Jew people in de Six Ward, and she made me move her up to Mott street, to de big flat, where dey all talk Irish. I can spell a little of it meself, but I take me oath I can't tell de difference 'tween dat and Italian sometimes."

So his conversation ran on until we reached a huge tenement-house, where we halted, and Denny said, "Here's where we tie up." A number of children were playing about the doorway. Some stood in water up to their naked knees in the gutter, enjoying a refreshing bath, which had been turned on from a fire-hydrant to wash down the refuse and garbage into the sewer.

"Dey cleaned dis street four weeks ago," said Denny. "I know, 'cause old Jemmy Callahan had a broom on it, and he was bounced. Dey fired an Italian in his place. He worked cheaper, and 'sides de foreman could patter [illegible] his friends. Don't you see, de [illegible] away. Come up stairs. Look out for de paint; dey've been whitewashing."

I followed Denny to the fourth floor of the building, and entered an apartment where an Irishwoman of fifty years, or more, was seated in an old rocker reading from a prayer-book which she held close to her eyes. On our entrance she closed the book, and rising from her chair as if in pain, said:

"Denny, what news have ye? Sit down, sir," offering me the rocker which she had vacated. "Is there anything wrong, Denny? Why don't you speak, child?"

All of these questions fell rapidly from her lips; so I readily perceived, without introduction, that she was Denny's mother, and I easily detected the anxiety she felt regarding the arrival in America of her daughter. The apartment I had entered was clean and neat, a small bedroom leading off at the back, through the door of which I could see the patchwork quilt spread neatly on the bed—the old Irish quilt, the result of nimble fingers and hours of labor. Small religious pictures, in straw frames, were hung about the room in tasteful regularity. Denny's favorites of the dramatic art stood out in bold relief on the mantel of the apartment in which I stood. Mrs. Gleason's home was, as she aptly remarked, "The best I've got, sir."

Denny spoke apruptly, saying: "Come, mother, put on your best, and we'll go down to de Garden wid the boss here. Everyting is lovely. I want Nellie to see ye looking like a new peach. That's level, boss, ain't it?" Turning to me, and noticing my pensive observation of his "mudder," who had resumed her seat in the rocker, he said: "Chin straight along, boss. Everything goes here. Make yourself plum to home."

His mother said: "Denny's a good boy, sir. He was a wee bit wild when we lived below in the Six Ward, sir."

"I never was crooked," interrupted Denny.

"No, child," she replied, "ye wor not. Ye wor always straight; but your father had a bind in his back." Then, looking at me as the tears started from her large blue eyes, she said: "He was a farmer, sir, and he did a great dale o' digging." Then she turned uneasily in her chair and said: "Denny, I'll not be able to go down to the ship wid ye. I've a taste of the rheumatism from the heavy storm of yesterday."

I suggested that Denny and I would attend to Nellie when she arrived, and that it would be much better for his mother to stay at home, as she felt ill. Denny acquiesced in my suggestion, and said:

"Boss, I guess you've got it right. You see, I'd like de old woman to see Nellie as soon as she touches de shore; but it won't do to take her out when she's sick, 'cause, you know, if I lost me mudder, I think I'd be a bum. So we'll get atop of a Broadway stage and ride down."

I picked up my hat from the table and started for the door.

Denny, going to his mother, said, "Come, mudder, you'd better lay down till we get back."

He then assisted her from the rocker to the bedroom. Soon I heard him encourage her in a low voice: "Don't cry, mudder; Nellie's all right. It's only eight days from Queenstown, and she's on one of de best ships in de world. Dere's no danger. I'll have her here in an hour or two, and she'll throw her arms around you, and I'll bet I won't be able to get in de house wid rejoicing."

Then, through stifling sobs, I heard her say: "Denny, darling! hurry, me bouchal; bring her to me safe and sound."

"Mother," said Denny, "I'll bring her up in a coach. Good bye, mudder; don't cry any more. You know I allus keep me word."

Then I heard the mother's kiss, and "God bless you, my child; me own Denny." My eyes moistened. I opened the door quietly and passed out softly, and stood on the landing, and awaited Denny's coming. Soon he appeared, rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his coat. He said, "I'm all ready; we'll start."

When we gained the street he spoke, saying: "The old woman's delicate. She ain't got the nerve; but when she sees Nellie won't she brace."

I turned the theme of conversation as we took a stage and rode to the Battery. A short walk, and we stood at the gate, through which have passed thousands of heroes seeking for the Mecca of liberty in our grand Republic—the peasantry of the old world leaving their shackles of iron behind them to take up the roses of independence in God's country—America.

"Hello, Denny!" shouted a burly hackman.

"Hello, Turnips!" responded Denny.

"What are you doing around the Garden? Looking for a Dutch coat for the Comique?" said the hackman.

"No," said Denny; "I've got a call for you, Turnips. Have your hack ready. Wait right here for me, and I'll put in as nice a little Irish girl as ever floated over in that night-hawk o' yours. Say, Turnips, she'll tone that old funeral hack up."

During the foregoing conversation I had spoken to the gate-keeper, who said: "Pass right in." Then I beckoned Denny to follow me, which he did with celerity, his eyes peering with intensity into the face of each young emigrant girl that we passed on our way to the passenger clerk's office. Suddenly he accosted a tall, strapping young Irishman, who was on his way to the barge that conveyed the emigrants to Jersey City, where they board the train for the West. Said Denny:

"What ship did you come over in?"

The emigrant replied: "I kim over on the Anchor line, sir, a week ago. I've been waiting here for a letter from me brother in Arizony, and to-day I got it."

"Well," said Denny—but his sentence was cut short by an old man struggling under the weight of a heavy iron-bound chest, who shouted: "Felix, me son, would you see me break me ould back wid de weight of your own chist? Hurry, avic," he shouted.

"Excuse me, sir," said the young man to Denny, and then hurried to the relief of his father.

In a moment we were at the clerk's office.

"Has the *Britannic* arrived?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the clerk, looking up from his writing and peering through the aperture of the office railing. "She's laying off in the river now."

"Ask him when the steerage passengers will be ashore," whispered Denny.

I did so, and the clerk replied:

"Look yonder; the emigrant boat is coming now."

We followed the direction which his finger pointed, and saw a large steamboat steaming toward us, freighted with human beings, chests, boxes, mattresses and baggage of all [illegible]

Clerks, messenger-boys, policemen, emigrant officers, all bustling and preparing for active business; there were friends and relatives of the new comers to a new world waiting with anxious faces and eager hearts, all striving to get near the landing-place; but I saw not one more eager than my friend Denny.

"Did ye ever see such a mob?" said he. "Talk about a picnic, dis takes de cake. Look at dem all trying to get to de bow of de boat—you can bet dey all want to get ashore first. I can't see any face dat looks like Nellie's," he said, as the boat neared the Garden. "But she's a timid thing, boss. She couldn't hustle out on de bow among dem boxes, like a drayman. She's soft as silk; took after de old woman, don't you see?"

The boat by this time had been made fast to the pier-head, and the policeman had pushed the group we stood among back from the landing, where we lost sight of the emigrants as they came ashore, to file in line past the clerk's desk for examination.

Denny, becoming impatient, said:

"Boss, I can't stand it. You know de policeman, don't you? Just see if he won't let us by. I only want to ask one question, and I'm satisfied."

Then I elbowed my way through the crowd, Denny following. When we reached the policeman he recognized me, and ushered Denny and I through a door to a large room, where the emigrants congregated after having passed examination.

They were a motley crowd—Scandinavians, Moravians, Germans and Irish. One would imagine, from the commingling of the various tongues, you were in a foreign country. Denny turned to me and said:

"Boss, I weaken; I don't see Nellie. Do ye tink she came over in dat boat?"

Just then I saw an officer of the *Britannic*, who had come ashore with the emigrants, enter the room.

Denny met him face to face.

"Captain," said Denny, "excuse my freshness; but I want to ax ye something."

"Speak quick. What is it?" said the bluff sailor.

"You kim over on de *Britannic*, didn't you?" said Denny.

"Yes, sir," replied the officer.

"I don't want to eat up your time, but I'm in an awful sweat about a sister o' mine, a little Irish girl, Captain, from de City of Cork."

Denny had spoken in a trembling voice, standing half abashed in the presence of the officer, whose uniform commanded a certain dignity and respect.

"Out with it, lad; I've a busy day before me." Then taking a memorandum-book from the pocket of his jacket, he said: "Give me her name."

"Nellie Gleason, sir," said Denny.

The officer, turning the pages of his book suddenly stopped, looked at Denny and said:

"Nellie Gleason, steerage passenger."

"Yes, sir," replied Denny.

The officer's voice lowered as he placed his forefinger on his memorandum-book and read:

"Nellie Gleason, City of Cork; 14th of August, drowned at sea;" then raising his eyes from the book, he said in a compassionate manner: "She fell overboard, my lad. 'Twas an accident that seldom ever happens on our line."

"Nellie drownded!" said Denny, falling on the railing which encased the clerk's desk. "You don't mean to say she's dead—Nellie, me little sister. She ain't drownded; you saved her, didn't you? She was as light as a feather. Why, a boy could swim wid her. Give it to me straight. Don't break a young feller's heart."

The sailor rubbed his eyes and said:

"I'm sorry, my lad; we did all we could. She went over at night; we lowered the boats, hove to, and searched for her, but 'twas no use. She drowned."

"Boss," said Denny, coming to me, "I'm no good; I'm no good now. How will I break de news to de old woman. Ain't dis enough to down a bigger feller dan me;" and he wept like a child.

The group of strong, stalwart emigrants stood about, offering their humble, sincere condolence to Denny, who leaned upon my shoulder, a picture of despair.

"Denny!" shouted a female voice at the back of the crowd.

With a quick movement Denny sprang from me, shouting:

"Boss, dat's her; I know her voice; it's me sister Nellie."

"I can't be mistaken," said the officer, looking over his memorandum.

I turned toward the spot from whence the voice came, and there, mounted on a bench high above the group which surrounded Denny and me, could be seen a beautiful, rosy-cheeked Irish girl, her arms full of baggage, shouting:

"Denny—Denny Gleason!"

"Dat's me sister," said Denny.

"Make way," said the stout policeman.

In a moment Nellie Gleason was in Denny's arms, while Turnips, the hackman, who had entered the room at the moment, picked up Nellie's baggage, and was hurrying to his coach, when Nellie shouted:

"Denny, catch that thafe! stop him!

Denny informed her that the man was not a thief, and, as he tapped her under the chin, he said:

"That's Turnips, an old friend o' mine. We're going to ride up with him. Eh, boss?" turning to me with a sly grimace overspreading his good-natured face.

After Denny and Nellie's mutual recognition and joy, the officer stepped up and said:

"I beg your pardon, young man, for causing you any pain. I made a mistake. There was a Nellie Gleason fell overboard, but she was an old lady."

Denny's sister said:

"She had no one at home, and one sister in America, a namesake o' mine."

"God rest her!" ejaculated Denny, as he escorted Nellie to Turnips' hack.

When we reached the vehicle I observed Nellie's baggage fastened on behind the coach; Turnips seated on top, with whip and rein in hand; and I knew by the expression of his face he was determined to give his friend Denny a fast drive.

"Boss," said Denny, "get inside; dere's room enough for tree. You can bet I'll make Mulberry street look like a new dollar to-night."

"Thank you, Denny," I said; "I must be off to business," and as I walked away I saw Denny in the hack, with his arms about his cunning little Nellie; and when Turnips shouted "Get up!" and the coach moved off, Denny shouted from the window, shaking his right hand in the air:

"Boss, she's a darling!"

At the Christmas Matinee.

'Twas at the Christmas matinee
The darling creatures gathered;
They were the garbs of holiday,
In plumage gaily feathered.
Still, now and then a plainer gown
Rubbed up against some laces;
Straightway an indicating frown
Bespoke contact disgraces.

Miss McIntyre, *en régle*,
Swept by in costly ermine,
Quite shocked to find that Fashion's pale
Was compromised by vermin.
The vermin in her eyes were they
Who dared to venture boldly
Unto the Christmas matinee—
Elsewhere received so coldly.

Miss McIntyre's eyebrows black—
Concoction of burnt matches;
She shrugs her shoulders, tosses back
Her ermine from its catches.
Withal a maiden so *distingue*,
A creature of high order—
She mourns a dad who scooped the ring
And skipped across the border.

There's Groggins' bump of self-esteem
Down in the first row rising;
His eyes they bear a latent gleam
Of usury's devising.
To-day he's happy as a clam
Disclosed by highest water;
To-morrow he will cuss and damn
And pinch per cent. each quarter.

Miss Prim, she rustles by in blue,
Decked out in girlish fashion;
Her years they reach up forty-two,
Yet still she has a passion
For clinging to sweet sixteen's art
To snare a he-born creature;
And so she covers up her heart—
Likewise with paint skin's feature.

Here is a miss, demure and prim,
In whom no guile is hidden;
And yet she plies her art with vim,
Though not by mamma bidden.
The droop of lashes on the cheek,
The innocence of glancing—
They hint of what the tongue might speak
Of inner bubbles prancing.

They've feasted, now they come to laugh
Away the stress of turkey,
In many minds the day's behalf
Is rendered rather murky.
The passing show it gathers here,
The poor, the rich, the lowly;
The smile may mingle with the tear
Conglomerated wholly.

The clown may call a chestnut old,
Or fling a jibe in season;
While some are left out in the cold,
The others feast on reason.
'Tis at the Christmas matinee
The pomp of life may flutter;
The sad they gather 'side the gay,
The pure beside the gutter.

—H. S. KELLER.

London Managers.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

When I went to London as a lad, the old-fashioned manager was in full force, and it was most difficult for outsiders or stars from abroad to procure a hearing. There were fewer theatres in those days, and Benjamin Webster ran the Adelphi, where melodramas were played, preceded by what was billed as "screaming farces," and Madame Celeste was the heroine of the former and Messrs. Wright and Paul Bedford, the former an admirable comedian of the unctuous W. E. Burton type, supplied the fun of the latter. J. B. Buckstone directed the fortunes of the Haymarket Theatre, and had collected about him a good working company, the members of which would in these times be voted dull and heavy. For nearly twenty years this same troupe went on interpreting old comedies, occasional farces, and now and then a new play, in their drowsy, old-fashioned manner, and the theatre was supported by the well-to-do *bourgeoisie* and respectable tradespeople of the West End. When one of the old men of the Haymarket who, for instance, represented youths and dashing lovers, died off, it was amusing to hear the sad speculations as to who could worthily fill his place. The provinces were usually scoured to look up a man about the right age for the rôles in question, as youth was not to be thought of for a moment. Very young men, no matter how bright or apt they were, obtained no recognition here. I remember one day totting up the combined ages of the six leading actors of the company, and they reached the formidable figure of 323 years. The actor who played the "gay dogs" of the old comedies was fifty-six; Mr. Buckstone was quite sixty, and he posed, of course, as the funny man of the establishment. Some of the wags of the day (Horace Mayhew, of *Punch*; Watts Phillips, the dramatist, and Frank Talfourd, the son of Judge Talfourd, who wrote Ion—*ay de mie* they are all gathered to their fathers)—well, these *beaux esprits* used to say that dear chirpy old Mr. Buckstone had a formula when he engaged an actor, and it went, as near as I can remember, something like this:

Buckstone—Do you wear your own hair?

Applicant—No.

Buckstone—A wig?

Applicant—Yes, behold! (Takes off wig revealing a shining bald pate.)

Buckstone—How are your legs? I hope they are not too straight. (Applicant stands erect and reveals a gentle bow in his pins.)

Buckstone—How many teeth have you?

Applicant—Three.

Buckstone—One too many, but that can be remedied.

Applicant—Certainly, sir; if we come to terms one can be extracted.

Buckstone—How long have you been in the business?

Applicant—Thirty years. I supported Edmund Kean in his latter days; also the last of the Kembles, and I played with Elliston in his last starring tour in the north of England.

Buckstone—I assume, then, with these experiences, that you know your businessz

Applicant—I hope so. I only require to play under a master like yourself to feel myself a finished artist.

Buckstone—Quite so. Now, how old are you?

Applicant—Fifty-three.

Buckstone.—Capital! I engage you at a salary of £5 a week to play lovers and general utility, when necessary, for the next twenty years. You will begin in the coming piece, which will be played on the first of the month. Good morning, sir. [*Exeunt severally.*]

The composition of the companies of the Haymarket and Adelphi and the eighteen-hundred-and-fast-asleep, musty-fusty, fossilized method of doing the pieces, quite warranted the above skit.

But the old-fashioned manager has departed. The last to clear out was F. B. Chatterton, who for a time controlled Drury Lane in conjunction with poor Paddy Falconer, who was an amiable man and a dramatist of passing merit. The latter gentleman used to get terribly foggy about the speeches in his own plays. One day a piece from his pen, Bonnber of the Drury Lane company, was cast for the heroine, and was given a long-winded speech that she couldn't quite see the point of.

"To whom do I deliver this?" asked the clever little lady.

Falconer, who was unhappily too fond of the fiery untamed sherry of a neighboring hostelry, blinked over the lines and said:

"Well, faith, I forget now to whom that speech should be said. Try it on ——," mentioning one of the characters, "and if it doesn't seem to fit in with his last remark, speak it to the audience. A lovely series of similes and poetic figures like these mustn't be lost."

I remember Burnand, who had just then joined the staff of *Punch*, chaffed this drama in his most rasping style, and Bonnie Dundee had a short life.

The extended love of the drama in England, particularly in London, at the present day, has called into action numbers of men who understand their business and who move with the times. At the head of the managers I unhesitatingly place Augustus Harris. I remember when he was first put in Drury Lane by a speculating friend, the old fogys wagged their heads and granted him a short lease. He can exhibit a proud record, and has succeeded where Macready, Bunn, E. T. Smith and many other competent men failed. I doubt if Garrick ruled the theatre as long as Mr. Harris has controlled it, and I am perfectly sure at no period of the world's history have dramas and pantomimes been so sumptuously and brilliantly mounted and so admirably acted as under the present regime. Drury Lane is no puny place to tackle, by-the-way. It is, perhaps, the largest dramatic theatre in England, if not in Europe; employs armies of people, and is run at never less than $1,500 a day. To keep this vast national establishment successfully going requires brains, methinks.

Mr. Irving is a model manager, and is generous to a fault. He has so recently shown the Americans what he can do in the way of staging plays that it is only necessary to refer to the Lyceum as an establishment that is conducted on severely artistic principles in all its departments.

Wilson Barrett has achieved a large reputation, not only as an actor, but as a stage-manager. Henry Arthur Jones, the author of Hoodman Blind, with whom I crossed the Atlantic last September, speaks of him in terms of enthusiasm, and says he is a thorough master of his art. He certainly managed to introduce into Hamlet new situations and novel stage arrangements that were quite as, if not more, effective than the traditional "business" that most playgoers had been accustomed to from time immemorial. I predict that Mr. Barrett will have a splendid success in the United States. The Americans who have seen him in London are warm in their commendation—a good sign.

Two extremely able men have succeeded Mr. Bancroft as managers of the Haymarket. Mr. Russell is an admirable man of business, and his partner, Mr. Bashford, has had a close connection with theatrical matters. Both are "live" men, and knowing what the public want, will let them have it.

Mr. Thorne, who presides over the destinies of the Vaudeville, in the Strand, is not only an admirable comedian, but a good manager. If he would take a leaf out of the books of two New York *entrepeneurs* like J. M. Hill or Mr. Palmer, for instance, and act more quickly in changing his pieces, and not be so loth to see a play go out of the bill, I think he would thrive even better than he does. As a man Mr. Thorne is beloved by all who know him intimately. In the conduct of the theatre he is ably assisted by the industry and tact of Sydney Alport, who is not only his colleague, but his sincere friend.

C. H. Hawtrey is, I fancy, the newest, if not the youngest manager in London, and has had a rosy road to travel. He brought out The Private Secretary three years ago, and is said to have pocketed £30,000. He shines in the triple capacity of actor, author and manager. He is essentially a man of the times, and snaps his fingers at all traditions.

John Hollingshead is perhaps the most original of the London managers. He is certainly the boldest, and has conducted the Gaiety close upon eighteen years with singular success. Although his theatre is the home of burlesque, and consequently attended by the mashers and swells of the day, he does not hesitate to ridicule his lardy-dardy patrons and turn the laugh on them when a good opportunity offers. He shoots folly as it flies, and spares neither friend nor foe. He tells some wholesome truths to the licensing magistrates, and preaches stern common sense to many of the civic authorities, who stand in need of hearing it now and then. Mr. Hollingshead was, I think, the first manager to explore the music-halls and variety shows in search of talent, and to train the artists thereof into regular actors. Many conspicuous comedians now in receipt of comfortable incomes at recognized theatres owe their promotion to the discerning eye of "practical John," as the journals are fond of calling Mr. Hollingshead.

Of Edgar Bruce, who directs the Princes', and the Messrs. Gatti, who look after the Adelphi, I have left myself little space to speak. They are good, sound, working managers, who keep the public taste directly in view, and have no "fads" to gratify.

Messrs. Kendal and Hare successfully control the St. James, and the plays are arranged that the two managers and the clever wife of Mr. Kendal shall have leading parts. The Alhambra is worked by a board of directors; the Strand is looked after by a syndicate; the Opera Comique is shut half the time, and when Toole is not in town he lets his pretty little bandbox to a company up from the provinces. The Criterion is given over hand and foot to the rapidities and *delassements* of Mr. Charles Wyndham; the Savoy is a gold mine under the generalship of D'Oyly Carte; the Avenue changes hands now and again, but is usually provided with a burlesque and lots of shapely legs—and often does a fair business.

By Zounds! I forget that two London theatres are directed by ladies. *Place aux dames*, forsooth! I ought to have uttered that gallant platitude at the beginning of this article, but "better late than never," and let me say, right here, that Mrs. Anna Conover, who runs the Olympic, is a plucky, pretty little woman, who, in the face of tremendous financial losses that would floor most he-managers, has stuck to her guns nobly, and I hope her liberality and persistent energy will be rewarded some day. She must possess the purse of Fortunatus. Mrs. Conover has resided in Spain, France, Germany and the United States, and is a most accomplished linguist.

Violette Melnotte, the other lady manager, was once a clever chorus singer (I say it to her honor), debuted as an actress in my version of The Bronze Horse at the Alhambra, and now directs the fortunes of the cosy little Comedy Theatre, just off the Haymarket. She is a tall, elegant woman, with a superb, Junoesque form, dresses with exquisite taste, and is highly intelligent and *spirituelle*. Miss Melnotte occasionally acts, and let it be said in her praise, she never ventures out of her artistic depth. As a manageress she displays enterprise and discrimination. At the distance of 3,000 miles across the sea, I throw two wreaths of the fairest flowers at the feet of Mesdames Conover and Melnotte.

My First Appearance.

BY NAT C. GOODWIN.

Like all youngsters who determine upon adopting the stage as a vacation, my wild fancy led me into an ambition, which, it is needless to say, I have never realized. Shakespeare had been my inseperable companion so long that I had memorized the lines of Othello and Richard; and, encouraged by my fond mamma, I really believed myself capable of achieving wonders. I had been successful as a recitationist, and was, no doubt, goaded on, as many another, by the lavish applause of friends upon occasions when "Shamus O'Brien" and "Little Jim" were rendered from the platform of the High School Chapel. Nor is this my only excuse for imagining myself destined to make Edwin Booth pale in comparison with me (I confess to having had such an exalted opinion), for I distinctly remember how I was summoned into the front parlor by my parents, time and time again, and commanded, under penalty of being sent supperless to bed, to speak my little piece for the delectation of a group of admiring neighbors (and the poor old ladies who were forced to be my auditors would talk aside to one another in tones just audible enough to be heard by my fond parents, uttering such comments as "wonderful!" "How like the elder Booth," etc., etc.) Such commendation from those who formed a conspicuous part of Boston's culture, naturally impressed me, and I concluded to adopt the "Tragic muse."

If it had been but yesterday, I should have no fresher recollection of the ecstacy which was mine on the 10th day of November, 1873, when, obeying my mother's call, I left my little study and went to her in the library. She handed me a telegram that had just been delivered, which contained the joyous intelligence that a place had been secured for me in the stock company of the Providence Theatre, of which Mr. William Henderson was then the manager. When I started for that city I was as sure of success as was the sporting gentleman when he remarked to a friend who had backed him to eat a brace of quail a day for sixty days. "Why, pard, make it turkeys and we'll have a walk-over!"

I firmly believed that the American stage had at last found its Edmund Kean; and, as I glanced about me, I pitied my poor fellow passengers who seemed so lamentably unaware of the presence of a young Roscius in their midst. Thought I, "How different will the return trip be. My success shall have been heralded broadcast, my name shall be on every tongue, and I shall receive the homage paid me with lordly condescension." What if I was on my way merely to play second juveniles in an obscure country theatre. Every great achievement must have its insignificant beginning. My opening part was Sir George in a play called "The Bottle," a rather ominous title, by the way, for a *debutant* who had been weaned on a pint of *frapéd* Pommery! Especially when it is considered what sad havoc the reality of the title has created in the rank and file of authors and actors. I had memorized the lines before the first rehearsal, and when I arrived at the theatre my self-consciousness made my new associates apply to me the words of my brother comic, Dixey, "He knows his business!" Every lady and gentleman in the cast had played in the piece before, and, by my exquisite effrontery, I convinced them that I had also. Therefore, the lines were simply mumbled, and, being apt at mimicry, I mumbled with the rest. At the conclusion of the rehearsal, the stage manager, who had been masked in behind the prompt table, stepped out, and with a very dignified, important air, directed that everybody should come to the theatre that evening letter-perfect. This seemed to strike the leading man as a personal allusion (it was he, by the way, who had procured the engagement for me), for he flew into a great rage, and said to the stage manager, who had produced a play of his own some little time before, "When your play was put on I'm sure I spoke all of my lines;" to which the stage manager replied "Yes, Ned, but none of mine!" Ned (it was he of Black Flag fame) was completely nonplussed at this, and, calling the boys out, he took us to an adjacent beer saloon, fittingly acknowledged his "knock out," paid the bill, and dragged me off to his hotel. He was the only one in the company that was "onto me" and endeavored to coach me in the part. But, as I knew all about the business, as a matter of course I declined his proffered aid. I restlessly wandered about the hotel, and although I did not go on till half-past nine, a quarter to five found me waiting at the stage door. When the janitor arrived, half an hour later, I could not convince him that I was the new actor, and the Lord only knows how long I should have waited before he would permit me to enter, if a member of the company, who lived in the theatre building, had not looked out and ended the dispute by vouching for the correctness of my assertion. One by one the several employés arrived, and fully an hour before the curtain arose I was made up. I roamed about the wings and in and out of the green-room, buttoned up in the queerest rig one could imagine. I had hired a wig; some of the boys had suggested fine-cut tobacco for side-whiskers (which suggestion I had adopted); I wore a pair of shoes stuffed with cotton at the toes, and—well, I shall not go into more minute details concerning my apparel; suffice it to say, every article I wore had been indiscriminately borrowed from the members of the company; and, as I weighed but a hundred and ten and the lightest among the rest weighed a hundred and fifty, my appearance may be imagined. The first act being over, my cue was soon to come. Nervous? Not I! My first scene was to follow on the virtuous young girl of the play, grab her around the waist, and exclaim: "So! I have you again, my sweet girl! Why do you avoid me thus?" At last the moment arrived. We were standing in the first entrance conversing, waiting for the scene to close in. Mind you, (I hadn't, but they all thought I had), the stage had not been given as they would be in the performance. In the midst of our conversation, the virtuous young lady's cue came, and she uttered the most demoniac scream I have ever heard, and left me wonder-stricken, expecting me to follow. Before I recovered from the shock produced by what I considered very unladylike conduct upon her part, I was grabbed by the scruff of the neck by the stage-manager and shoved on. Then I realized my time had come. I started in. My God! I could only give vent to a groan. A sea of fathomless visages peered at me from every nook and corner in the vast hall; a deathlike stillness came, broken only by the weird music of the orchestra, and that, too, soon faded away as the musicians awoke to a realizing sense of my position. Then a din, as if thousands of hammers were being vigorously applied to huge anvils, rang in my ears, and I could faintly hear numberless voices calling from the entrances: "So I have you again, my sweet girl!" There I stood, riveted to the spot, my eyes fastened on the man who played second base, whom, I firmly believe to this day, was guying me. After a moment or two, which seemed hours to me, the lady realized my predicament, emitted another fiendish yell, and ran off, at which I uttered a gasp and fell to the stage senseless. When I gained consciousness I was in the green-room, surrounded by the ladies and gentlemen of the company. One said: "Do you think he will play his next scene?" I faintly whispered "Yes!" and did so. What I said nobody ever knew. At the finish of my last scene I rushed out of the theatre in all my make-up—wig, whiskers and all—and waited at the depot for the four o'clock express from New York to carry me back to Boston. I had no thought of my personal appearance, was utterly unconscious of the paint and powder that adorned my face, and the wig—ever so much too large for me than it had been when I put it on—and the fine-cut side-whiskers, gave me no concern whatever. I took a seat in the smoker, and was utterly insensible to the comments which my appearance must have called forth. I was thinking of the ignominious failure I had made of the ruin and wreck of my ambition. Arrived in Boston, I rushed madly through the streets, and reached home just as my family were at breakfast. I burst into the dining-room, fell into my mother's arms, and exclaimed:

"Mother, I can't act; get me a position in a shoe store!"

Harold's Reward.

BY VICTORIA A. SCHILLING.

The afternoon of a sultry day in the latter end of June. Scarce a breath of wind stirs the atmosphere as two fine thoroughbred horses, bearing a lady and gentleman, leisurely trot their winding way through the long and shady glen of Everton. There is no hurry apparent, if we may judge by the easy trot of the animals and the laughing conversation of their riders. The hoofs patter softly on the ground, a low cloud of dust rising behind. Ever and again a merry laugh breaks from the lips of the girl, awaking the echoes of the woods on either side, as some witty remark drops from the lips of her escort. Harold Dalton, whose face is bent much nearer that of his companion than is absolutely necessary, is an intellectual blond of perhaps twenty-four years of age. His light brown hair and eyes give to his countenance a more juvenile appearance than the rather heavy moustache that drops over a well-shaped mouth can take away. His dress and manners are careless and natural, while the aristocratic bearing and haughty carriage of the girl tells a different story of birth and blood.

Of a passionate, romantic nature, Florence Marshall, the only daughter of Colonel Marshall, a glimpse of whose fine mansion on the hillside yonder can yet be seen, in the direct opposite in almost everything to the light-hearted, merry youth, whose steed, apparently of the same nature as himself, prances and gallops now ahead and now behind the other, as though anxious for a race down the long glen to where it ends with an abrupt turning almost at the edge of a cliff overlooking the noble Hudson. A tall, lithe brunette, with a face that in its reposeful moments cannot escape attention by reason of its marked beauty, and which, when lighted up by animation—the dark eyes sparkling, a pretty dimple in the rather pale cheeks—is fairly dazzling—it is little wonder that none of the eligible young men in and about the little village of Hazleton have failed of paying her court.

Yet one and all had retired from the field despairing of success. Where the wealth of the Colonel had been the incentive, the far-sighted beauty had thrown her admirers off with a rebuke that was never forgotten. Where honest admiration was the cause, her kind heart had stopped the farce before it had gone far on its way. "I shall live and die an old maid!" was her oft-repeated and as often laughed at declaration to her nearer friends. The old aristocratic family of the Marshalls cherished their daughter as only an only daughter can be cherished. Though they made no efforts to influence her in any way, their eyes were seldom from her, yet they recognized her good sense and judgment. That her present companion accompanied her on regular afternoon drives had come about most accidentally. Luncheon had barely been finished at the old stone mansion that noon when a servant announced that Peter, the groom, had been taken ill. Ever mindful of the welfare of his menials, the Colonel had dispatched a servant for Dr. Blake, and signified his own intention of taking a drive to the village on important business.

He had scarce been gone ten minutes when the buggy of Harold Dalton was espied coming from the opposite direction toward the house, and a few minutes later the smiling face of the young man was seen at the parlor door. The eldest son of the leading village tradesman—a jolly, happy youth—Harold was rapidly becoming a steady visitor at the Marshall mansion. For a young man who was starting out with an exceedingly small practice to become a very great lawyer, it was passing strange that lounging about the home of the Marshalls could help him in his endeavors. Yet there he was, and in several ways he had proven of great service to the Colonel, while with Mrs. Marshall and Florence he was a great favorite. A few moments conversation and then the three stepped out on the porch.

"Are you not going for your afternoon drive?" asked Harold.

"No, I can't," was Florence's reply as the pretty lips pouted. "Peter is sick. And oh, how I do wish I could take out the new bay this afternoon. His name is ——, and he is a

Giddy Gusher.

There is not a professional person of any consequence in the country who has not met and been courteously entertained by Charles Foster, the once-time famous Spiritualist. Last week, the genial evoker of shades went into the Golden Land to return the visits of 10,000 departed spirits.

Some years ago Foster's brain power began to fail. He lost his "spiritual" pull completely. The gentle taps and noble thumps that used to fairly rouse him so industriously deserted him. He grew misanthropical. He went off and locked himself in the sleepy town of Salem, Mass., and gradually developed so many cranks that he was consigned to an asylum as insane. Finally, as his dementia showed no dangerous phase, and his recovery was decided to be impossible, the gentle invalid was taken home. His lower extremities were partially paralyzed, and that dread numbness of the brain that preceded paralysis in poor McCullough's case succeeded it in Foster's.

He has had good friends. A sturdy, sensible, old aunt has cared for him like a mother for many years, and he has had many friends faithful to him to the end.

* * *

When the Weathersby sisters first came to Boston, they became acquainted with Charley, and as Charley's first act, when he met congenial spirits, was to introduce the Gusher to them, through him I met the lovely sisters, who have doubly returned the hospitality he showed them when they were strangers in a strange land.

When Lizzie was playing in Boston the pleasant little Foster homestead was the Mecca of many a Saturday night pilgrimage, and many a jolly Sunday have we all spent together with the Fosters.

One night, after much music and more talk, we gathered round the table "to hike ghosts," as I respectfully called the disturbance. We had some interesting communications from Christopher Columbus and George Washington, because in order to keep the seance in an entertaining groove, we avoided calling up our grandmothers and great-aunts, and contented ourselves with such instructive communications as we could get from immortal strangers like Chris and Georgie.

Charles Foster's mother had an affectionate interest in Dr. Watts, and that distinguished hymn-singer gave us many tokens of his perceptive faculties. We asked this pleasant old shade what traits of our personality impressed him most as he took a near-sighted pipe at us from the spirit platform. He complied with the same cheerful alacrity visible in his "How doth the little busy bee," and really furnished some sentences I never forgot. Of Eliza Weathersby he wrote "Steadfast in friendship, her affection endureth to the end."

* * *

That evening and its tributes from Pa Watts are long ago passed from Lizzie's memory; but it has often come back to mine, as I have known of her helpful hand in the stricken home of Charley Foster.

Father and mother died, and the partially insane, wholly invalided son lived on with the faithful old aunt at the little house on Hardy street, and never a month in all those weary years of poverty and illness but some token of remembrance or some cheering letter was received from the sisters. Charley Foster had a thousand—yes, in his lifetime, ten thousand pounds—but old Watts called the turn when he said of Lizzie Weathersby-Goodwin: "Steadfast in friendship, her affection endureth to the end."

* * *

Charley Foster deserved good friends. He was liberal as a prince—the soul of good fellowship. Business never stood in the way of pleasure. He was easy to anger, but quick to forgive. He was as impulsive and unreasonable as a boy, but he was affectionate, charitable, thoroughly sympathetic and wholly improvident. A strange, whimsical, unaccountable fellow, but with all his freaks much more lovable than the methodical, reliable chumps who can conceal their faults and travel unchallenged with the Y. M. C. A.

* * *

Every one who knows the Gusher knows that he is a hard-hearted, level-headed old pirate, who can't be taken in tow by a tugboat very [illegible] In the doctrine of spiritualism she [illegible] as in aerial navigation, but [illegible] done by Charles Foster puzzled [illegible] more than anything she [illegible]

[illegible] acquaintance of fifteen [illegible] very strange phenom- [illegible] but in the course I received [illegible] Dolly Daven- [illegible] one day to go [illegible] friend

Commodore Vanderbilt lived next door. On the way there Mr. Baker said he had been sending money to Mexico or Texas—I don't remember now exactly which—in order that the graves of two sisters might be properly cared for, and he felt anxious to know how the work had been done. "I think I'll ask the spirits about that business," said Mr. Baker, as we entered the apartments of the seer.

If there was ever anything in the world dissimilar, it was the manners and appearance of Foster and his profession. A large, heavy-faced man, given entirely to the good things of life; a *bon vivant* of the most decided kind; jolly as a sand-boy, eternally smoking, always smiling. A really handsome pair of eyes lighted as earthy a face as you'd find round an Aldermanic Board.

He would sit with a client in seance and talk of all sorts of things between raps and communications.

"On this my first interview with him we were all in the liveliest mood. Dolly was the gayest actor in town wherever we chanced to be. Baker was a quietly genial man, and it's hardly necessary to say anything of the Gusher. She was never very melancholy. We wrote the names of some dead friends on little strips of paper and rolled or twisted them up and flung them upon the centre of the table. I don't think we raised one of the spooks called for, but presently unbidden there arrived quite a family party of 'em.

"I am under powerful control," said Charley. "You can send me in mesmeric fashion to any place this morning."

Baker thought of his tombstones and wrote on a slip of paper, "Learn if the Armstrongs are faithful to their trust."

Charley took the cigar out of his mouth, shut his eyes and took an interior view of the situation. "I see two lovely graves," said he, "on which cactus is growing. They are well fenced in, carefully weeded and properly tended. Rest assured those people are earning their money."

* * *

I began to be interested. Charley left Mexico, having answered Mr. Baker's dimly written inquiry, and turned to me. "You have two children in the spirit land Mrs. ——."

I was a fortunate woman then, I had never known the pleasure and pain of having and losing. No sweet baby face had been lifted to mine for a mother's kiss. No little form had been torn by death from my despairing breast. I had lost no child then, but I put on a sorrowful look that I might lead my informant further astray on the heavy track he had struck.

"Yes, Mrs. ——, you have lost two children, both before they reached the age of six months."

"How do you know the little spirits you see are those of my children, Mr. Foster?"

"Because I see a deep shade of heliotrope color emanating from every outline of your person, and the spirits who come to you of your own family radiate that same color; the depth or faintness of that hue denotes the nearness of relationship. From these two infant spirits there comes the exact shade I see about you. I know they are your children. With them is a guardian angel—a woman who on this earth was as pure and good as it is given to mortals to be. She has the care of your babies and she is your guardian spirit. She will write her name," and seizing a pencil Foster wrote Mary Giddings, the name of an aunt some twelve years dead, of whom I had never thought during this seance.

"Will Mary Giddings write the names of my children?" I asked.

Quick as a flash Charley wrote, "Philip West and Sarah Francis."

I nearly tumbled off my chair, for the names were those of a baby brother and sister—twins—who were my mother's first children, born three years before I was. If any one had asked me how many brothers and sisters I had, I should have said two—one of each kind. I never thought of the little lives that had dawned and faded years before my day had begun—though, of course, in my childhood I had been told of the poor baby brother and sister who had lived but six fleeting months.

* * *

I began to wish I had not meddled with so unaccountable an institution as Spiritualism. I hated to be astonished, and I was thoroughly.

To each one of us Mr. Foster gave some startling proofs of his ability, and finally Dolly said:

"You have told us some wonderful things of the past and the present,—can you not tell us of the future?"

Charley looked dreamily around and with a good-natured laugh answered: "You have got a very unpleasant event hanging over you in the near future, Mr. Baker; and you, Dolly, have got a serious and equally unpleasant one in the more remote future, and by your misfortune, Dolly, this lady," pointing to me, "will benefit."

Oh, I treasured up that prediction, being completely infatuated by the strange details of the afternoon. Then we took leave of our very hospitable host, and slowly we three walked to my home on Fifteenth street. A man was kicking his heels at the gate, who at our entrance eyed poor little Mr. Baker greedily, tapped him on the shoulder, and served a warrant in some action, brought by a partner in business over at the Opera House. That night Lewis Baker slept in Ludlow Street Jail, and the unpleasantness predicted fairly began. Dolly stayed around New York for a month or so more, got an engagement in New Orleans, and started by steamer to fill it. On board ship he tumbled down a hatchway, broke one of his dear legs, and was carted to a hospital on his arrival. While the good Sisters were nursing him to health, I wrote him a long and full account of everything in New York calculated to interest a man with a broken leg.

* * *

So Dolly one day went to Mr. Knapp, editor of the St. Louis *Republican*, and Dolly gave him one of my invigorating letters to read as a specimen of the treatment he was receiving. I got an offer by the next mail to go on that paper as New York correspondent. So the prediction was completely fulfilled. I benefited by Dolly's misfortune.

* * *

In all the ensuing years I kept up an intimate friendship with Foster, and I add my testimony to that of princes and wise men. He was a marvellous man.

In Charley's company I met the other notable spook-hikers, but no one of 'em approached the throne of Foster. I know Fanny Davenport remembers the time he took us to a very famous party who materialized, and had no end of physical phenomena to exhibit. We sat round a large table and the operator made us pile our right hands in a sort of mound in the middle. First was Fanny's hand and then a his own on top. We began to get pulled about the legs of our chairs; a battered old accordeon flopped off a shelf; then the Professor looked steadily at a corner, of the room where he said a "curiosity was evolving." Of course we all studied that corner, and as our attention was thus distracted, up between the table and Fanny came something like a hand. It flashed into sight and vanished in a second.

"Oh, did you see that materialized hand?" cried the prophet. We all thought we did, and we looked out sharp for the next one. The operator kept a close grip on our hands and prevented our having much freedom of action; but when another luminosity was occupying the gentleman's close attention, there was another hand materialization and we caught the Professor's foot clad in a black silk stocking, made like a mitt, to let all his long toes out, returning expeditiously into a loose patent-leather pump. We broke up that seance in short order. But Charley tried to help the impostor out.

"He's a fool," said Foster. "He does some wonderful things, but he wants to do more, and adds these idiotic tricks to his really great abilities." Generous Charley Foster! May all your faults be as gently considered as you were wont to consider the failings of others. He was good-hearted, and in some things wrong-headed; but, "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

* * *

Not to be outdone by a little thing like Newark or a journalist like Wheeler, I went and got bitten by a dog last Monday week. The dog who bit Nym Crinkle is still sane, and the animal who ate some of me is yet unharmed by his meal. I thought of fleeing to Pasteur, but concluded to wait a week, and then go and try Tony, our own dear Pastor.

The way of it was this: The Gusher has a few dogs, among them a magnificent setter, who weighs nearly a hundred pounds, and a bull that weighs quite that. We three were having our usual midday exercise, when Scotty, the bull, jumped suddenly upon me as we neared some steps, and the entire party, Scotty, Miss Perk and the Gusher tumbled to the bottom, Miss Perk found herself going and jumped. Scotty lost his legs, and whether he undertook to save me or tried to catch on himself, I don't know; but his big white fangs struck into my right elbow, and the consequences have been very unpleasant. No Gusher last week, and a lugubrious epistle for Xmas time this. But Scotty and I are both convalescing, and we will start the next week (*Deo volente*) in merry shape.

May every stocking be full and every heart happy, is the honest wish of your injured but

GIDDY GUSHER.

The Musical Mirror.

The German opera repeated its successes during the past week, notably The Queen of Sheba, whose full, voluptuous, but not o'er grown bulk, has caught the fancy of the day. It is just such materially refined but mentally coarse audiences as those of our upper classes, that music and spectacle, like those of Goldmark's Oriental opera, most strongly appeals to. Its success is truly a *succes de luxe*. The Wagnerian operas have comparatively failed to draw, because, being more difficult to present worthily on the stage, they have been rather slovenly done. It is one thing to put upon the stage a mere earthly scene of splendor and wealth, and another to realize the misty fakes of Northern myths, and bring them before a skeptical public, without risk of ridicule. Musically, all the productions of this season have been sterling and fully up to the promised mark.

* * *

Amorita still pleases and draws. The Mandolin chorus, the artists' chorus, and the duet between Amorita and Fra Bombarda are, as always, the tripod that supports the rest of the work. As for the scenery, machinery, dresses and decorations, the band and the chorus, they are superb.

* * *

The Mikado at the Fifth Avenue Theatre loses nothing in its attraction by repetition. We should not be surprised if it run till the crack of doom, when the legitimate and only true performers shall be among the lambs, while the piratical invaders of right shall be where they belong—among the goats.

* * *

The Koster and Bial burlesque Mikado is also doing well, and a very pleasant evening can be spent in that fairy temple of diversion.

* * *

M. De Kontski gave a very agreeable matinee on Saturday last. The pianist himself is well known here, and his powerful, clean playing gave due effect to Weber's brilliant allegro from the Sonata in A flat, and also to the selection from the symphony in D major, by Beethoven, transcribed for the piano. Mr. E. Schultz, who has a sweet and powerful tenor voice, sang with great feeling and taste. an extremely ill chosen song of Schubert, "On the Sea," which, though very beautiful, is more a thing to dream over in the moonlight at one's own piano, than to bring forth into the glare of gas at a concert. As is usual whenever she appears, Mme. Caroline Zeiss made the most profound impression on the audience. Her powerful, well-toned and well-trained mezzo-soprano voice, and her thorough artistic school, in which qualities she has no equal here, riveted the best attention of all who know what really perfect singing is, and her *fioriture* vocalization in Rossini's aria from Il Barbiere, "Una voce pocofa," was delivered in a style unheard before for many a long year.

* * *

Herr Jean Joseph Bott's concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening was the pleasantest affair of the kind we have attended for a long time past. Herr Bott is a great violinist, in the most extended sense of the term—*great*. His tone is sweet, full and pure; his intonation absolutely perfect, a rare quality in fiddle-players now a-days; his execution clear, brilliant and crisp; his bowing free, strong and accurate, and, as a neighbor of ours remarked, "He makes the fiddle speak"—the said fiddle being a gem among instruments, a real mellow Strad, worth untold sums. His composition, of which he modestly gives us only one example, is far above the usual standard of solo players' pieces of display, was contrasted. Mr. Mon played, with exquisite skill and glib execution, a very unsatisfactory and pretentious conglomeration of unconnected platitudes by that musical charlatan, the Abbe Liszt, and played it in a manner that made us wish that he had devoted his talent and labor to a more grateful subject. Julietta Corden (Thompson) is a very pretty girl, with a lovely soprano voice, which she makes to discourse most eloquent music. She is simply delightful, and has a great career before her—if she get not spoiled. Her Batté Batté, with Mueller's charming 'cello obligato, was a treat indeed. This latter artist has mellowed into a glorious player since we last heard him—now some four years—his deep Sierra-brown tone is rich and satisfying to the ear. Nevertheless, we do most heartily object to that intrusive, uncongenial interpolation in Schubert's lovely serenade, which needs no such meretricious trappings. The obligato forced into the thread of the composition, is mere impertinence. Only contrast it with the aforesaid 'cello obligato to Mozart's song. One is like a thread of gold intertwisted in the woof; the other is like a yard of tinsel tied on a garment by an idiot. We prefer our Schubert straight. Mr. Mueller is a fine artist, nevertheless. We are given to understand that Miss Corden is engaged by Mapleson for next season. So we shall have at least one fresh voice and good singer.

* * *

At the Star Theatre The Black Hussar, with its pretty music, pretty girls and funny situations, pleases greatly. Do we want to learn to forget our worries—"Read the answer in the stars."

Fanny Davenport's Plans.

Before leaving town on Sunday Edwin H. Price, manager of Fanny Davenport, was seen by a representative of THE MIRROR at the Everett House. Mr. Price looked none the worse for his recent illness; his face glowed with good health and good nature. and he settled back contentedly in an easy-chair, took a few puffs from a fragrant Reina with the complacency bred of true love for the weed, and announced that he was ready to submit to our interviewer's inquisition.

"Before you start on your tour of the South and West, Mr. Price," began the reporter, "THE MIRROR would like to have you tell its readers something about Miss Davenport's season, her immediate prospects and her future professional plans."

"I shall be happy to oblige THE MIRROR in this respect," replied the manager, "but we must be brief, for I am due at the depot in Jersey City an hour hence."

"To facilitate matters, suppose we dispense with the usual categorical questions and answers?" suggested the reporter. "I will phonograph your remarks."

"Very good," responded Mr. Price. "In the first place let me say that the financial and artistic success of my wife in Fedora this season has gratifyingly corresponded with her previous tours in Sardou's great play. The past week she has rested in order to relax the strain which the impersonation of such an exacting character necessarily imposes. From now on until the latter part of April there will be no interruption in the tour. After covering the principal stands on the Pennsylvania circuit we visit Washington and Philadelphia, and then—about the middle of January—strike into the South with New Orleans for the objective point. After that engagements will be filled in a number of the large Western cities.

"The strain upon my wife's strength in playing the Princess Fedora I have already alluded to. She has determined in consequence to appear only occasionally in it next season—not at all because the drawing power of the drama has lessened, but solely for the reason stated. Her plan is to play her large repertoire, including (beside her favorite roles of Rosalind, Leah, Imogene, Camille, Lady Gay Spanker and Nancy Sykes) several strong parts in new and excellent plays which have been secured. Many requests have been made by managers and play-goers for the revival of the pieces in which she was such a potent attraction before she devoted herself exclusively to the presentation of Fedora.

"Of the *personnel* of the company that will support her, as usual with us, it will be the best, and will comprise ladies and gentlemen especially qualified to support a star who appears in this varied repertoire. Carefully drilled and rehearsed by my wife personally, it will give representations of the most finished description. The next season will open in New York, early in the Autumn, when an extended engagement will be played at one of the best theatres. The date has already been secured.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Price, glancing suddenly at his watch, "I haven't a moment more to spare. Good bye 'until the flowers bloom in the Spring,'" and with a hearty shake of the hand he summoned a servant to remove his portmanteau. The reporter, after wishing the clever manager good-luck and the compliments of the holiday season, took his leave.

The Story of Hoodman Blind.

ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 13.

It is the dead of night. An old man lies dying—an old, old man, whose life has been a stormy one, but whose latter days have passed in peace; not a good old man, but one who has repented of the evil he has wrought, and would repair it—too late. He has deserted wife and child, married another woman, and become father to another daughter. On his death-couch his remorse makes him strive to undo the past, but his nephew, Mark Lezzerd, and his infamous partner, Kridge, both of whom the dying old man trusts implicitly, betray that trust and basely burn the will, which the old man has signed and they have witnessed, and which gives his wealth equally to his two daughters, Jess and Nance, who are ignorant of each other's existence. The burning of the will arouses the death-stricken man from that swoon of coming dissolution that has led the villains to believe him departed. [illegible] a last

He dies in the struggle, and the guilty pair slink out from the scene of their crime.

It is a bright, joyous day, and a gay wedding party has assembled to celebrate the nuptials of a happy young shoeing smith and veterinary surgeon and his blooming bride. Old lovers crowd round for the bridal kiss. One, a discarded sweetheart, tries to repeat the operation, but is met by the bridegroom with an intimation that the lady is "private property now," and retires, with the others, disconsolate. The handsome young husband of Nance, who has been a wild lad, but is now a model of propriety and marital affection, comes home and is met by his young wife with love and kisses. Nance finds out that there is money owing, and plans how to pay it unknown to her husband. Her savings and her hens' eggs will make up the sum needed, and he shall only hear of the debt by seeing the receipt. Kridge and Lezzerd come in his absence to tell Heulett, the husband, that the mortgage on his house and farm is overdue and will be foreclosed; and Heulett spurns Kridge but still believes in Lezzerd. He, meeting Nance, madly declares his love and tries for a kiss. Repulsed, he plans vengeance, and, meeting Jess and her gypsy lover, he bribes the girl to personate Nance and leads Heulett to a lonely spinney, where he sees his wife, as he supposes, locked in the embrace of a common tramp. Maddened at the sight, he attacks the gypsy, and is about to kill him, when Lezzerd interferes, and the tramp makes his escape with Jess. Heulett rushes home, crazed with rage and grief; accuses his innocent wife of unfaithfulness, and flies his home, his wife and his child in wild despair.

It is evening in a miserable London garret. Nance is busy at lace-making to give her child bread. The boy is hungry, and sadly says that "it is such a long time till supper one we has had no dinner." The veterinary surgeon and his wife suddenly come in, having discovered Nance's retreat by accident. The generous fellow is shocked at his cousin and play-fellow's misery, and pretends to be hungry that he may find an excuse for offering them food. Nance tells her story and agrees to go back to Abbot's Creslow, their native village, to "brass it down," as her cousin advises.

It is night; on the London wharves, in a tumble-down ruin, Jack Heulett has taken refuge. He has found a poor little crippled lad, whom he has taken to his heart made desolate by his wife's guilt. He loves the lad because he craves something to love, and as he has lost his own little Kit he puts this waif into the vacant, aching place in his heart where once his own little son had nestled. He has kept a photograph of his wife, and the waif recognizes the face, and tells Heulett that he knows her well, and has often seen her with Gpysy Tom hugging and kissing. Heulett, crazed with jealous madness, rushes off, followed by the lad.

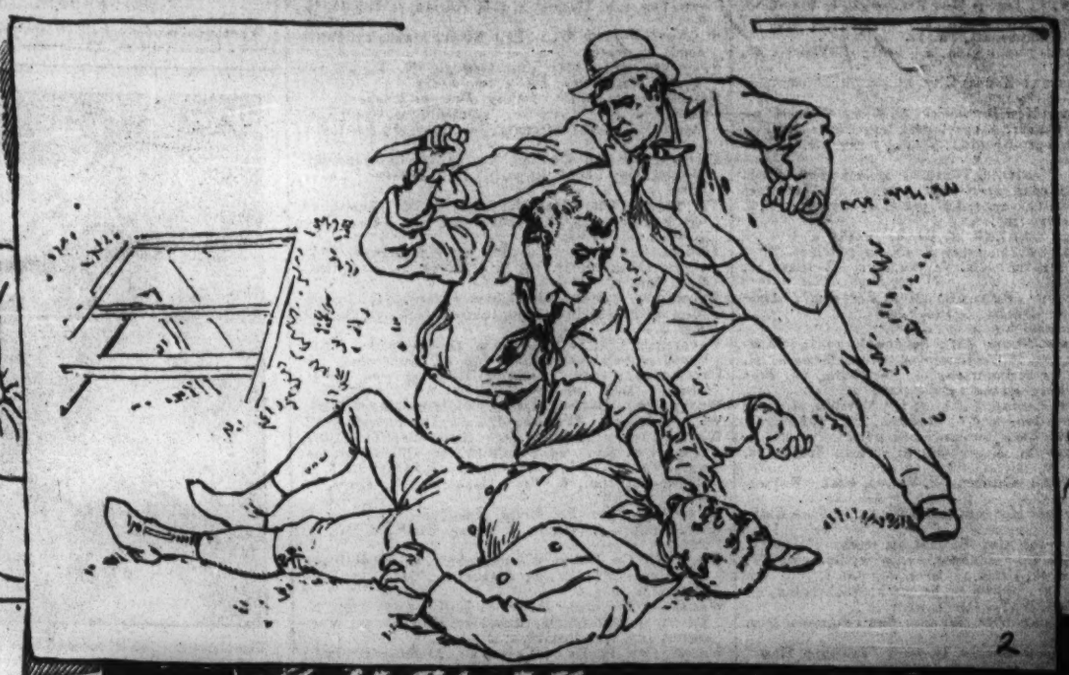
It is the small hours in a boozing-ken—Tuite's Cosey. Gypsy Tom is drinking with his companions and making fierce love to a buxom girl, who, nothing loth, responds to his advances freely and frankly. Jess comes in, ragged, starved, dying. She sees the man for whom she has lied, thieved and tramped, but to whom she has been faithful and true, in the arms of another. She pitifully tries to sing—to dance—but drops exhausted. The gypsy mocks at her, and goes off with his new girl. Broken-hearted, Jess rushes to find the only refuge left to her—the river—the dark and silent river that washes away so much crime and misery in London.

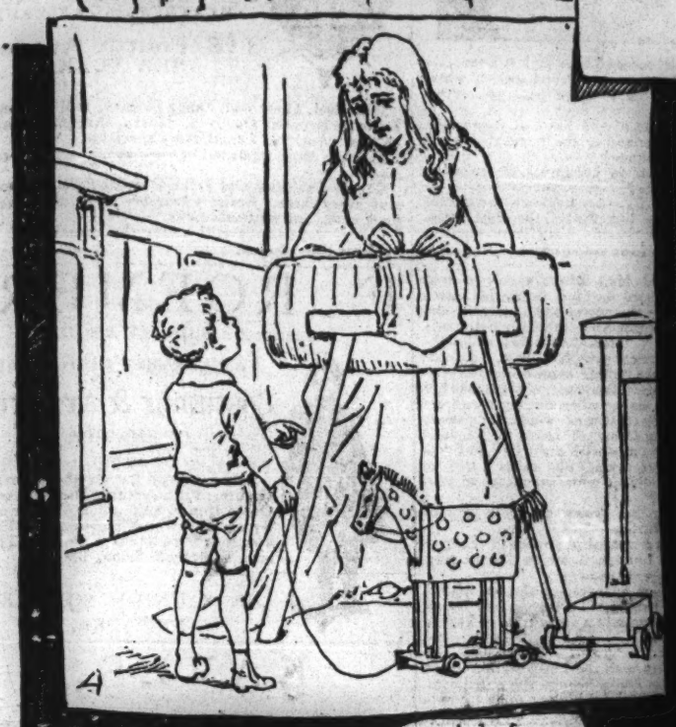
It is midnight on the Thames Embankment. Cleopatra's Needle stands up lone and mysterious in the moonlight, guarded by its attendant Sphinx whose grave eyes seem to gaze into the future. In the distance is the railway bridge to Charing Cross; beyond is Westminster, with its Houses of Parliament and the celebrated Clock Tower from which "Big Ben" booms forth his thunder-tones. The lights of the Embankment sweep in a bold curve between. All is silent. The latest wanderer has departed to rest, or unrest, as the case might be. Jess—poor, deserted, true-hearted Jess—drags herself to the steps, under the awful shadow of the relic of ancient days, to seek a shadow more awful still—the Shadow of Death. She climbs painfully down the steps. Heulett rushes on, half-wild with despair and jealousy. He, too, seeks that dread shadow; but seeing a woman drowning, his man's heart rises above his own misery, and he drags her back to life. He sees her face under the moonbeams reflected by the mystic Sphinx, and recognizes his wife. His soul melts to pity and forgiveness. He calls her by her name—"Nance! Nance!" "Who calls me Nance? My name is Jess. My father was a gentleman. He left me and mother to starve." Not Nance? Yet Nance's very image. He sees it all. Fool! fool! to be tricked—deceived. Great God, her sister! "Sister," sighs poor Jess; "have I a sister? I never knew it. Give my sister, when I am gone, Jess' dear love, and tell Tom—I was—true to him—to the last." And she goes to her rest forever.

It is broad day in Abbot's Creslow. Lezzerd is at his wits' end. The police are after him. He flies to his old accomplice, Kridge, but meets a cold reception. He must have shelter that night; money to escape with under cover of darkness. Kridge denies him both. He throws Kridge into the cellar, breaks open the miser's safe, and is escaping with his booty, when Heulett meets him at the door and drags him out to confess his guilt before all the people. Nemesis is at hand.

It is noon in Abbot's Creslow Market Place. Heulett holds Lezzerd fast at the Market Cross, and forces him to own that he planned the trick by which Jess and Nance were mistaken for each other. Then he lets the craven wretch go, only to be met and arrested for the murder of old Lendon. Kridge turns Queen's evidence, but is taken off also. Nance is cleared before the whole village. Poor Tom Jet, the waif, is introduced to the true Kit. Heulett asks his wife's forgiveness, but she tells him that "she forgave him long ago," and all are happy.

This is the story of Hoodman Blind, which will be illustrated by a fine company under the management of T. Henry French and Frank W. Sanger, after its New York run, through-





HOODMAN BLIND.—1. "THAT'S PRI-VATE PROPERTY." 2. THE FIGHT AT THE SPINNEY. 3. THE PARTNERS BURN THE WILL. 4. NANCE AND KIT IN LONDON. 5. JA[illegible] TOMTIT—THE RAT'S ROOST. 6. "THIS IS THE GIRL FOR ME." 7. CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, THE THAMES EMBANKMENT—DEATH OF JESS. 8. LEZZERD DRIVEN TO BAY. 9. THE PUBLIC VINDICATION OF NANCE—THE VILLAGE CROS[illegible] ABBOT'S CRESLOW.

DATES AHEAD.

[illegible] will favor us by [illegible] dates, and mailing the same [illegible] to us at Monthly.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

[illegible] Woman Co.: Annapolis, Md., 26; Baltimore, 27, week; Brooklyn, E. D., Jan. 4, week; Brooklyn, 11, week.

[illegible]: Chicago, 27, week; St. Louis, 28, week.

[illegible] Pixley: Baltimore, 21, week; Washington, 28, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 4, week; Norfolk, Va., 11; Lynchburg, 12; Knoxville, Tenn., 14; Atlanta, Ga., 15, 16; Augusta, 18.

[illegible] Moore: Cincinnati, 21, week; Pittsburg, 28, week; Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week.

[illegible] Grau: Chicago, 21, week; Valparaiso, Ind., 28; La Porte, 29; South Bend, 30; Kalamazoo, Mich., 31; Muskegon, Jan. 1.

Boyd's Dare Co.: Detroit, Mich., 21, 23, 26; Chicago, 28, week; Indianapolis, Jan. 4, week; Louisville, 18, week; Cincinnati, 25, week.

Arthur Rehan's Co.: Brooklyn, E. D., 21, week.

Alice Harrison: Salt Lake City, 24, 25, 26; Stockton, Cal., 28; Los Angeles, 29; San Francisco, Jan. 4, two weeks.

Alcott in Louisa Co.: Chicago, 14, two weeks; Milwaukee, 28, week.

Annie Ehrin: Plainfield, N. J., 23.

Abbey's Uncle Tom Co.: Oswego, N. Y., 23.

Bowers Comedy Co.: Louisville, 24, 25, 26.

Bella Moore: Richmond, Va., 24, 25, 26; Hagerstown, Md., 28; Chambersburg, Pa., 29; Harrisburg, 30; Williamsport, 31; Scranton, Pa., Jan. 1, 2; Brooklyn, 4, week; N. Y. City, 11, week.

Barlow-Campbell's Paquita: Detroit, 21, week.

Boyd Dare Co.: Brooklyn, E. D., 21, week.

Boyd Dare Co. (South): Philadelphia, 21, week.

Baker and Farron: Buffalo, 24, 25, 26; Detroit, 28, 29, 30; Jan. 1, 2.

Boyd Dramatic Co. (Louise Forster): Canada, N. Y., 21, week; Weehawken, 28, week; Havana, Jan. 4, week; Boyd's, 21, week.

Barney McAuley: Topeka, Kas., 24; Lawrence, 25; Leavenworth, 26; Nevada, Mo., 27; Fort Scott, Kas., 28; Sedalia, Mo., 29; Little Rock, Ark., 8, 9; Memphis, 11.

Boniface Co.: Jersey City, 24, 25, 26.

Bunce & Kerr Co.: Syracuse, 24, 25, 26; Buffalo, 28, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 4, week; Baltimore, 11, week; Brooklyn, E. D., 18, week.

Boston Comedy Co.: Natick, Mass., 24; New Bedford, 25; Fall River, 26.

Bowers-Hill Comb.: Youngstown, O., 23; Sharon, Pa., 24; Cleveland, 28, week; Chicago, Jan. 4, week; Columbus, O., 11, week; Chicago, 18, week.

Boyd's Flag Co.: Springfield, Ill., 29, 30.

Barry Dramatic Co.: Bloomington, Ill., 21, week.

Bella Germain: Fort Worth, 23, 24; Dallas, 25, 26; Waco, 28, 29; Springfield, Mo., 30, 31.

Charlotte Thompson: Troy, Jan. 1, 2.

Clarke Scott: Milford, Mass., 21, week; Gloucester, 28, week.

Coca-Vay Talbot: Jamestown, N. Y., 21, week; Massillon, O., 28, week.

C. W. Couldock: Memphis, 24, 25, 26; Huntsville, Ala., 28; Chattanooga, Tenn., 29; Rome, Ga., 30; Birmingham, Ala., 31; Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 1; Macon, 2; Augusta, 3; Columbia, S. C., 6; Greenville, 7; Spartanburg, 8.

Clara Morris: N. Y. City, Jan. 4, two weeks; Washington, 18, week.

Carrie Swain: Detroit, 21, week; Bath, N. Y., 28; Ithaca, 29; Cortland, 30; Bridgeport, Ct., 31; Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 1, 2.

Cameron Dramatic Co: Athens, O., 21 to 24; Parkersburg, W. Va., 25, 26; Gallipolis, 27, week.

Cyril Searle: Albany, 28, week.

Daly Vacation Co.: Chicago, 21, week; Nashville, Tenn., 28, 29, 30; Memphis, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Hot Springs, Ark., 4; Little Rock, 5, 6; Helena, 7; Vicksburg, 8, 9; New Orleans, 11, week.

D. E. Bandmann: Cincinnati, 21, week.

Duncan Thompson: Brattleboro, Vt., 24; Springfield, Mass., 25; Keene, N. H., 26; Manchester, 28; Pittsfield, 29; Concord, 30; Beverly, Mass., 31; Portland, Me., Jan. 1, 2; Brunswick, 4; Gardiner, 5; Richmond, 6; Augusta, 7; Bangor, 8; Skowhegan, 9; Waterville, 11; Lewiston, 12; Haverhill, Mass., 13; Lowell, 14; Lawrence, 15; Lynn, 16.

Dickinson Murray: Albany, 21, week; Troy, 28, week.

Devil's Auction: Philadelphia 21, two weeks; Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week; Boston, 11, week.

Dan Sully's Comedy Concert: Providence, 24, 25, 26; Alexandria, Va., 28; Petersburg, 29; Lynchburg, 30; Knoxville, Tenn., 31; Jan. 1; Chattanooga, 2; Nashville, 4, 5; Memphis, 7; Atlanta, 8, 9.

Downing's Tally-Ho Co.: Wichita, Kas., 25, 26.

Dean Comedy Co.: Grocery No. 2: Des Moines, 24; Cedar Rapids, Jan. 1.

Dunn Davis Co.: Brooklyn, E. D., week; Williamsport, Pa., 28; Elmira, N. Y., 29; Binghamton, 30; Albany, 31, Jan. 1, 2.

Effie Ellsler: Owego, N. Y., 23; N. Y. City, 28, week; Pittsburg, Jan. 4, week; Baltimore, 11, week; Washington, 18, week.

Estelle Clayton (Fayette): Baltimore, 21, week; Philadelphia, 28, week.

Ethel Tucker Co.: Newark, 21, week.

E. R. Dalton's Co.: Madison, 21, week.

Edwin Booth: Boston, 28, three weeks.

Edwin Arden's Co.: Troy, 21, week; Philadelphia, 28 week; Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week; Montreal, 11, week.

Evans and Hoey: St. Louis, 21, week; Chicago, 28, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 4, week.

Eva Kendall: Kansas City, 23, 26; St. Louis, 28, week.

Emmet Comedy Co.: Adrian, Mich., 21, week.

Emerald's Co.: New Haven, 24, week; Danbury, Ct., 25; Bethlehem, Pa., 26; Hagerstown, 24; Cumberland, 28; Collinsville, Ind., 28; Zanesville, O., 29; Springfield, Ill., 30; Crawfordsville, Ind., 31; Brazil, Jan. 1; St. Louis, 4, week; Louisville, 11, week.

Edwin Stuart Co.: La Porte, Ind., 21, week; Ottawa, Ill., 31.

Eastwood Comedy Co.: Hamilton, Ont., 21, week.

Fanny Davenport: Wilkesbarre, Pa., 24; Scranton, 25; Binghamton, N. Y., 26; Meadville, Pa., 29; Scranton, 30; Ft. Wayne, Ind., Jan. 9.

Fantasma Co.: Providence, 21, week; New Haven, 28, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 4, week.

Fanny Mountcastle: Terre Haute, Ind., 21, week.

Frank Bayton: Olean, N. Y., 26; Butler, Pa., 29.

Felix Vincent: Burlington, Ia., 21, week; Ottumwa, 28, week.

Florences (Mr. and Mrs.): Chicago, 21, two weeks; St. Louis, Jan. 4, week; Kansas City, 11, 12, 13; Plattsmouth, Neb., 14; Omaha, 15, 16; Denver, 18, week; Cheyenne, W. T., 25, 26; Lincoln, Neb., 28; St. Joseph, Mo., 29, 30.

Frank Mayo: Boston, 21, week; Brooklyn, 28, week.

Fred. Warde: Houston, Tex., 24, 25, 26; San Antonio, 28, 29, 30; Austin, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Waco, 4, 5; Ft. Worth, 6, 7; Dallas, 8, 9; Greenville, 10; Paris, 11, 13; Hot Springs, Ark., 14; Little Rock, 15, 16.

Fenn Rock's Co.: Newark, 21, week; Albany, 28, week; Rochester, Jan. 4, week; Troy, 11, week; Montreal, 18, week.

Frederick Seward Co.: Fort Wayne, Ind., 21 to 24; Tiffin, O., 25 to Jan. 2.

Fun on the Bristol: Quincy, Ill., 25.

Frank Frayne: Cohoes, N. Y., 25, 26.

Galley Slave Co.: Cleveland, 21, week.

George C. Miln: Atlanta, Ga., 24, 25; Anniston, Ala., 26; Birmingham, 28; Selma, 29; Meridian, Miss., 30; Vicksburg, 31.

Gardiner's Dramatic Comb.: Baltimore, 21, week; Harlem, 28, week.

Grace Hawthorne: San Francisco, 21, three weeks.

Gus Williams: Boston, 21, week; N. Y. City, 28, week; Baltimore, Jan. 4, week.

Gardiner's Zozo Co.: Henderson, Ky., 24; Evansville, Ind., 25, 26; Louisville, 28, week; Crawfordsville, Ind., Jan. 4; 5; Terre Haute, 6, 7; Danville, Ill., 8, 9; Decatur, 11, 12; Bloomington, 13, 14; Joliet, 15, 16; Ottawa, 18, 19; Streator, 20, 21; Springfield, 22, 23; St. Louis, 25, week.

George Fawcett Rowe (Pop): Washington, 28, week.

Gilbert's Called Back Co.: Paterson, N. J., Jan. 4, week; New London, Ct., 11, week.

Henry Chanfrau: Baltimore, 21, week; Syracuse, 28, week; Chicago, Jan. 4, week; Brooklyn, 11, week.

Hoyt of Gold Co.: Philadelphia, 21, week.

Helen Adell: Brooklyn, 21, week.

Her Atonement Co.: Waterbury, Ct., 25, 26.

Helene Dauvray: N. Y. City—indefinite.

Helen Desmond: Warren O., 21, week; Ravenna, 28 [illegible]; Newcastle, Pa., 31, Jan. 1; Union City, 2; Jamestown, N. Y., 4, week.

Hemby's People's Theatre Co.: Rutland, Vt., 21, two weeks.

Harry Webber: Indianapolis, 21, week.

Harry Kirke Co.: Pittsburg, 21, week; Cleveland, 28, week.

[illegible] Co.: Columbus, O., 21, week; London, [illegible], week.

[illegible]: Brooklyn, 21, week; Providence, 28, week.

[illegible] Co.: E. Saginaw, Mich., 25, 26; Grand Rapids, 27, 28; Cincinnati, 4, week.

[illegible] Castro Co.: New Orleans, [illegible], Tex., 28, 29; Galveston, 30, 31; Austin, 6, 7; Waco, 8; [illegible], 11; Wheeling, W. Va., 23; [illegible], week; N. Y. City, Jan. 4, week.

[illegible], two weeks; Memphis, [illegible], Jan. 1, 2; St. Louis, 4, week.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 4; New Brunswick, 5; Plainfield, 6; Paterson, 7; Easton, Pa., 8; Scranton, 9; Elmira, N. Y., 11; Williamsport, Pa., 12.

J. K. Emmet: Washington, 21, week; Baltimore, 28, week.

John A. Stevens: Kansas City, 24, 25, 26; Chicago, 28, week.

J. S. Murphy: New Brunswick, N. J., 24; Newark, 25, 26; Red Bank, 28; Asbury Park, 29; Lancaster, Pa., 30; Columbia 31; Reading, Jan. 1; Pottsville, 2; Milton, 3.

J. B. Polk: Nashville, Tenn., 24, 25, 26; Henderson, Ky., 28; Paducah, 29; Evansville, Ind., 30; Vincennes 31; Terre Haute, Jan. 1; Lafayette, 2; Indianapolis, 4, 5, 6; Owensboro, Ky., 8.

J. H. Keane: Wheeling, W. Va., 21, week.

Joseph Proctor: Danbury Conn., 26; Jersey City, 28, 29, 30; Newburg, N. Y., Jan. 1, 2; Syracuse, 18, week.

Jefferys Lewis: Butte City, Mont., 21, week; Anaconda, 28 29; Helena, 30, Jan. 1, 2.

Janish: Montreal Jan. 4

J. Z. Little's World Co: Savannah, 23, 24; Charleston, S. C., 25, 26; Baltimore, 28, week; Newark, N. J., Jan. 4, week; Paterson, 11; Newburg, 12; Port Jervis, 13; Binghamton 14; Cortland, 15.

Jennie Calef: Canton, O., 24, 25, 26; Columbus, 28, week; Middletown, Jan. 4, 5, 6; Madison, Ind., 7, 8, 9.

Katherine Rogers: Louisville, 28, week.

Kate Castleton: Cleveland, 21, week; Boston, 28, week.

Kittie Rhoades: Grafton, W. Va., 21, week; Keyser, 28, 29, 30.

Katie Putnam: Hot Springs, Ark., 24, 25; Pine Bluff, 28, 29, 30.

Kidder's Niagara Co: Buffalo, 21, week.

Kindergarden Co.: Buffalo, 21, week; Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 4, week; Utica, 11, week.

Kate Claxton: Baltimore, 21, week; Washington, 28, week; Harlem, N. Y., Jan. 4, week.

Kiralfys' Around the World: San Francisco, Dec. 14, six weeks.

Kelly and Mason: Boston, 21, week; Waltham, Mass., Jan. 1.

Lawrence Barrett: Philadelphia, 21, two weeks; Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week; Providence, 11, week; Boston, 18, two weeks.

La Belle Russe Co.: Brooklyn, 21, week.

Louise Balfe Co: Cincinnati, 21, week.

Lizzie Evans: Wheeling, W. Va., 25, 26; Baltimore, 28, week.

Lillie Hinton: Greensburg, Pa., 24, 25, 26; McKeesport, 28, week; Bradford, Jan. 4, week; Beaver Falls, 11, week; Newcastle, 18, week; Sharon, 25, week.

Lotta: Washington, 21, week; Baltimore, 28, week.

Lilian Olcott: Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 1, 2.

Louise Sylvester: Pierce City, Mo., 24; Fort Scott, Kan., 25, 26; Lamar, Mo., 28; Columbus, 29; Joplin, 30; Girard, 31; Parsons, Kas., Jan. 1; Chanute, 2; Nevada, Mo., 4; Rich Hill, 5; Butler, 6; Pleasant Hills, 7; Independence, 8; Richmond, 9; Marshall, 13; Gallatin, 20.

Louise Arnot: Alexandria, Va., 21, week.

Laura Dainty: Westfield, Mass., 24; Holyoke, 25; Worcester, 26; Fitchburg, 29; Lawrence, 30; Lowell, 31; Haverhill, Jan. 1.

Louden McCormack: Evansville, Ind., 21, week.

Lillian Lewis: Brockton, Mass., 25.

Lester Franklin: McPherson, Kas., 24; Marion, 25; Eldorado, 26.

Lottie Church: Cortland, N. Y., 24, 25, 26; Utica, 28, week; Syracuse, Jan. 4, week.

Lester-Williams-Yeamans Co.: Springfield, O., 25; Evansville, Ind., 29; Vincennes, 30; Decatur, Ill., 31; Galesburg, Jan. 6.

Louise Pomeroy: Lancaster, Pa., 25, 26; Wheeling, W. Va., 28, week.

Little Nuggets Co.: Centralia, Ill., 24, 25; Decatur, Jan. 1, 2; St. Louis, 4 week; New Orleans, 11.

Lizzie May Ulmer: Omaha, 23, 26; Sioux City, 31; Jan. 1, 2; Minneapolis, 4, 5, 6; St. Paul, 7, 8, 9.

Margaret Mather: N. Y. City, Oct. 13—indefinite season.

Mestayer-Vaughn Wg, Us & Co.: Philadelphia, 21, two weeks; Brooklyn, E. D., Jan. 4, week; Boston, 11, week.

Maud Atkinson: Hastings, Neb., 21, week.

Mary Anderson: Syracuse, 24; Utica, 25; Albany, 26; Brooklyn, 28, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 4, two weeks.

Monte Cristo Co. (Zimmerman's): Clinton, Mass., 24; Waltham, 25; Albany, Jan. 4, week.

Modjeska: Hartford, Ct., 25; N. Y. City, Jan. 4, two weeks.

Milton Nobles: Milwaukee, 21, week; Cincinnati, 28, week.

Maurice Pike's Co.: Amsterdam, N. Y., 21, week.

Minnie Maddern: Columbus, O., 24, 25, 26; Brooklyn, 28, week.

M. B. Curtis: Reading, Pa., 31.

Michael Strogoff Co.: Denver, Jan. 4, week.

May Blossom Co.: Cincinnati, 21, week; Chicago, 28, week; St. Louis, Jan. 4, week; Springfield, Ill., 11; Peoria, 12; Terre Haute, Ind., 13; Indianapolis, 14, 15, 16.

Maggie Mitchell: Pittsburg, 21, week; Cincinnati, 28, week.

Mattie Vickers: Tunkhannock, Pa., 24; Pittston, 25; Honesdale, 26; Scranton, 28; Carbondale, 29; Shamokin, 30; Easton, 31; Reading, Jan. 2.

Milton Aborn's Tourists: Cincinnati, 28, week.

Maude Granger: Philadelphia, 21, week.

Maxwell's Uncle Tom's Co.: Des Moines, Jan. 1, 2.

McFaddon's Uncle Tom: Sedalia, Mo., 25.

Murray and Murphy: Lowell, Mass., 24, 25; North Attleboro, 27; Pawtucket, 28; Putnam 29; Williamantic, 30; Middletown, 31; Meriden, Jan. 1; New Haven, 2; Ansonia, 4; Bridgeport, 5; S. Norwalk, 6; Jersey City, 7, 8, 9; Brooklyn, E. D., 11, week; N. Y. City, 18.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight: Muskegon, Mich., 24; Kalamazoo, 25; Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week.

Miner's Silver King Co. (Mack and Bangs): Milwaukee, 24, 25 and 26; St. Paul, 28, 29, 30; Minneapolis, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Chicago, 4, week.

Muggs' Landing: Kalamazoo, Mich., 25; Grand Haven, 26; Grand Rapids, 28; Ionia, 29; Battle Creek, 30; Jackson, 31; E. Saginaw, Jan. 1, 2; Bay City, 4; Port Huron, 5; Howell, 6; Detroit, 7, 8, 9.

McCord Comedy Co: Owensboro, Ky., 28, week.

N. S. Wood: Jackson, Mich., 28, week.

Nellie Boyd Co.: Clarksville, Tex., 24; Paris, 25; Sherman, 26; Denison, 28; Denton, 29; Ft. Worth, Jan. 1; Cleburne, 2; Austin, 4, 5.

Nobody's Claim Co.: Baltimore, 21, week; Wilmington, Del., 28, week; Brooklyn, Jan. 4, week.

One of the Bravest: Washington, 21, week; Pittsburg, 28, 29, 30; Wheeling, W. Va., 31, Jan. 1, 2; Baltimore, 4, week; Philadelphia, 11, week.

Oliver Byron: Chicago, 21, two weeks.

Owen Fawcett: St. Louis, 21, week.

Only a Woman's Heart: Fort Worth, Tex., 25, 26.

Private Secretary and Professor Co. (W. H. Gillette): Birmingham, Ala., 24; Rome, Ga., 25; Atlanta, 26; Macon, 28; Jacksonville, Fla., 29, 30; Savannah, Ga., 31, Jan., 1, 2; Augusta, 4; Columbia, S. C., 5; Charleston, 6, 7; Wilmington, N. C., 8; Petersburg, Va., 9; Richmond, 11, 12; Norfolk, 13, 14; Lynchburg, 15, 16; Baltimore, 18, week; N. Y. City, 25, week.

Pavements of Paris Co.: Cleveland, 21, week; Detroit, 28, week.

Prisoner for Life Co.: Louisville, 21, week; Indianapolis, 28, 29, 30; Columbus, O., 31, Jan. 1, 2; Zanesville, 4, 5; Richmond, Ind., 6, 7; Springfield, O., 8, 9; Cincinnati, 11, week; Pittsburg, 18, week.

Patti-Rosa: Madison, Ind., 29, 30; Indianapolis, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Owensboro, Ky., 4; Henderson, 5; Paducah, 6; Cairo, Ill., 8, 9.

Private Secretary (Grover's): New Britain, Ct., 25; Willimantic, 26.

Peck's Bad Boy Co. (South): Atlanta, Ga., 24, 25

Peck's Bad Boy Co.: Salem, Mass., 25; Danielsonville, 30; Milford, 31; Natick, Jan. 1; Lynn, 4, week.

Rosina Vokes: New York, Dec. 21, four weeks.

Roland Reed: Mobile, 25, 26; New Orleans, 28, week.

Robson and Crane: Boston, 21, two weeks; Baltimore, Jan. 24, week; Washington, 11, week; Pittsburg, 18, week.

Rose Coghlan: Montreal, 21, two weeks; Ottawa, Jan. 4, 5.

Rhea: St. Louis, 21, week; Evansville, Ind., 28; Crawfordsville, 31.

Rose Leveree: Rome, N. Y., 25.

Romany Rye Co.: Ft. Wayne, Ind., 24, 25, 26.

Rag Baby Co. (Western): Chicago, 14, three weeks.

Rag Baby Co. (Eastern-Southern): Little Rock, Ark., 24, 25.

Redmund-Barry Co.: Troy, N. Y., 25, 26; Springfield, Mass., 28, 29: Dover, N. H., 30, 31; St. Louis, Jan. 4, week.

Rentfrow's Pathfinders: Galesburg, Ill., 28.

Sol Smith Russell: Rochester, 24, 25, 26; Syracuse, 28; Watertown, 29; Oswego, 30; Buffalo, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Toronto, 4, week; N. Y. City, 11, week; Boston, 18, week.

Shadows of a Great City: Cincinnati, 21, week; Pittsburg, 28, week; Cleveland, Jan. 4, week; Philadelphia, 11, week.

Salsbury's Troubadours: St. Louis, 21, week; Louisville, 28, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 4, week; Buffalo, 11, week; Pittsburg, 18, week; Philadelphia, 25, week.

Salvini: Brooklyn, 24, 25, 26; Cleveland, 28, 29, 30; Pittsburg, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Washington, Jan. 4, week; Chicago, 11, week.

Stranglers of Paris: Springfield, Mass., 24, 25, 26; Bridgeport, Ct., 28, week; Providence, Jan. 4, week.

Skating Rink Co. (Nat Goodwin): Brooklyn, 21, week; Philadelphia, 28, week.

Sallie Price: Ionia, Mich., 24; Lansing, 25; Charlotte, 26; Eaton Rapids, 28; Marshall, 29; Jackson, 30; Ypsilanti, 31.

Skating-Rink Co. (Jacques Kruger): Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 4, week.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon: Chicago, 21, week; St. Louis, 28, week; St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 6.

Skipped by the Light of the Moon (Fowler and Warmington's Co.): Pottsville, Pa., 24; Williamsport, 25; Olean, N. Y., 29.

Sparks-Beaton Co.: Grand Rapids, [illegible] 26; Kalamazoo, 28, Jan. 1, 2; Detroit, 4, 5, 6; Adrian, 7; Toledo, O., 8, 9.

Stafford-Foster Co.: Fall River, Mass., 25; Providence, 28, week.

Standard Dramatic Co.: Oswego, N. Y., 21, two weeks; Watertown, Jan. 4, two weeks.

Stuttz Dramatic Co.: Luling, Tex., 21, week.

Streets of New York Co. Louisville, 21, week; Cincinnati, 28, week; Pittsburg, Jan. 4, week; Baltimore, 11, week.

Silver Spur Co: Creston, Ia., 25, 26; Independence, Mo., 28, 29; Marshall, 30, 31; New Orleans, Jan. 11, week.

Tin Soldier Co.: Des Moines, 24, 25, 26; Omaha, 28, 29; St. Joseph, 30, 31; Topeka, Jan. 1, 2; Kansas City, 4, week.

Two Johns Co.: Columbia, Pa., 24; Wilmington, Del., 25, 26; Danbury, Ct., 28; New Haven, 29, 30; Springfield, Jan. 1.

Thomas W. Keene: Des Moines, 24, 25, 26; St. Joseph, Mo., 28; Peoria, Ill., 29, 30; Lincoln, Neb., 31; Omaha, Jan. 1, 2.

Tavernier Co.: Jackson, Mich., 24, two weeks; Battle Creek, 28, two weeks; Flint, Jan. 11, two weeks.

Ullie Akerstrom: Lewiston, Me., 14, two weeks; Lowell, Mass., 28, two weeks.

World Co.: Boston, 21, week; Philadelphia, 28, week

W. J. Scanlan: Toronto, 21, week; Detroit, 28, week.

Wallick's Bandit King Co.: Knoxville, Tenn., 24; Lexington, Ky., 25; Frankfort, 26; Cincinnati, 28, week; Xenia, O., Jan. 4; Delaware, 5; Dayton, 6, 7; Richmond, Ind., 8; Terre Haute, 9; St. Louis, 11, week.

W. J. Ferguson: Fall River, Mass., 30.

W. E. Sheridan: Olean, N. Y., 24; Bradford, Pa., 25, 26.

We, Us & Co. No. 2: Wilmington, N. C., 23; Raleigh, 29; Portsmouth, Va., 30; Alexandria, Jan. 1, 2; Lancaster, Pa., 4, 5, 6.

Wages of Sin Co.: Paterson, N. J., 25, 26; Troy, N. Y., 28, 29; Springfield, Mass., 30; Holyoke, 31; Worcester, Jan. 1, 2; Brooklyn, 18, week.

Whose Can It Be? (Carroll's): Logansport, Ind., 24, 25, 26; Canton, O., 28, 29; Defiance, 30, 31; Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 1, 2.

Waite Comedy Co.: Beaver Falls, Pa., 21, week; East Liverpool, O., 28, week.

Wallack's Travelling Co: Chicago, 28, week.

Watson-McDowell Wrinkles Co.: Harlem, 28, week.

Williams' Little Duchess Co.: Wayne, Neb., 21, week; Tekamah, 28, week.

Young Mrs. Winthrop Co.: Hot Springs, Ark., 24; Little Rock, 25, 26.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

Academy Opera Co.: Meridian, Miss., 24; Vicksburg, 25, 26; New Orleans, 28, week.

Broad Opera Co.: Denver, 21, week.

Blanche Corelli: Lawrence, Mass., 21, week.

Bennett and Moulton's Co. A: Jamestown, N. Y., 28, week; Cleveland, O., Jan. 4, week.

Bennett-Moulton Opera Co. B: Johnstown, Pa., 21, week.

Boston Ideals: Pittsburg, Pa., 21, week; Richmond, Va., 28 to 31; Wilmington, Del., Jan. 11 to 14.

Carleton Opera Co.: Davenport, Ia., 25; Rock Island, Ill., 26; Minneapolis, 28, 29, 30; St. Paul, 31, Jan. 1, 2.

Camilla Urso: Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 1, 2.

Corinne Merrimakers: Pottsville, Pa., 21, week; Trenton, N. J., 28, week; Reading, Pa., Jan. 4, week.

Duff's Mikado Co.: N. Y. City, 21, week; Brooklyn, 28, week; Newark, Jan. 4, week; Philadelphia, 11, week.

Emma Abbott Opera Co.: San Antonio, Tex., 23 to 26; Montery, Mexico, 28, week.

Emerson Concert Co.: Chicago, 26.

Emma Nevada Concerts: Cleveland, O., 25; Leavenworth, Kas., Jan. 1; St. Joe, Mo., 2.

Grau's English Opera Co.: Helena, Mont., 21, week.

German Grand Opera Co.: Philadelphia, 21, two weeks.

Harris Opera Co.: Harrisburg, Pa., 21, week.

Lillian Russell Opera Co: St. Paul, 24, 25, 26; Chicago, 28, week.

Milan Opera Co.: St. Joseph, Mo., 24, 25, 26; Denver, 28, week.

McCaull's Opera Co.: N. Y. City, Dec. 7, four weeks: Philadelphia, Jan. 4, four weeks.

McCaull's Mikado Co.: Philadelphia, 5—indefinite season.

McGibeny Family: Burlington, Kas., 25; Olathe, 26; Paoli, 28; Ft. Scott, 29; La Cygne, 30.

Norman Opera Co.: Chicago, 21, week; Cincinnati, 21, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 4, two weeks.

Mapleson Opera Co: Syracuse, 28; Providence, 29; Boston, Jan. 1.

Mme. Fry Concert Co.: Seneca, Kas., 24; Hiawatha, 29; St. Joseph, Mo., 30; Savannah, 31; Maryville, Jan. 1.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club: Canton, O., 28.

Nobs Family Concerts: Mt. Vernon, O., 25; Zanesville, 26; Dresden, 28; Coshockton, 29; Cooperstown, 30.

National Ideal Opera Co.: Washington, 21, two weeks

Fyke's Mikado Co. Fostoria, O., 24; Lima, 25; Piqua, 26; Chillicothe, O., 28; Circleville, 29.

Peakes' Mikado Co.: Cairo, Ill., 24; Paducah, Ky., 25, 26.

Rice's Opera Co.: Lima, O., 25; Piqua, 26.

Stetson's Mikado Co.: Hartford, Ct., 24; New Haven, 25, 26; Providence, 28, week; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 6.

Templeton's Mikado Co.: Brooklyn, 21, week.

Thompson's Opera Co.: Portland, Oregon, Dec. 28, two weeks.

Wilbur Opera Co.: Haverhill, Mass., 21, week.

MINSTREL COMPANIES.

Barlow-Wilson: Elmira, N. Y., 25; Utica, 27; Boston, 28—indefinite season.

California: Reading, Pa., 23, 24; Easton, 25, 26.

Hi Henry's: Southbridge, Mass., 24; Danielsonville, Ct., 25; Webster, Mass., 26; New London, Ct., 28; Mystic Bridge, 29; Stonington, 30; Westerly, R. I., 31; Taunton, Mass., Jan. 4.

Haverly's: Terre Haute, Ind., 24; Lafayette, 25; Elkhart, 26; Jackson, Mich., 28; Grand Rapids, 29; E. Saginaw, 30; Toledo, O., 31; Dayton, Jan. 1; Springfield, Ill., 2.

Kersands': Chattanooga, Tenn., 26.

Lester and Allen's: N. Y. City,, 21, two weeks; Boston, Jan. 18, two weeks.

McNish, Johnson and Slavin's: N. Y. City, 21, week; Brooklyn, 28, week.

McIntyre and Heath's: Denver, 21, week; Leadville, 28, 29, 30; Pueblo, Jan. 1; Colorado Springs, 2.

T. P. W.: Detroit, Mich., 24, 25, 26; Buffalo, Jan. 4, 5, 6.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

Alice Oates: Montreal, 21, week.

Argonauts: Ottawa, Ont., 25, 26.

All-Star Specialty Co.: San Francisco, Dec. 14, three weeks.

Australian Novelty Co.: Brooklyn, E. D., 21, week; Newark, 28, week; Pittsburg, Jan. 4, week.

Collars and Cuffs Co.: Syracuse, 21, week; Amsterdam, 28, week.

Castine's Co.: Utica, N. Y., 28, week.

Davene's Attractions: Buffalo, 21, week.

Fanny Herring: Norfolk, Va., 28, week; Portsmouth, Jan. 4, week.

Gray-Stephens Co.: Cincinnati, 21, week; Fort Wayne, Ind., 28, week.

Hallen and Hart: Pittsburg, 21, week; St. Louis, 28, week; Chicago, Jan. 4, two weeks.

Howard Athenæum Co.: St. Louis, 28, week.

Ida Siddons Burlesque Co.: Springfield, O., 26; Indianapolis, 28, week; Chicago, Jan. 18, week.

Kernells' Co.: Buffalo, Jan. 7, 8, 9.

Lang's Comedy Comiques: Harlem, 21, week; Waterbury, Ct., Jan. 1, 2.

Lilly Clay's Gaiety Co.: St. Louis, 21, week; Joliet, Ill., 28, 29, 30; Akron, O., 31; Youngstown, Jan. 1; Erie, Pa., 2.

Moore-Vivian Co.: Chillicothe, O., 25; Logan, 26; Athens, 28; Clarksburg, W. Va., 29; Frostburg, 30; Fredericksburg, Va., Jan. 2; Baltimore, 4, week.

Pat Rooney's Co.: Rockford, Ill., 25; Clinton, Ia., 31; Des Moines, Jan. 8, 9.

Reilly and Wood's Co.: N. Y. City, 21, week; Buffalo, 28, week; Troy, Jan. 4, week; N. Y. City, 11, week; Brooklyn, 18, week; Boston, 25, week.

Rentz-Santley Co.: Louisville, 21, week; Indianapolis, Jan. 4, week.

Sells-Stone Specialty Co.: Savannah, Ga., 25, 26.

Suydam's Co.: Warren, Pa., 25.

Silbon Co.: Erie, Pa., 24, 25, 26; Baltimore, 28, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 4, week; New York City, 11, week; Newark 18; week; N. Y. City, 25, two weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Andrews' Novelty Co., Jacksonville, Ill. 25, 26; Keokuk, 28, week.

Bristol's Equescurriculum: Albany 21, week.

Burke's H. D. Co.: Toledo 21, week; St. Louis, 28, week; Alton, Ill., Jan. 4; Belleville, 5; Springfield, 6; Danville, 7; Decatur, 8; Champaign, 9.

Morris' Canine Paradox: Crawfordsville, Ind., 23, 24.

Miaco's Humpty Dumpty: Albany, 21, week; Rochester, 28, week; Troy, Jan. 4, week; Louisville 11, week.

Professor George Bartholomew's Equine Paradox: Cedar Rapids, Ia., 21, week; Iowa City, 28, week; Des Moines, Jan. 4, week; Rockford, Ill., 11, week; Joliet 18, week; Aurora, 25, week.

Tony Denier: Allentown, 24; Reading, 25; Brooklyn E. D., 28, week.

Professor Reynolds (Mesmerist): Chatham, Ont., 21, week; Salem, O., 31, Jan. 1, 2.

Academy, Denver, see ad. in "Managers Directory."

Savannah, Ga.

Theatrical people are given special rates at the well-known Harnett House, Savannah, Ga.—*Com.*

The above is a fair likeness of Miss Tellula Evans, the bright and bewitching little prima donna soprano, whose recent successes entitle her to more than passing notice.

Miss Evans is a product of the State of Tennessee, having been born in Greenville, the home of the late Ex-President Andrew Johnson.

In early life she moved to California, where about four years ago she made her first appearance on the lyric stage—previous to this event, however, she studied with the celebrated Mme. Inez Fabbri, the most distinguished maestra of the Pacific coast, who numbers among her pupils many of the noted operatic singers of to-day.

Mme. Fabbri regarded Miss Evans as her favorite pupil and held her abilities in high estimation, often remarking that "she was the purest sort of a gem and one that would create considerable furore when properly placed before the public." Miss Evans has an intelligent face, laughing, quizzical eyes, light hair, a delicate little mouth and a shy, bewitching manner quite irresistable, which, with her modest demeanor, always make her the central figure on the stage; when singing she shows a soprano voice thoroughly cultivated, wonderfully sweet and sympathetic, ranging from "B" below to "E flat" above the staff, which she uses with great skill, at times exhibiting marvellous execution. She takes a trill at any chorded pitch and holds it with evenness and precision.

In the upper register her voice closely resembles that of the famous Di Murska.

Miss Evans completed her musical studies in Europe and settled for a time in London, in which city she sang with success at five different theatres.

At one of her London appearances she was highly complimented by the Prince and Princess of Wales for her rendition of Leonora in a scene from Il Trovatore.

Last year she returned to America to assume the prima donna soprano roles with the Ford-Seguin Opera Company as support to Zelda Seguin, the gifted contralto, and she was the recipient of highest press encomiums for her work in Martha, Bohemian Girl, Fra Diavolo and other operas.

It is a noticeable fact that she has not made one failure during her musical career, though she has appeared in and numbers twenty or more grand and comic operas in her repertory, requiring histrionic ability as well as a voice.

In private life Miss Evans has as pleasant a personality and as charming an individuality as on the stage, and refinement is manifest in every motion.

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PROVINCIAL.

Correspondents' Credentials.

MIRROR *credentials for 1886 will be issued during the first week in January. Correspondents will please return those of 1885 on or before Jan. 1.*

BOSTON.

In Chancery is a work of art, though much of its success artistically at the Park Theatre last week was owing to the genius of John T. Raymond in the character of Jolliffe, a personage who has lost his memory in a railroad accident, and whose recovery of it is accomplished gradually through three acts of the play. The play is possibly too delicate and subtle for a miscellaneous audience, which is the kind usually present at Mr. Raymond's representations. There is not enough "Hurrah, boys!" about it; not enough horse-play, what there is of the latter being indulged in by others besides Mr. Raymond, which is not acceptable to a common audience, since it expects Mr. Raymond, as he is the central figure, to be the most uproarious of the uproarious. The play is one of the very best in Mr. Raymond's repertoire, since it enables him to work by artistic methods rather than declammatory or tricky ones, his facial expressions and the simulated interior workings of the mind being fine examples of legitimate art. His support was good in the main, notably in the character of Captain McCafferty, by J. B. Everham, and in that of Patricia McCafferty, by Helen Standish, of the Boston Museum co., specially engaged for the occasion. Clement Scott's pretty little drama of The Cape Mail was given at the beginning of each evening, and was played prettily by the co.

Rosina Vokes and her comedy co. appeared for their farewell at the Globe Theatre during the week in the pretty In Honor Bound and the laughable My Milliner's bill, given during the beginning of the season, and added to the entertainment A Christmas Pantomime, a most exquisite creation, most exquisitely played. Miss Vokes was thoroughly in her element here, and her grace of movement and rollicking manner were enjoyed intensely by all who saw her. As pretty as Leslie Chester is in other parts, she added thereto a spirit of fun-making that I had not credited her with, and shows decided versatility of a quite another surface sort. She sang prettily, danced gracefully and acted intelligently. I have been told that this was her first season on the stage. If it be true, she has a promising future. Agnes Miller made a pretty cousin of the part also. But Weedon Grossmith was simply objectionable. The manner in which he uttered "What rot!" in the rehearsal, at the author's pet suggestions, would throw a minister into convulsions. Brandon Thomas also renewed favorable impressions in Captain Tom Robinson. The play, and the manner in which it was rendered, should have crowded the theatre for a month at least. But the public is capricious, and does not always know a good thing when it has it. Maybe it was not loud and sensational enough.

The Comedy of Errors, by Shakespeare and somebody else—name not given—was the attraction during the week at the Boston Theatre, in which those clever comedians, Stuart Robson and William H. Crane, reappeared as the two Dromios, repeating their former successes. The play has been made more spectacular than ever before here, and some of the scenes are embellished in a manner to call forth the highest adjectives in superlative praise. In fact, the entire production, as New York well knows, is on a scale of grandeur and magnificence worthy any play. The co. in support is creditable throughout.

La Belle Russe had a week's representation at the Bijou by a fine co. headed by Newton Gotthold and Sophie Eyre, the former especially strong yet reserved always, while the latter rises to her best possibilities in the stronger scenes, but is scarcely easy enough in the lighter ones, her manner suggesting Rose Coghlan too much at times. However, the lady's faults are slight compared with her merits. The entire co. is one of excellence, and the play moved with the regularity and precision of clock-work.

The Magistrate was revived during the first part of the week, and Love on Crutches during the last, the people and their work being in no sense different from those of previous representations earlier.

The Mikado continues to good business at the Hollis Street Theatre, despite the Christmas distractions. Hattie Delaro has returned to her part of Pitti-Sing.

The World has ruled at the Howard Athenæum during the week, and the Flesh and the Devil have been obliged to take back seats for the nonce.

Frank Frayne has been at the Windsor, Jo-Jo at Austin and Stone's, and Major Tot at the World's Museum.

Resume. Brutus will be the opening attraction of the Edwin Booth season, and preparations are making for staging it beautifully. It will hold the stage for a week. Hamlet will follow also for a week.—Lillian Norton will join Mapleson's co. when it reaches Boston, Jan. 4, and remain with it during its trans-continental tour.—The Messiah will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society 27th.—It seems to be a streak of fat and a streak of lean alternately at the Bijou. Refined opera Mugwumps, Ten Nights in a Bar-room, La Belle Russe, U and I, and so forth.—Wild Oats and A Regular Fix will be given for the benefit of Charles Barron, Saturday, 26th.—Clara Morris will come to the Globe Feb. 1.—The Mikado reaches its fiftieth performance at the Hollis Street Theatre this week.—Edwin Booth's support in Brutus will include J. B. Mason as Titus, Charles Kent as Sextus, Annie Clarke as Tullia, and Blanche Thompson as Lavinia.—Odoardo Barri, the well-known composer, whose songs are so much admired in Europe and America, has just written the music to a very pretty poem by Meelkerke. The song is entitled "Nearing Heaven," and the opening lines are:

"Open the window; let the moonbeams falling
Upon the pillow bring the voices near.
The organ peals—or are the angels calling?
Open the window wide, that I may hear."

It is refreshing to receive a well-written song, when there is so much trash printed. Baritone and contralto singers will be pleased with this exquisite composition, which has accompaniment for organ or piano, and which makes an admirable solo for a choir or concert singer. It is not, however, too difficult for ordinary singers who wish to add something choice to their home collection of good songs.

PHILADELPHIA.

The week just passed has necessarily been a trying one to theatrical managers. The brilliant and attractive stores, with their tempting array of holiday goods, arrest the attention and deplete the pocket; so it is not surprising that the theatres have shown many empty seats.

Rose Coghlan, at the Walnut Street Theatre, has had comparatively little reason to complain, for the business there has been quite satisfactory. Our Joan is a very pretty and interesting play, and although far from perfect in construction, it deserves the favor it receives. The second act is especially good, and it is this that saves the play; for in the last act it is somewhat disappointing to lose the star in the darkness, and have the stage carpenter receive the closing honors. It is true the last scene is pretty and the ending is natural and consistent, but the necessity for concealing the mechanical appliances causes the stage to be too much darkened and robs the audience of the satisfaction of a last look at their entertainers. The setting of the first act deserves especial praise. The co. is excellent. Rose Coghlan found the dialect a trifle burdensome, and was somewhat too cold and stately in the first act; but throughout the rest of the play was entirely satisfactory. Florence Robinson and Emma Hagger were worthy of all praise in their respective parts, and the same may truly be said of B. R. Graham, Frazer Coulter and C. A. McManus. The minor parts were well filled. John T. Raymond, 21st, two weeks.

At the Chestnut Street Opera House Salvini returned after a brief absence and appeared in Othello, Ingomar and, for the first time in this city, Coriolanus. Of these the one that will linger longest in memory is undoubtedly Othello. Not only will this be remembered for its breadth and power, its thrilling exhibition of jealous rage and remorseful despair, but it shows the soul of the artist in the undercurrent of love which is apparent even in the midst of strongest passion, and in fact which feeds the passion as oil does the flame. I have already spoken of his Ingomar, but I will repeat that to me it is a most interesting and poetic performance. Coriolanus is not a valuable addition to Signor Salvini's repertoire. It affords him opportunities for physical display and he magnificently fills the part, but many of his other plays afford him equal opportunities and at the same time offer much better chance for the display of varied emotions. Lawrence Barrett 21st, two weeks.

The Theatre Royal, Haymarket, co., has presented Dark Days at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The play is of the strong emotional order, full of heroism and of vilainy. It is about of the average merit of its kind, but was well mounted and fairly well played. The co., with its ponderous and awe-inspiring title, will hardly revolutionize acting in this country, and may find that there is but small profit in carrying goods to an already overcrowded market. Excellence from foreign parts we will always gladly welcome, of mediocrity we have a bountiful supply at home. Emily Sheridan, the leading lady, was harsh of voice, crude or careless or speech, and had a decided tendency to rant. She has also an untortunate habit of bestowing two syllables upon words that are entitled to but one. Walter Speakman (Sir Mervyn Ferrand), the cool, nonchalant villain, was simply excellent. His acting was beyond criticism, and he alone at times saved the piece from utter dreariness. He is unquestionably a fine actor, and will be here a welcome visitor. Of the rest of the cast some were fairly good and no one was really bad. This week, Maude Granger; 28th, Nat Goodwin.

At the Temple Theatre Effie Ellsler has scored a decided success in Woman Against Woman. The play has an improbable plot, but is lifelike in construction and incident, and appeals strongly in many ways to human sympathy. It was remarkably well played, and many times it made one think he was looking upon a scene in the great world out of doors. Effie Ellsler, as Bessie Barton, was nearly, if not quite, perfect. In every phase, as a happy wife and mother, as a bereaved and stricken woman under the unjust ban of a husband's cruelty; as the the frantic proclaimer of another's crime, she made her acting real in tone, gesture and look. Frank Weston as John Tressider, the quondam loving husband, was also excellent. His speech was very natural, and he kept his acting strictly upon the plane and within the limits of his part. Charles Foster as Phil Tressider, the father, was remarkable in make-up and gait, and managed to get all the fun possible out of the part by very clever character work. Mattie Earle was very satisfactory as Rachel Westwood, and Mrs. E. L. Davenport as Bessie's mother could not well have been better. The other parts were well taken care of. This week, The World; 28th, Estelle Clayton in Favette.

At the Arch Street Theatre Forgiven has been the so-called attraction, with Frederic Eryton as Jack o' Diamonds. I regret to say that I found but little to praise in either the play or cast, and much to condemn; so in charity will say no more. This week and next, We, Us & Co.

Kate Claxton has crowded the National Theatre at every performance with her old-time success, The Two Orphans. Her support included Charles A. Stevenson and a capable co. The audiences were liberal in their expressions of pleasure.

At the New Central Theatre the Australian Novelty co. has played to good business. The best acts were those Los and Ruge, contortionists; Annie and Andy Hughes, Billy Carter and Mlle. Aimee, the human fly. This week W. J. Gilmore's Devil's Auction.

Briefs: McCaull's Mikado is sentenced to banishment, but will depart in the prime of manhood.—The Arch Street Opera House has been very successful with The Chimes of Normandy. The Mikado will be revived at this house 21st for the Christmas attraction.—Forepaugh's Theatre is doing a big business, The Banker's Daughter having been the last attraction.

The Eleventh Street Opera House is crowded nightly by delighted auditors. Zimmerman and Nixon offer this week and next at the Academy of Music a season of German opera, having secured the co. direct from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.—Burr Oaks is again at the National.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEC. 15.

There are no sensations to report for the week ending, save that of Judic's illness and the consequent closing of the Baldwin Theatre for the last half. Our climate was too much for the lady. The season was growing more brilliant night after night. The theatre reopened last night with Judic in La Perichole. Very large and fashionable audience. Lili, La Cosaque, Divorcons, Nitouche, Naniche and The Mascotte are announced to fill out the week, this being the last.

On Dec. 21, the California Theatre co. opens a six weeks' season at the Baldwin, beginning with Midsummer Night's Dream, which will play two weeks, after which Sorely Tried, Wife and Child and Notre Dame are ready to follow, if wanted. Salvini comes to the Baldwin in February. The sale for Midsummer Night has opened and is very large.

The Bush Street Theatre was taxed to its utmost last night by an old-time Bush audience to greet the All-Star Specialty co.

The Tivoli Opera House was crowded in every part last night to see the first production here of The Three Black Cloaks by the following cast: Girola, Helen Dingeon; Queen, Louise Leighton and Mamie Taylor alternating; Clorinda, Hattie Jackson; Anna, Lottie Walton; Don Philip, T. W. Eckert; Don Jose, M. Cornell; Don Louis, A. Mesemer; Dromez, James Kelly; Nicols, R. D. Valerga; Manuel, E. Sylvander; Lazanelo, G. Rosamond. The music was light, pretty and catching, and the chances are it will be better liked than The Guardsmen. Falka next, then Three Musketeers, unless the Nanon injunction suit is dissolved, in which event that attraction will be brought out for the holiday bill.

The Standard Theatre grows as a popular resort every week with Charley Reed's Minstrels. J. W. Meyer's splendid baritone voice is one of the pleasant anticipations in every performance, while the sweet tenor voice of Joseph M. Woods is getting to be as eagerly looked forward to as Charley Reed's specialty, which is saying much, for without Charley's specialty it were mockery to attend the Standard at all. This week Burt Haverly's handsome physique will again adorn the Standard boards. He and Billy Birch will occupy the rattle-end while Charley Reed and Hughey Dougherty will perform upon the festive tambourine. Wilson and Cameron make their reappearance here 21st, the then next new faces being those of Murphy and Mack.

Allan Dare drew tremendously large houses to the California Theatre all the week, turning people away three times. Admiral Porter sent a despatch of thanks to Mr. Rankin, and congratulations upon the successful production of his play.

Ellie Wilton takes a farewell benefit at the California Wednesday afternoon, just prior to her departure for New York to fill engagements.

The Kiralfys begin an eight weeks' season at the California, opening in Around the World. Black Crook, Sieba and Puck will follow.

At the end of their season, the California Theatre co. return home again, and will produce The Last Days of Pompeii on a scale of magnificence which will excel anything hitherto done by this management.

Woodward's Gardens presented The Mikado Saturday and Sunday, by the Tivoli Juvenile Opera co., and the usual 5,000 throng was present.

The panorama Battle of Waterloo is nearing its end, as it will be taken off after the holidays and exchanged for the Siege of Paris or the Battle of Gettysburg.

The Jackleys, Adele Stuart, Matthews Family, Herr Woltum and Miss Adeline are delighting the patrons of the Wigwam.

Driftwood: Sefton, the dancing spider, and May Morrell are the new features of the Fountain.—The Vienna, under Seigrist's management, is becoming one of the very popular places here.—Helen Tracy's return to the California Theatre will revive pleasant memories of the past. She comes not the angular girl who left, but a woman beautifully developed both in physique and art, and she will be accorded a big welcome.—Grace Hawthorne has been playing Camille and Miss Multon among the near interior towns, and winning unlimited praise from the press and public. Turned people away at Sacramento yesterday, and returns to fulfill a Frisco engagement of two weeks at the Alcazar, opening 21st.—John Kohler, of wax-work and museum fame, died at Oakland last week.—Under the Tivoli, or Krelling Brothers' management, Fun on the Bristol may be brought out at Oakland Jan. 28, and play a week, then come to the Bush Street Theatre a week, Feb. 4. The co. will include Helene Dingeon, W. F. Rochester, Louise Giroux, James Kelly, Bertha Waring, Burt Haverly, R. D. Valerga and Johnny Williams.—Charley Reed in white with Nat Goodwin next year is a late and seemingly very authentic rumor.—Mrs. Rankin reappears and Maud Stuart makes her first appearance with the Rankin co. in Midsummer Night's Dream at the Baldwin next week.—Mazzanovich is assisted by Seabury of the Baldwin, Bell of the Grand, Oscar Fest and Strauss, the artist, in the panorama fairyland and transformation for Midsummer Night's Dream at the Baldwin. After which Mazzannovich goes into the interior for a well-earned rest, the California management sending him under salary same as if working.—C. B. Bishop's co. for Strictly Business on a Coast tour include the name of Anna Boyle, Imogene Eberle, F. Kenyon, Lizzie Francis, William Simms, J. W. Summers, Charles Barringer and Charles J. Bishop, with that brainy and likeable Sam Meyers for business manager.—E. J. Buckley's co. for My Partner contains as principals Louise Calvert as Mary Brandon, Johnny Williams as the Chinaman, and Owen Dale as the Major, with Charles MacGeachy as manager.—Mme. Judic plays the banjo all day long.—The next Beethoven Quintette Club Concert, Jan. 15, under direction of Otto Blankart.—Frank Page, the new tenor and Mlle. Sordelli are organizing a concert party for a State tour.—Harry Neiman, stage manager, and T. W. Eckert, musical conductor, are responsible for the Mikado Juvenile co, which took the people by storm at Woodward's.—Mamie Taylor and Louise Eckert alternate as the Queen in Three Black Cloaks.—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Furst wrote the libretto and adapted Black Cloaks from the play.—J. H. Haverly and Charles H. McConnell are both in the city seeking quiet and good climate.—Mr. Hayman rents the California eight weeks to play the Kiralfys. Mr. Rankin rents the Baldwin six weeks for his co.—Manager E. D. Price of the California informs me that the policy of the house will hereafter be to allow no attraction to run longer than two weeks no matter how badly the public may desire it.—What shall we do for minstrels, for now comes a rumor that Burt Haverly also goes into white next year.—Joseph D. Redding goes East to-day, some say on legal business; others, that he goes to negotiate for the right to produce the Kelly Macbeth music and other valuable stage properties of the California Theatre.—Frederic de Belleville will likely remain a member of the Rankin co. for some time to come.—Isabel Morris shortly joins her brother, Felix Morris, in London.—There is a new Ko-ko in the city—James Kelly, Jr.—Enrico Campobello, May Mitchell and the Joran Sisters contemplate a concert party at the Sandwich Islands.—William E. Sheridan and Louise Davenport return to Australia in April under the Abbott Opera House management.

CHICAGO.

The Lillian Russell Opera co. had a fairly remunerative week at Hooley's Theatre. The business done was not quite up to the expectations of the manager, but the patronage was fully up to the merit of the performances. Miss Russell is the possessor of a sweet voice of good power and range, but her support, aside from Fred. Solomon, is mediocre. The only operas given were Billee Taylor and Polly. The first has been done numberless times here, and was therefore no inducement for the public to visit the theatre, and the second was not remarkable for originality in either music or dialogue. Mr. Solomon, the husband of Miss Russell, and composer of both the above operas, conducted the orchestra. It is said he declines to have his wife sing in any but his own compositions, but the experience of the past week ought to convince him that the public refuse to accept so much Solomon at one dose. There can be no doubt that Miss Russell could be made one of the greatest attractions on the road if a more extended repertoire and a good co. were secured. This week Aimee will appear in Divorçons and Mam'selle. Evans and Hoey 27th.

The Rag Baby started in at the Grand with crowded houses, and the first week has been as profitable as any that made the previous visits of the co. so remarkable. The engagement continues up to Jan. 2, 1886.

Kate Castleton did not do as well as expected on her return to the Chicago Opera House. The business was fair, and a little money was made for all parties concerned. This week, Harrison and Gourlay in their new farce Out of the Frying Pan, etc.; Wallack's Traveling co. in Diplomacy, 28th.

The Mikado closed a splendid four weeks engagement at McVicker's. The last week was fully up to the first in point of receipts, and it is quite likely that the season could have been extended profitably. This week Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in No Thoroughfare. For the second week the stars appear in Dombey and Son and Mighty Dollar.

Michael Strogoff was not "gorgeous" enough to attract the public for the second week, and although the assertion is made that the books show a balance on the right side, yet it is too small to give the manager much joy. This week the Norman Opera co.; Frohman's May Blossom co. 27th.

Newton Beers, a rising young character actor, met with a cordial reception at the Olympic last week, where he appeared as Jagoa in The Stranglers of Paris.

Charles A. Gardner in Karl, played one of the most successful engagements he ever had in this city, at the People's. This week Ada Gray.

A Wife's Honor, with Lillian Dunstan in the leading role, had a fair week at the Standard. This week the Dalys' Vacation. Lillian Russell 27th.

Alone in London, in which Cora Tanner does some effective work, met with favor at the Academy of Music. This week Oliver Byron in a new and weirdly sensational play, entitled The Inside Track. John A. Stevens, 27th.

Charming Lizzie Evans had a successful week at the Criterion in Foggs' Ferry and Florette. This week, Alone in London.

The Haverly Minstrels have a great programme prepared for the holidays and will present all the ladies and children who visit them with bon-bons and other gifts. Hooley and Thompson, a new song-and-dance team, will make their first appearance.

Items: The Nevada concerts were by no means the popular success anticipated. The young Western songstress was well received by fair audiences; but she did not create the enthusiasm experienced when she sang in opera.—C. D. Hess has begun suit against Lillian Russell and Edward Solomon to recover $25,000 damages for libel. He asserts that a telegram from St. Louis to THE NEW YORK MIRROR, signed by Solomon, and alleging the failure of the co. due to be owing attachments on the property of the co. for Hess' old debts, has done him great injury. Solomon laughs at the suit, and says Hess' own agent, Blanchard, sent the telegram.

BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn Theatre: La Belle Russe, with Sophie Eyre as Geraldine Hatherly, supported by Newton Gotthold, Harry Talbot, John W. Jennings and Miss M. E. Hill is the well-acted play this week. Miss Eyre and her peculiar panther-like step won favor though, as did that of her support. The elegant stage picture was set in a fitting frame. Mr. Miner has tastefully combined crimson and gold in the interior decorations of his house transforming its dungeon-like gloom into something wonderfully bright and pleasing. The first-night audience was fair. Next week, Mary Anderson.

Park Theatre: Nat. C. Goodwin and his Skating Rink are making the people howl with delight. Monday's house was packed from stage to ceiling. Daisy Murdoch would be good if she didn't try to imitate Minnie Palmer. When she acts naturally every one is satisfied. She is a Brooklynite, and so a favorite. Helen Lowell was natural and good. Next week, McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels.

Grand Opera House: Despite proposed injunctions, Ida Mülle appears this week in Dimples. A big house greeted her Monday night and all were well pleased. She is naturally piquante and pleasing, and does not overact. Her support is very fair, and the play works smoothly. Messrs. Knowles and Morris were fortunate in getting Miss Mulle for a date. Next week, Frank Mayo in Nordeck.

Criterion Theatre: The Mikado's reign in Brooklyn began Monday night. The house was a big one, fashionable, and heartily pleased. George Broderick's Pooh-Bah was artistic, as was Hattie Starr's Pitti-Sing. Charles L. Harris, as the Mikado, makes up well, and so does William H. Seymour as Ko-Ko; but they give too much "variety business" in their acting. As a whole the cast is good. Next week, Minnie Maddern.

Hyde and Behman's: George H. Wood's Comedy co. is presenting an olio entertainment and Champagne and Ovsters, with the stock co. The houses are, as always, good.

CINCINNATI.

While the audiences at Heuck's during the second and final week of Clio were not unusually large, the average attendance was sufficiently remunerative to leave a comfortable balance in Manager Fennessy's ledger. The piece suffers by contrast with such spectacular effects as Excelsior, Sieba, and others of the Kiralfy repertoire, though the earthquake scene closing the fourth act is one of the most superb mechanical efforts ever seen in Cincinnati. Harold Fosburg is too meritorious an actor to be handicapped with such a trifling role as that of the old campaigner. This week, Shadows of a Great City, followed 27th by the Norman Opera co. in The Enchantress. Bartley Campbell's White Slave Jan. 4.

W. J. Scanlan, in Shane-na-Lawn, closed one of the most successful engagements in the annals of Havlin's, 19th. To the writer, who bears a most favorable recollection of the clever comedian during his early experience on the variety stage as a member of the sketch team, Scanlan and Cronin, his steady advancement in public favor is no matter of marvel. Like Emmet, his acting is graceful, his vocalism attractive, and there is a magnetism of manner that rarely fails to impress even the most *blasé* amusement-goer. This week, Louise Balfe, in Dagmar; Milton Nobles, 27th.

Charlotte Thompson, in a dramatization of Hugh Conway's novel, "Dark Days," closed an unsuccessful week 19th. This week, May Blossom, followed 28th by Maggie Mitchell.

That vaudeville possesses a firm hold upon at least a portion of our theatre-goers, was evinced last week at the People's Theatre from the nightly attendance which greeted the Kernell Brothers' comb., and this, too, in face of the fact that the Howard Athenæum co. had closed so successful an engagement the preceding week. This week, W. T. Stephens and Minnie Oscar Gray.

On the List: If Dame Rumor is a lady of undoubted veracity, or, to put it more pertinently, "if what she says goes," there is a decided possibility of an early dissolution of partnership between the Kernell Brothers. The brothers do not speak as they pass by, and on one evening (Thursday) during last week their act was cut to such an extent as to be almost unrecognizable. Harry Kernell will double up with some other artist as soon as he can effect necessary arrangements.—Scenic artist E. F. Harvey, of Heuck's, is preparing the drop-curtain for the new Masonic Cathedral on Broadway in this city.—Somebody with no fear of retribution before his eyes has started the story that W. H. Miner, dramatic editor of the *Times-Star* is writing a play. Evidently there's contagion in the very air.—The amusement public is hungering after new plays, and if newspaperdom fails to fill a long felt want the fault cannot be brought to Cincinnati's doors.—Harold Fosberg, of the Clio party, was at one time leading man of Wood's Theatre under Barney Macauley's management, and has been renewing some very pleasant acquaintance during his co.'s two weeks sojourn in Cincinnati.—As any theatrical correspondence from this vicinity would be incomplete without the arrival or departure of Manager R. E. J. Miles being chronicled, the writer hastens to note the fact that the portly Festival Dictator is expected home for the holidays.—Roselle, the really clever female impersonator of Baird's Minstrels, and who also looks after the stage management, is a resident of this city.—Mayor Smith has written the Law and Order League declining to withhold the licenses of those theatres giving Sunday performances. The Law and Order officials will continue, however, to swear out warrants for the performers participating in Sunday theatricals, though the managers to date are having the better of the fight to all intents.—Manager John H. Havlin is rapidly improving, and his many friends, by frequent calls, do their utmost to render his enforced confinement the less irksome.

NEW ORLEANS.

Bidwell's Star Dramatic co. has been giving admirable performance of Pique to good business. The real merit of this co. becomes more and more apparent with the production of each new play. Joseph Wheelock is a remarkably strong actor, and is especially good in his delineation of vigorous manhood. He is not always quite as happy in his portrayal of the refined and elegant gentleman of the drawing-room, however. Few leading men of to-day are the equals of Mr. Wheelock, and one can scarcely expect perfection. His Captain Standish is a fine performance. One of the greatest secrets of Marie Walnwright's success is the true womanliness of all her characterizations. No matter how tempting the lines or situations, she never loses the symmetry of her conception; nor does she indulge in mock heroics to catch unworthy applause. The lady has become deservedly a great favorite here. Her Mabel Renfrew is a capital performance. Harry Hawk in such roles as Templeton Jitt or the comedy part of Taken From Life is excellent, but he is not so strong in light comedy. For instance, his Sammy Dymple is not as clean as either of the other two performances. Miss Muldener is a very pleasing actress, better in such roles as Mary Standish than in Lou Ten Eyck; but always good. The military and romantic drama of Youth is underlined.

Joseph Murphy, an old-time favorite here, has been playing Kerry Gow to fair business at the Academy of Music, supported by a capable company. Miss Melville, his leading lady, is very clever, and plays Nora Drew attractively. Roland Reed next.

William Gillette and his Private Secretary co. have not drawn large audiences at the Grand Opera House. His version of this comedy is a little different at times from previous performances given here, but is no improvement. The star plays the impossible Secretary very cleverly, and makes quite as much of a fool of him as the others have seen in the part, and gets his full share of laughs. M. A. Kennedy is decidedly the best Cattermole we have seen. James O'Neill this week. Academy Opera co. 27th.

The French Opera House is doing an excellent business, and deservedly. The double co. is an excellent all-around one and five very enjoyable performances of either light opera or comedy. La Fille de Mme. Angot has been presented lately in a most attractive shape. Mme. Reine as Clairette and Mme. Caron does Aulge Piton very nicely. The choruses are good and the ensemble very pleasing. The performances of Les Dominos Rouges and Les Deux Timides have been very successful. Altogether Manager Durlon's ventures is proving a success.

Kernodle's Minstrels have been drawing crowds to Varasta's Theatre. The Saxe Comet Opera co. at the Avenue Theatre has given The Mikado to large houses, and everything considered, in a fairly creditable manner. Between the acts Mme. Chatterton-Bohrer has entertained the audiences with fine performances on the harp. The lady is an accomplished musician. At Robinson's Dime Museum the attendance continues large and the attractions interesting.

CLEVELAND.

The Silver King was the attraction at the Opera House the first three nights of the week. It is a sterling, beautiful drama, and is well produced. J. C. Bangs in his peerless impersonation of Wilfred Denver, received deserved applause.

Saucy and piquante Aimee, seemingly retaining all the *chic* and dash she was celebrated for when last here in 1877, and still possessing that peculiarly seductive and persuasive power she was then noted for, played the last three days of the week at the Opera House to crowded houses. Aimee is evidently stouter in person than when last here. She dresses in rare taste, and yet with a studied abandon and disregard. The plays produced were Mam'selle and Sardou's delicious satire on divorce—Divorcons. Although both plays have a flavor of suggestiveness and naughtiness, yet they touch good moral lessons. Aimee is an artiste in comedy, as she was in opera; but as a vocalist, her powers are waning. Her co. is excellent throughout.

The Carrolls, in Whom Can It Be? failed dismally at the Academy. This week, Galley Slave.

The Cleveland Theatre had a great week with the Jennie Calef comb. in Little Muffets and Fanchon. Muffets is a play on the order of M'liss, and is equally as good. Miss Calef does good work in both plays. She is a sweet and charming little woman, a hard worker and deserves, and will doubtless reach, a high place in her profession. Her co. is a good one. Pavements of Paris week of 21st. N. S. Wood next week.

Arrests: It is a great racket the Aimee comb. works in the second act of Mam'selle, and it caught on here in great shape. The lover seated in the auditorium disturbs the performance and is carried out by a "cop." The wife from one of the boxes sees her unfaithful husband in love with Fleur De Lis, and faints, and another member of the co. from the gallery yells at the manager on the stage and has to be suppressed. Kate Castleton is a prime favorite here, and will doubtless run well.—The Cleveland Theatre has had its floor changed and chairs rearranged, and is now a handsome, comfortable house, second only to the Opera House. It ought to do a good business.—Charles Sturges, property-man at the Cleveland, needed a chicken for Wednesday's performance of Fanchon. Charley is a good fellow, but his knowledge of natural history is limited particularly of poultry. He neglected the chicken until too late to buy one, but succeeding in removing one surreptitiously from a neighboring coop and arrived with it at the theatre a few minutes before the curtain went up. Fanchon "kicked" on the appearance of the chicken, which was not strikingly handsome when viewed by gas light; but Charlie assured her it was the only living fowl to be found in the town. The boys "got on" to the business and Charley has been doing the agreeable since Wednesday.—Salvini appears at the Opera House on 28th, 29th and 30th, followed by T. P. and W.'s Minstrels, in the Ranks follows Pavements of Paris at the Cleveland.—Miss Mohawk of the Carroll's comb., is said to be a real live Indian girl.—W. D. Reed, at present treasurer of the Carrolls, was formerly a member of the co.

ALABAMA.

SELMA.

Academy of Music (L. Gerstman, manager): A Brave Woman, 15th, to fair-sized audience; good performance. James M. Hardie as Ivie Everleigh, Sara von Leer as Lillian Bell, and George W. Fawcett as Sandie Oram, won hearty applause, and were repeatedly called before the curtain.

MONTGOMERY.

McDonald's Opera House (G. T. McDonald, manager): Acme Dramatic co. presented several pieces during the week to fair business.

Montgomery Theatre (Jake Tannenbaum, manager): Little's World co. to fair business, matinee and evening, 13th.

ARKANSAS.

HOT SPRINGS.

Opera House (J. L. Butterfield, manager): Louise Sylvester gave us a Hot Time 18th, to a goodly-sized audience. Hot Time is a musical absurdity in three acts, and with no sign whatever of a plot. The idea is to amuse, and from the way the audience laugh, it was a success. Miss Sylvester was unable to sing, as she was suffering with a very severe cold.

Items: Miss Jessie and Byron Von Elsner, brother and sister of the late singer, Mme. Litta, are sojourning here.—Katie Putnam, 24th and 25th.—Manager Butterfield and Treasurer Garrett join with me in wishing THE MIRROR a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSÉ.

California Theatre (C. J. Martin, manager): Grace Hawthorne and co. 7th, 8th and matinee, appeared in Camille, Adrienne Lecouvreur and Frou-Frou, to fair houses. Mrs. Hawthorne herself gave fair representations, but the support was not good.

LOS ANGELES.

Grand Opera House (McLain and Lehman, managers): The Thompson Opera co., under the management of J. H. Haverly, opened a very successful week's engagement 14th, appearing in The Mikado, which also greeted with a crowded house, and repeatedly encored. This fine co. will also be seen in The Beggar Student during the week. The Baldwin Theatre co. of San Francisco week of 28th, in Wages of Sin and other plays. The Kruger Skating Rink co. week of Jan. 4, followed by Alice Harrison in Hot Water 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th. Mexican Orchestra next, and, 25th.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): An audience that tested the seating capacity and at advance prices greeted Mary Anderson 16th. She appeared as Rosalind in As You Like It, supported by her English co. The co. was very generally pronounced inferior to others that have supported Miss Anderson. The star was enthusiastically received, and was obliged to bow before the curtain twice. The receipts were over $1,400. McNish's Minstrels 17th. Overflowing house. The audience was the largest that has yet assembled this season to see a minstrel performance. The singing and musical part of the programme was the best I have ever heard with any company. Sawtelle's Mikado co., who did such a big business two nights last month, will return for Christmas eve. The attraction for Christmas matinee and evening will be Mastodon.

Item: The American Theatre was closed past week. Some important changes have been made in the general arrangements. George Crawford retires as business manager, his place being filled by Dave Oakey. The house reopened 21st, with variety and specialty bill.

NEW HAVEN.

New Haven Opera House (Hooker Wall, manager): McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels turned away many applicants for seats 15th. A first-rate show was given, comparing favorably with anything in the minstrel line seen here this season. Miracle 16th. Pastorma 28th, week.

Carll's Opera House (F. R. Carll, manager): Mary Anderson as Rosalind drew a very fair house 15th. She was pleasantly but not enthusiastically received, and the universal verdict is that as Rosalind she is no success; and so is her supported company. Mapleson Opera co., week.

Boswell's Museum: Dillon's Bostonians in their twelve performances to fair business. Business has been one day, but the co. deserved more. Juvenile Opera co. next.

American Theatre: Monday and Tuesday of each week, give way to a female impersonator.

BRIDGEPORT.

Mears' Opera House (E. V. Mears, manager): Cadmus Mears announces all last week that the Mikado co. were falsely said given up to Sawtelle's Mikado co., and made an inimitable Lord High Executioner of Ko-Ko. He was also the life of the Kimball's Katisha was excellent. Mikado co. week of 28th. W. Wilson Carll's Opera co. week of Jan. 4.

WILLIMANTIC.

Lyceum Opera House (C. F. Hall, manager): Barlow Brothers' Minstrels to fair business 15th. As usual, the show was a good one, and the boys were greeted by a good house. George Wilson was in the city, and gave a good account of himself.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

Albaugh's Opera House (W. H. Albaugh, manager): Mary Anderson as Rosalind drew a crowded house 15th. The audience was very much disappointed in the star's performance, and the universal verdict is that as Rosalind she is no success. Her support was very poor, with the exception of the character of Archibald Carlyle by A. S. Crissman.

Park Theatre: The Queen's Shawl Club, under the management of Charles A. Morehead gave a very pleasing performance before a fair audience.

PEORIA.

Grand (Lem. H. Wiley, manager): The Milan Italian Opera co. to fair audiences, 18th, 19th and matinee. Haverly's Minstrels 21st, to large house.

Rouse's Hall: Newell and Fletcher's Comedy Idiots, 14th, for one week. Moderate business.

Spalbs: The theatrical business for the season thus far has not been as good as last year. Managers of co's say its the same all through the Middle and Western States.—Parties from Chicago have rented the old Academy of Music for one year, and are having painted a panorama of the "Battle of Gettysburg," similar to the one in that city.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

At Dickson's the entire week was filled by Edwin Thorne in The Black Flag. Average fair houses at starting-rink prices.

At English's The Ivy Leaf opened to a big house, and business so continued for three nights. The Emmet Guards benefited, and the audiences were made up of the friends of the shamrock—I mean the Ivy Leaf. J. M. Gardner's co. in Streets of New York fell meekly into line and met the skating-rink prices by giving afternoon matinees at the opposition twenty cents—and kept good houses. The Bayse Monte Cristo co. that was brought from Chicago to fill the Katherine Rogers "bunco" date, had a bad one. On Wednesday Monte Cristo was changed for M'liss, and the patronage fell off somewhat. For several weeks the museum has had bad attractions, and it has not drawn as was its wont. The third floor was added for a reserved seat down stairs was found to be a bad idea, and it was abandoned.

At the Zoo the week filled by Hallen and Hart's Prize Ideals. The co. is an unusually good one, but the people would not go. Hallen closed with $800 here.

Elbow Shots: The change in the Museum, with Sackett of the Museum, as proprietor, culminated in a sale for $150, that

[illegible] per cent. held out by Sackett on account of non-fulfilment of contract.—The *Times* this week has, in the space contracted for by the Grand Opera House, a notice to this effect: "Owing to the unfair action accorded this house by the *Times*, we have withdrawn our patronage. We merely use this space because an old contract compels us to pay for it." The *Times* replied by carrying in italics at the head of the amusement column a little six line notice as follows: "The dramatic editor of the Grand Opera House, whose business it is to furnish favorable comments to the city press on attractions at this theatre, and to misrepresent the character of shows, when necessary to obtain patronage, is not a contributor to this column." The weeklies have all taken sides, and the fight is growing interesting.—Lilian Olcott and most of her co. laid off here for several days.—Miss Olcott was too ill to appear 11th instant, and has been here ever since, varying the monotony of a sick room by an occasional jump for a one-night stand in small towns near by.—Fred. A. Mordaunt is now organizing a juvenile Mikado co., with the Hollywood Children as principals. Baby Clara, five years old, as Yum-Yum, and Dick, six years old, as Ko-Ki; Lizzie Hollywood as Nanki-Poo.—Marion Fleming is at her home here.—J. L. Cunningham, whose good money goes to put Miss Olcott on the road, has been here for a few days.—Junius Howe and his wife, Daddie Maguire, and Nellie Maguire have gone to New York.—Owing to the late injunction on Anselma, Janish is barred from the Christmas attraction at English's.

VINCENNES.

Green's Opera House (Frank Green, manager): Bartley Campbell's White Slave co. played a benefit performance 16th, opening night, to Manager Green. The first choice of seats sold for $25. The receipts were handsome, although the house was not more than half full. Manager Harry Kennedy, of the White Slave co., says that the new opera house is better than the average metropolitan theatre.

EVANSVILLE.

Opera House (T. J. Groves, manager): The White Slave 15th, to good business. Hildebrand's Cryptogram of Prison Life, 17th, to good house.

LAFAYETTE.

Grand Opera House (F. B. Caldwell, manager): Carrie Swain, 14th; amused a fair house with her antics in Cad the Tomboy. Haverly's Minstrels Christmas evening.

IOWA.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Opera House (Nonon, Albert and Toomey, managers): Ed. Tannehill's Comedy co. gave Fun on the Bristol to a small house, 13th. This co. has been playing to light business in the South and West, and have been obliged to cancel dates to the small places per route on their return trip East. T. W. Keene appeared 18th in Hamlet and Othello 19th. Mr. Keene is a favorite here, and can draw a full house any time. This suberb co. carries some fine scenery, painted by Noxon, Albert and Toomey in their studio at St. Louis.

BURLINGTON.

Grand Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): Ada Gray in East Lynne, 15th, attracted but a meagre audience. Miss Gray's support was fairly good, and the play was excellently presented throughout; but the best co. in the world would fail to make East Lynne tolerable to any but the class who regard Uncle Tom's Cabin as the greatest and best of modern dramas. Trashy military drama called True Blue, was given 17th, 18th and 19th, under the auspices of a Post of G. A. R., by local talent, trained by a travelling professor of the histrionic art who owns the play, to crowded houses.

Peosly's Theatre: An audience of moderate proportions witnessed the production of Galatea by the Vesuvius Sisters' Opera co., 16th. The performance was good and deserved better patronage.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House (Duncan and Waller, managers): Thomas W. Keene appeared 17th in Richard III. to a large and fashionable audience. Keene was at his best, and received admirable support from Gustavus Levick as Richmond and Miss Vedder as Elizabeth. The duel between Richmond and Richard was the finest piece of work of the kind ever seen in this city. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 19th, to fair business. They lay up here for a short time.

CLINTON.

Music Hall (Tate and Fluke, managers): Fun on the Bristol co. (Tannehill's) to good business, 18th; well pleased audience. Co. is returning from Kansas, where it has not been over fortunate. Pat Rooney, 31st.

Davis Opera House (E. M. Davis, manager): Another Mikado co. has stranded before making us happy. The last troupe, starting from Chicago, failed to reach La Crosse. Manager Davis will have to import his Japs direct from Chicago.

KANSAS.

LEAVENWORTH.

Grand Opera House (Edward A. Church, manager): Little May Ulmer, in Dad's Girl, 14th to a fair but well pleased audience. McIntyre and Heath's Spectacular Minstrels 16th to good business. The co. gave a very fine performance, eliciting shouts of laughter and round after round of applause. This organization includes an unusual number of vocalists, talented artists and specialties, and there is not a dull moment from the rising to the falling of the curtain.

Supplement: The newsdealers have informed me that they are still sending orders for the Romeo and Juliet Supplement. THE MIRROR'S circulation has trebled, date since Dec. 1.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's Theatre (John T. Macauley, proprietor): No more popular attraction comes during the season than the Boston Ideal Opera co. Victor, the Blue Stocking; Giroflé, Martha and Bohemian Girl were given to very large and fashionable houses. The old favorites, Marie Stone, Karl, Barnabee, McDonald, Frothingham and Mossell were cordially welcomed. The newcomers, Agnes Huntington, Zelie de Lussan and W. H. Clark, assisted in maintaining the high standard already established. The operas were all handsomely staged.

Masonic Temple Theatre (Whallen and Boarlier, managers): C. W. Couldock in The Willow Copse to poor business. The supporting co., in which are A. Z. Tilman, Raymond Holmes, Eugenie Blair, Sydney Cowell and others, is one of the best to visit Louisville this season. The acting of the time-honored actor is a study in its finish. Charles Bowser in In the Swim, 24th.

Harris' Museum (P. Harris, proprietor): The Bandmann-Davidson co. to very good business, with a change of bill at each performance. Such costuming, such mating were never on stage before. George C. Boniface in Streets of New York 21st.

New Grand Theatre (J. P. Whallen, proprietor): The Howard Athenæum co. is one of the best of its kind. The bill offered was a good one in every particular. Keats-Bantley co. 21st in variety and burlesque Mikado.

Items: C. H. Keeshen, of Shook and Palmer's management, is here.—The Musical Club will give its annual dinner 31st at the Galt House. Hon. Henry Watterson will be one of the speakers.—Zelie de Lussan and Marie Stone, of the Ideals, received marked social attentions while here.—Bandmann did not appear at the afternoon performances at the Museum. The papers scored him unmercifully, ridiculing his pretensions to merit.—It seems a shame that two nights of the short stay of the Ideals should be devoted to Martha and Bohemian Girl, when they have Fatinitza, Giroflé-Girofla, Pinthousette and other operas seldom given here in their repertoire.—Max Zoelner, agent J. H. Wallick's Bandit King co., passed through Saturday, 19th. He reports very large business through Texas. His co. is working East.

MASSACHUSETTS.

FITCHBURG.

Opera House (F. A. Currier, manager): Monte Cristo 15th, with Mr. Horace Lewis as Edmund Dante and Count Monte Cristo. He played the parts very acceptably. Clara Henderson took the place of Josephine Merry in the part of Mercedes for the first time, and did nicely. Fair house.

LAWRENCE.

Opera House (T. A. Sweeney, manager): The return of Stetson's Mikado co. 14th, to a crowded house.

Item: Messrs. Merrill and Sweeney, of the Opera House, have recovered damages in the Newark District Court against the King Hedley After Dark co. to the amount of $250 and costs. The suit was for breach of contract, the co. failing to appear.

BROCKTON.

City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager): The Wilbur Opera co. gave three performances of The Mikado, one each of Olivette, Little Duke and Giroflé-Girofla, to large and well-pleased audiences, week of 14th. Messrs. Chapman, Conley and Handel, together with Miss Kirwin, are especially worthy of praise. Lillian Lewis in repertoire 17, 18th.

Items: W. E. Cross, treasurer of the City Theatre, expresses thanks for the favors extended to him by THE MIRROR during his stay in New York.—I spent a few pleasant hours in company with Messrs. Christiansen [illegible] and Murphy co.) and Brady (of the [illegible]).—THE MIRROR can always be obtained of Thompson and Buckley, on [illegible] C. C. Holmes', on Main street.—[illegible] to be remembered to THE MIRROR.

LYNN.

[illegible], manager): Liberati the cornetist; Jessie Couthoué, reader, Etta Kilenki, soprano, and the Oxford Male Quartette, appeared in the Star course series of concerts 15th, to the usual large and appreciative audience. C. H. Smith's U. T. C. co. played return engagement 17th, 18th and 19th to good-sized houses at cheap prices.

Items: A new street scene by Seavey arrived from New York last week and was placed in position at Music Hall. All of the scenery at this hall is to be repainted and a number of new ones added. Charles Alley, the scenic artist, is at present engaged on a proscenium drapery that would do credit to an artist of greater pretentions.

NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (J. C. Omey, manager): Stetson's Mikado appeared 15th to nearly $600. Scenery, costumes and orchestra were excellent. Murray and Murphy were greeted by a perfect storm of applause and laughter, 16th. Best thing of the kind ever seen here. Lois Fullie deserves special mention. She was charming in her songs and dances. Daniel Sully's Corner Grocery, 17th; small house; gave satisfaction.

Briefiets: So many people were unable to obtain seats for the Mikado that Manager Omey has secured the co. for a return, Jan. 9.—Treasurer S. P. Norman, of the Murray and Murphy co., is the firmest friend of THE MIRROR I have yet met. He is a thorough gentleman and an interesting talker.—Ada Cannon, of Joseph Proctor's Virginius co., came home last week to the opening of the G. A. R. Fair. She has grown handsome since I saw her last, though there was little room for improvement then.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT.

Detroit Opera House (C. J. Whitney, manager): Pyke's Opera co. gave The Mikado all the week at reduced prices. The attendance was fair and the representation very good. Carrie Swain in Cad, the Tomboy, 21st, week; Scanlan, 28th, week.

Whitney's Grand Opera House (C. J. Whitney, manager): Thatcher, Primrose and West, 24th, 25th, 26th.

White's Grand Theatre (Charles O. White, manager): Nobody's Claim was well put on by Joseph J. Dowling and Sadie Hasson all the week. Both artists were well received, especially the latter, whose specialty acts were boisterously applauded. The theatre was packed to its utmost capacity, standing-room being at a premium at all evening performances. It is estimated that fully 25,000 people were in attendance during the week. The stage-setting was good, and the co. a fair one. King Hedley's After Dark 24th, 25th, 26th; Pavements of Paris, 28th, week; Storm-Beaten, Jan. 4, week.

Pirates of Penzance, by the Detroit English Opera co., under the management of Charles A. Shaw, formerly of the Detroit, will be given early in January.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House (William H. Powers, manager): Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight repeated their success of last season in Over the Garden Wall, 13th and 16th, before fair-sized audiences. Storm Beaten, 23d to 26th.

LANSING.

Buck's Opera House (M. J. Buck, manager): Pat Rooney gave a good performance to a moderate house, 17th. Manager Buck has opened a subscription to guarantee for treating us to The Mikado. He has also shown his good taste by putting THE MIRROR'S Romeo and Juliet Supplement into an elegant frame and hanging it in his private business office.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL.

Grand Opera House (L. N. Scott, manager): Charles H. Hoyt's latest success, a musical comedy entitled A Tin Soldier, was presented to good houses—audiences, too, that greatly enjoyed one of the most laughable and entertaining performances seen here for some time. Audience convulsed.

Olympic Theatre (Edwin P. Hilton, manager): Week of 14th, Kennedy's Bright Lights in farce and specialties, introducing Kitty Howard, Jennie Jerome, Frankie Gray, Minnie Lewis, Emma Leon, V. E. Kennedy, Lew Morton, George Rosaldo, Victor Jerome and Billy Gray. Fair business. Mlle. Turnour's Sensational co., week of 21st.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Grand Opera House (J. F. Conklin, manager): The week has been a light one, first half being without an attraction. Hoyt's Tin Soldier 7th, was put on by a co. of clever specialty people. The piece was well received by good-sized audiences.

Items: At the Museum there is a clever little performance on the stage and the usual curios, with business still large.—The old Pence Opera House has been leased to new manager, who think it has worn out and laid down its unlucky star.—The Comique has held forth Lilly Clay's Adamless Eden co.

DULUTH.

Grand Opera House (Munger and Markell, managers): Milton Nobles, supported by an excellent co., gave Love and Law 13th and Phoenix 16th, to fair and well satisfied houses.

MISSOURI.

ST. JOSEPH.

Tootle's Opera House (F. F. Schrader, manager): Barney McAuley in Messenger from Jarvis Section, 14th. Business light. Salsbury's Troubadours, 18th, in Tom, Dick and Harry. Business large, but that is nothing unusual, as the Troubadours are favorites here and always do large business. Tom, Dick and Harry is styled on the programme as "A plotless peculiarity in three acts," and right well is it named. The burlesque rehearsal of A Midsummer Night's Dream in the last act is very good, as is also the burlesque ballet. Taken all through, however, the piece does not compare favorably with Three of a Kind.

A Horrible Picture: The centre picture of the Troubadours stand of advertisements is a horrible thing to look at, and distorts Nellie McHenry's pretty features until it is almost impossible to tell who it is intended for. Daboll's legs are a poem.

SEDALIA.

Wood's Opera House (Charles H. Collins, manager): A large audience came out to hear Emma Abbott in Bohemian Girl 14th, and were delighted with the performance. James G. Peakes' Mikado had fair house 16th, and supplied fairly good performance, with uneven cast. McFaddon's Uncle Tom matinee and night (Christmas), 25th.

MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON.

Robinson Opera House (Dan. W. Wilkinson, manager): Zozo, the Magic Queen, played 11th and 12th to good houses. An excellent co. George H. Adams is immense. Everybody highly pleased with play and scenery. A Brave Woman, with James M. Hardie and Sara von Leer, 14th, to only fair house. Play very good, also scenery.

MERIDIAN.

Meridian Theatre (Levi Rothenberg, manager): The largest and most brilliant audience of the season assembled 15th to see Fred. Warde in the role of Richelieu. Mr. Warde's conception and personation of the great character was almost perfect. He was supported by a strong co., and the performance was smooth and beautiful throughout.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA.

Boyd's Opera House (Thomas F. Boyd, manager): Alice Harrison in Hot Water, 11th and 12th, did not make a very good impression, though she did an excellent business. The play is so flimsy even so bright and clever an actress as Miss Harrison could not save it. Salsbury's Troubadours, 16th and 17th, played to good houses. Emma Nevada, 24th. Lizzie May Ulmer, 25th and 26th; A Tin Soldier, 28th, 29th; Thomas Keene, Jan. 1, 2.

NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY.

Academy of Music (William Henderson, manager): A Midnight Marriage was presented 13th, 18th and 19th, to fair houses, by the Redmund-Barry co. The play was well received. John S. Murphy in Kerry Gow opened for three nights 21st. Large house and thoroughly appreciative audience. The co. is mediocre. The blacksmith-shop scene and the return of the carrier pigeons, however, pleased, and in a manner saved an otherwise poor play. Charles Gayler's Bohemian, with J. L. Burleigh in the title-role, 24th, 25th and 26th. Joseph Proctor follows.

NEWARK.

Grand Opera House (Leonard Gray, manager): We, Us & Co. played the first three nights of last week to good houses. The piece is universally very good, but Ezra Kendal as Dr. Mulo Medicus is sadly missed. On Tuesday Salvini played The Gladiator to an immense audience, and achieved an overwhelming success. John S. Murphy in Kerry Gow, 24th, 25th, 26th.

Newark Opera House (Fred. Waldmann, manager): The Power of Money opened to a fair house. The play is poor and the cast weak, with the exception of Frederick Bock, who plays the dual-role of Stewart and John Forsyth with power and success. Next week, the Australian Novelty comb.

Library Hall (J. W. Wakefield, manager): Queens opened to fine business. The co. is a good one, and was well received.

Item: Harry Miner has been over here very often lately, and his arrangements for building the new theatre are fast arriving at completion.

PLAINFIELD.

Music Hall (Craig A. Marsh, manager): Bartley Campbell's Siberia co. appeared to a light house 17th. Young Mrs. Winthrop co., with Agnes Booth, Maude Harrison, Annie Russell and Frederic Robinson, has been secured for Christmas night;

TRENTON.

Taylor Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Barlow-Wilson Minstrels 26th, gave a good performance to a large house. T. H. Glenny's Called Back was played to fair houses 17th to 19th. The co. gave general satisfaction. Booked: Bartley Campbell's Siberia 25th; Corinne Opera co. 28th, week.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House (Mrs. R. M. Leland, manageress): The Devil's Auction has always been a good drawing attraction here, and the engagement for the first half of last week was no exception to the rule. The two galleries were packed at every performance and the floor of the house very comfortably filled. One of the Bravest had its first production here on Thursday evening, and ran to rather light business during the rest of the week. It is not a play that is deserving of much consideration from a critical point of view, as it is now presented; yet it is doubtless capable of such improvement in the way of re-writing and pruning as to make it acceptable in the hands of a strong cast, such as it did not have here. Professor Bristol's Equescurriculum is billed for five nights the present week. Saturday afternoon will bring Mary Anderson in The Lady of Lyons, and As You Like It for the evening.

Museum (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Escaped from Sing Sing, as portrayed by Dominick Murray, proved a strong card last week, and drew a succession of packed houses. A great holiday bill is offered this week, and includes the Miaco Humpty Dumpty troupe, Forepaugh's elephants, the four original Shamrocks and a host of other well-known specialty performers.

Central Theatre: The Star Specialty co. is the attraction present week.

Brevities: Manager Hickey has found it impossible to get things in shape for the opening of the Academy of Music this week, but all will be in readiness for the production of Drink, by Cyril Searle, 28th.—The maximum price of seats for the Anderson engagement will be $1.50.—Marcus L. Mayer was here last week.—Frank Karrington, of the World co., made a flying visit to his home in this city Sunday.

TROY.

Rand's Opera House (E. S. Strait, manager): As You Like It, with Mary Anderson as Rosalind, attracted a packed house 19th. Miss Anderson as Rosalind made an instant success. Her support, with the exception of J. Forbes Robertson and Zeffie Tilbury, was poor. William Redmund and Mrs. Thomas Barry, prime favorites in Troy, will appear twice each in A Midnight Marriage and Ruy Blas, 23d and 26th, followed by Wages of Sin, 28th and 29th, and Charlotte Thompson, Jan. 1, 2.

Griswold Opera House (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): A miserable variety performance was given last week to poor business. Edwin Archer this week; Dominick Murray next, Misco's Pantomime co. following.

Items: The Fisk Jubilee Singers, under E. S. Strait's management, appear at Music Hall, 25th.—At the Grand Central a Mascotte co appears current week. Reports of the performances of Bessie Cameron, of this city, now playing with Kate Claxton, speak very highly. Bennett Matlack has been playing the surrounding towns the past few weeks, and, the reports are, with success. Dodgers have been circulated the past few days announcing the production of a play, Who's Who? with George Richards, Harry Jackson, Florence Noble and Maude Goodwin in the cast, but local managers know nothing of any such co.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music (Meech Brothers, managers): Week of 14th, Mr. and Mrs. Florence amused from fair to small-sized audiences. Dombey and Son, Our Governor and The Mighty Dollar were given. Baker and Farron, 24th, 25th, 26th.

Court Street Theatre (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Lester and Allen's Minstrels, 17th, 18th, 19th. Their opening house was immense. The other evenings the houses were very large. Sullivan and Muldoon seem a drawing card, though the minstrel troupe is very good. Rose Eytinge in Niagara this week.

Items: Business was very good at the Adelphi last week.—La Petite Kitty, a little midget, made a hit in her songs-and-dances.—Davene's Allied Attractions Christmas week.—Fanny Herring's Little Buckshot had noise and powder enough to bring numbers to the museum last week. Kindergarden this week. To-day (21st) the new deal of cheaper prices at the Court Street Theatre takes effect. The seats grade from fifty to ten cents. Most of the attractions booked previous to Mr. Hill's transfer have accepted the scale, though some few will not exhibit their talent at such a price.

ROCHESTER.

Academy of Music (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): The attendance last week was large; the standing-room sign was frequently displayed, the attraction being Arden's Eagle's Nest co. The play is well written, having a fine plot and plenty of pathos and comedy to please the most fastidious. Edwin Arden is an excellent actor, and makes much of the hero, Jack Trail. Gertie Blanchard is a pleasing little lady, and did her work in fine style. Sarah McVicker as Sierra Sue and Alf Beverly as Dibsey kept everyone in the best of humor. Throughout the play is fully equal to any of the Western dramas that have been produced in our city. This week, Escaped from Sing Sing; next, Humpty Dumpty and Forepaugh's Elephants.

Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehnen, manager): House closed first half of week. Baker and Farron appeared in their latest play, Soap Bubble, to medium houses. The play is of but little moment, aside from the fact that the stars have opportunity to do their singing and dancing. Sol Smith Russell, 24th, 25th, 26th; World co., 28th, 29th, 30th.

Casino (George H. Bussey, manager): Business very good, Davene's Allied Attractions evidently giving satisfaction.

Items: Manager John J. Lehnen, of the Grand, was called to his home in Syracuse last week by the serious illness of his partner.—Mlle. Rhea has remembered her little friends at the French school in this city by sending them a Christmas present in the form of $300.

OLEAN.

Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): Burr Oaks 14th, to a very light business. Suydam's Humpty Dumpty, 16th, to a much lighter business. Sol Smith Russell to a very fair house 10th, in spite of a snow storm. Those who braved the elements were well repaid for their efforts.

COHOES.

Opera House (P. J. Callan, manager): One of the Bravest, with Charles C. McCarthy at the head, held the boards, 16th. A meagre audience only greeted this co.—a poor one, with possibly one exception. Professor Bristol's Equescurriculum was the attraction 17th, 18th and 19th, with matinee on latter date. Fair business only. Most enjoyable entertainment. Frank I. Frayne will be the stellar attraction 25th and 26th, presenting the new Si Slocum, which in all probability will be sufficient to fill the house.

NORTH CAROLINA.

HENDERSON.

Burwell Hall: Camilla Urso, 18th, to good business. Bella Moore, in A Mountain Pink, to fair and appreciative audience. Howorth's Hibernica Jan. 11.

OHIO.

ZANESVILLE.

Schultz and Co.'s Opera House (John Hoge, manager): Alternate smiles and tears was the order 15th, when we had our first glimpse of May Blossom. Belasco's pastoral play received a hearty welcome from the fair-sized audience; but should May ever again vouchsafe to visit us, I predict for her a rousing reception. The story is intensely interesting, and received marked attention, even to the last act, which you account wearily weak. Here the innocent diversion of the little children was naively natural, and was paid pleasant plaudits. Georgia Cayvan was sympathetically sweet as May. She is a worthy exponent of the character. In passing through the trials and troubles of the fisherman's daughter, she exhibited marked dramatic ability. Ben Maginley fell into favor with the audience on his first entrance, and ever after kept their faces wreathed in smiles. He has infused a quaint, queer humor into Tom Blossom that makes him always agreeable. Forrest Robinson is a good man for the character of Steve Harland, and plays him with excellent effect. W. H. Compton has a better part in Uncle Bertlett, the village divine, than any in which I have ever seen him. He gives a splendid impersonation. Will. Lackaye as Richard Ashcroft, Frank Currier as Owen Hathaway, and Eliza Logan as Deborah deserve special mention for the rendition of their respective roles.

Zephyr: S. N. Nye, manager of the Colorado Springs Opera House, was in town a few days this week, having been called by the death of a brother.

MOUNT VERNON.

Woodward Opera House (L. G. Hunt, manager): The week has been bare of events. Assistant-manager Wintermute returned home 17th. The claims against the Rice Opera co. here being paid in full at Xenia, the co. are out of debt and doing nicely.

Personal: Emma R. Steiner, of Baltimore, was a guest of your correspondent's family one day this week. Miss Steiner is hard at work on her two two-act comic operas, The Sleeping Beauty and Mignonette. The latter she thinks will make a hit.—E. E. Hume, business-manager Ida Siddons, was in town this week.—W. H. Osborn, ahead of Ness Family, is here to-day.—Traveling managers complain that the larger towns of the State are being showed to death.—THE MIRROR is on sale at Baldwin Brothers' book store every Saturday. The *Holiday Reporter* is the name of a neat programme paper in the interest of the Woodward.—Jennie George, our giant, goes with the Columbus Museum co. next season.—Si Perkins, 30th.

FINDLAY.

Hattie M. Rood, soprano and whistling soloist, of St. Clair, Mich., assisted by T. W. Bacon, violinist, of Detroit, and Mollie Buck, pianist, of Findlay, gave a fine musical entertainment 15th to a fair and highly-pleased house. As a soprano soloist, Miss Rood ranks high, and has won a most excellent reputation as a vocalist of superior attainments. Her wonderful whistling specialties were a revelation, and added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Mr. Bacon and Miss Buck—the former in his pleasing violin solos and the latter in her charming piano recitals—contributed greatly to the success of Miss Rood's concert.

COLUMBUS.

Grand Opera House (Millers and Okey, managers): Byron's Inside Track had a splendid week. Mr. and Mrs. Byron, Dickie Delaro and Charles Willard making hits. This week, In the Ranks; next, Jennie Calef.

Comstock's Opera House (Millers and Okey, managers): Frohman's excellent co. gave a beautiful performance of May Blossom, 18th, 19th, to rather light business. Minnie Maddern 25th and 26th; A Prisoner for Life, Jan. 1 and 2.

Items: The Orpheus Club gave a very enjoyable musicale at their rooms 15th.—Manager Okey has about recovered from a fall through a railroad bridge at Lancaster last week.

TOLEDO.

At the People's, Stephens and Gray have packed the house at every performance. Manager Hunter, of this comb., thinks he has been handled a little rough by correspondents and newspaper men in general, and requests me to be least at fair in my criticism. I say, with all the spirit of fairness, that he has a good attraction for the prices. His co., with one exception, W. T. Stephens, are fair actors, and the dogs are noble and sagacious animals.

DAYTON.

The Grand (Reist and Dickson, managers): The week preceding Christmas is generally the worst, financially speaking, of the season. May Blossom was greeted by a large audience 16th, but did not leave the favorable impression of other Madison Square productions. My prediction in last week's letter did not quite come true; nevertheless, Louise Balfe drew fairly well, 17th, in Dagmar, one of the strongest emotional plays seen here in years. Miss Balfe, although quite ill prior to her coming, assumed the part of Dagmar most acceptably and won a well deserved encore at the close of each act, an occurrence that is quite uncommon here, and one that she can justly feel proud of. Walter Bentley gave good support as Colonel Stanley. The co. was as the miller says, "fair to middling; 'bout middling." Billy Burke's H. D., 18th, 19th, and matinee to poor business. The pantomime is the best seen here since the days of Flick and Flock.

Cues: Bartley Campbell's Clio co. arrived here today 20th and will rest until Christmas Eve, when it begins an engagement of three nights at the Grand—Louise Balfe drew a "standing-room-only" audience at Memorial Hall, (Soldiers' Home) 18th, and was the recipient of some beautiful flowers.—A merry, merry Christmas to THE MIRROR, its staff and readers.

FREMONT.

Jolly Pathfinders played a return date 8th and 9th to good business. The co. is a good one, and whirlwinds of applause greeted little Frankie Jones. Little Nugget Comedy co., return date, 14th, to poor business. It was very, very funny notwithstanding.

SIDNEY.

Monumental Hall (Ayers and Robertson, managers): Little Nugget was presented 18th to moderate-sized audience. Josie Sisson as Little Nugget and Oscar Sisson as Billy Simpkins made big hits. The Cawthorns were also well received. The co. all through gave good satisfaction, and deserved a much better house.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House (John A. Ellsler, manager): Thatcher, Primrose and West fared badly last week—a medium business only was done. The co. give a very fine minstrel performance. The burlesqued Mikado, which terminated the entertainment, was one of the funniest things of the kind ever given here. Maggie Mitchell, 21st; Shadows of a Great City, 28th.

Library Hall (Frederick A. Parke, manager): Aimee came 14th, 15th and 16th and played to poor business. The remaining three nights of the week were filled in by Minnie Maddern in In Spite of All, to fair business. Boston Ideal Opera co. 21st, week; One of the Bravest, 28th, three nights; Salvini, 31st, three nights.

Academy (H. W. Williams, manager): Silbons' comb. furnished a good vaudeville entertainment last week and played to good business. Horseshoe Four comb. 21st; Hallen and Hart's comb. 28th.

Harris' Museum (P. Harris, manager): Only a Woman's Heart, which closed a week's engagement 19th, played to large business. Hazel Kirke, 21st; Bandmann, 28th.

Gas: A Winter circus is to be established here in the building lately known as the Grand Central Rink. Afternoon and evening performances will be given. The affair will be under the management of Messrs. McDonald and Fulton.—At the Sixth Street Museum Manager Chalet is having very good patronage. The show offered is a good one.—It is said that Manager J. M. Hill is negotiating for a lease of Exposition Park Theatre, our only Summer theatre.—Charley Seanor will shortly leave for New York City.—W. E. Sheridan was in town 20th.—Opera parties to Library Hall will be the fashion during this week.—Thatcher, Primrose and West say their business in this city last week was the poorest they have ever had.—Manager Williams has returned from New York.

MEADVILLE.

Library Hall (Fred. G. Andrews, manager): Our new place of amusement was opened 13th by Lawrence Barrett. Of the star and co. no mention is necessary in THE MIRROR. The house is one of the handsomest in the State, seating capacity, 1,100; stage, 27x30, and high enough to accommodate any scenery. The audience was large, elegant and enthusiastic. Sol Smith Russell followed 16th in his new comedy, Felix McCusick, giving a good performance to a crowded house. Russell is a great favorite here, and after the performance was entertained by a party of gentlemen at the Commercial Hotel. Fanny Davenport in Fedora, 29th.

HARRISBURG.

Opera House (Markley and Till, managers): Denier's Humpty Dumpty troupe appeared 14th to small business: The co. as a whole is not up to the standard of last season's. The drama is strong in plot, but weak in execution. The California Minstrels, 18th. This co. was fortunate in drawing a good house at low prices (ten, twenty and thirty cents.) Having played in our city last season, and producing a good impression at that time, it would be strange indeed if they had not drawn largely on this occasion. And as a good old-fashioned minstrel show it is commendable.

Opera House (H. J. Steel, manager): Gus Williams in his new play, Oh, What a Night! 15th, called out a large number of his old friends—and they are numerous in Harrisburg—who rewarded his efforts to amuse by a disposition to applaud anything he might say or do. As the star is not constantly before the house, this play is not quite so monotonous as it otherwise might have been. The Starr (Harris) Opera co., 21st, week.

OIL CITY.

Opera House (Kane and Rogers, managers): Sol Smith Russell in Felix McCusick, 15th, to good house. Rounds of applause greeted him at every appearance. The support of Frank Lawton was particularly good. Lottie Church in Unknown, 19th; moderate business.

NORRISTOWN.

Music Hall (W. J. Boyer, manager): Skipped by the Light of the Moon, 17th; fair house, good performance. The Messrs. Lennox and Mr. Hagen performed their parts in a very acceptable manner.

PITTSTON.

Music Hall (W. L. Evans, manager): Fowler and Warmington's Skipped by the Light of the Moon, 15th, kept a large audience in roars. Gus Williams in Oh, What a Night! 17th; fair business.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Providence Opera House (Robert Morrow, manager): Frank Mayo and one of the very best supporting cos. appeared in Nordeck, 15th. Good attendance the whole week. Miss Kidder, who is a stranger to our people, won favor from the beginning. This week the Hanlon Brothers and Fantasma; 28th, week, Stetson's Mikado.

Theatre Comique (J. D. Hopkins, manager): Arrivals: Harry Le Clair, W. J. Russell, the Herbert Brothers, Frank H. White, Lillian White, E. H. Talbot, Gilmore Sisters, Weber and Fields, Nellie Parker. The entertainment last week was one of the best and packed houses were the result.

Items: Both dime museums are doing a good business.—Harry T. Wilson, late with Minci's Silver King co., has been engaged as treasurer of the Providence Opera House.—Manager Morrow has secured Margaret Mather for week of Feb. 22.

NEWPORT.

Newport Opera House (Henry Bull, Jr., manager): Dan Sully and his excellent co., in Corner Grocery, completely filled the house 18th, Dan being a Newport boy, was the recipient of many floral offerings; one in particular was a star with the word "Our" above and "Newport" below. The ladies were remembered with some beautiful baskets. Dan presented every lady patron with a souvenir card-basket.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.

Owens' Academy of Music (John E. Owens, manager): Roland Reed, fairly supported, gave Humbug and Cheek 15th and 16th, to good houses. Roland Reed is the coming man in eccentric comedy to take the place of such men as Owens and Raymond, or your correspondent's opinion goes for nought. I went to the theatre on the opening night with the intention of leaving after the first act. After the comedian had been on the stage five minutes, no one could have induced me to quit my seat until the end of the play. Mr. Reed is by long odds the cleverest comedian we have seen this season, and I was surprised at the quite ordinary notices given him by the local press. Wallick's Bandit King drew good houses 16th and 17th; World co. 25th and 26th.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS.

Leubries Theatre (Joseph Brooks, manager): Zozo, the Magic Queen, was the great attraction last week. The spectacle was well advertised and led us to expect a great deal; but our expectations were more than realized. The scenery is the finest displayed here in many yeats, the transformation being unequalled for splendor and magnificent effect. George H. Adams, who is a favorite here, was particularly happy, as Washington Knowall, and provoked great merriment by his funny sayings and comical actions. Florence Bindley made a great hit with her musical specialties. The choruses and marches were well done, and received liberal applause. Although the spectacle was on for a week, which is considered quite a run here, a good business was done.

COLUMBIA.

Grand Opera House (H. P. Seavy, manager): C. U. Hess' Comedy co., in A Pair of Kids, to small house 17th. Three hours of solid fun; one of the best comedy cos. on the road. The small house was owing to counter attractions. Will return in March and catch a packed house. There is not a stick in the whole co. George W. and W. J. Thompson in their drama, Gold King, 18th. A fine play, with good situations.

TEXAS.

FORT WORTH.

Fort Worth Opera House (Mrs. Charles Benton, manager): Katie Putnam and co. appeared 11th and 12th and Saturday matinee, playing Little Nell, Fanchon and Daughter of the Regiment, to very good houses, notwithstanding the weather was very wet and stormy. Miss Putnam is a great favorite here, and always draws well. Her support was very good. The Young Mrs. Winthrop co., with Lena Langdon as the leading lady, appeared 17th to fair house and gave general satisfaction. Co. and scenery were good.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND.

Theatre (Mrs. W. T. Powell, manageress): J. K. Emmet began a three nights' engagement 14th in Fritz in Ireland, to an unprecedentedly large and fashionable audience. People were turned away in large numbers, unable to gain admission—a circumstance so rare in the dramatic line that it may be recorded as almost unknown in this city. On the 15th and 16th somewhat similar audiences greeted him. It is believed that Emmet has been the strongest stellar attraction here for an indefinite period, he having filled the house for three consecutive nights, and that in the same play.

STAUNTON.

Opera House (W. L. Olivier, manager): Heege's Comedy co. in Peck's Bad Boy gave a very good performance to a very good house, 16th. The play is a combination of "Peck's Bad Boy" and Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," and there is more in it than would appear from the name. The co. made the most of it. Gus Heege, the business manager, is a very pleasant, genial gentleman, and an unusually good actor. His fall from the top of a table in the delirium tremens scene is really a wonderful acrobatic feat. Mr. Heege reports very good business all along the route. "Billy," the goat, by a piece of gross carelessness on the part of employes, were badly injured by dogs at a livery stable.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING.

Opera House (W. S. Foose, manager): May Blossom was presented 14th to fair business. Galley Slave was presented 15th to a good audience, that appreciated the performance very much. Buffalo Bill's comb. presented The Prairie Waif 19th, two performances, to full houses.

Academy of Music (Charles Shay, manager): James Reilly, in The Widder and The [illegible] last week. Very [illegible] Pomeroy 20th, [illegible]

Academy of [illegible] W. E. Sheridan, in [illegible] Sheridan's Lover [illegible] ment was a rare [illegible] forms of tragedy. William Lloyd's Duke de Nemours was one of the strongest and most prominent characters.

Driftwood: There were several in the co. known and acquainted in this city—Mr. Lloyd and Mr. McFadden. The latter at one time was with G. L. Spence of this city. We had a pleasant chat with our genial friend, Willard Brigham, who we met last season with the Only a Woman's Heart co.—Mr. Sheridan met an old fellow-actor who was acting as usher in the Academy.—John Mortimer, who was in Sheridan's co. at the beginning of the war, and had prospects of a glowing future upon the boards; but, with Sheridan and others of the co., he enlisted. Sheridan thought him dead, and was surprised to see him here. He made Mr. Mortimer an offer to rejoin his co., which was not accepted until the co. had gone to Wheeling. Mortimer left the following day and joined the co. at Steubenville. We wish him all success, as the world has used John too roughly.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (R. L. Marsh, manager): The Dalys in Vacation opened a four nights' engagement 13th to fair business. Like all the rest of its class, there is little in the shape of plot in this farce-skit; it is simply a vehicle for the display of the acrobatic and dancing abilities of the Dalys and the vocal abilities of the ladies. The Dalys are very clever dancers and excellent athletes. William Daly, Jr., is a fair actor. The ladies of the co., Lizzie Derious, Pauline Batchelder, Lizzie Daly and Julie Smith, sing well and look very prettily on the stage. The music is bright and catchy, and altogether it is a

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